



FEATURE

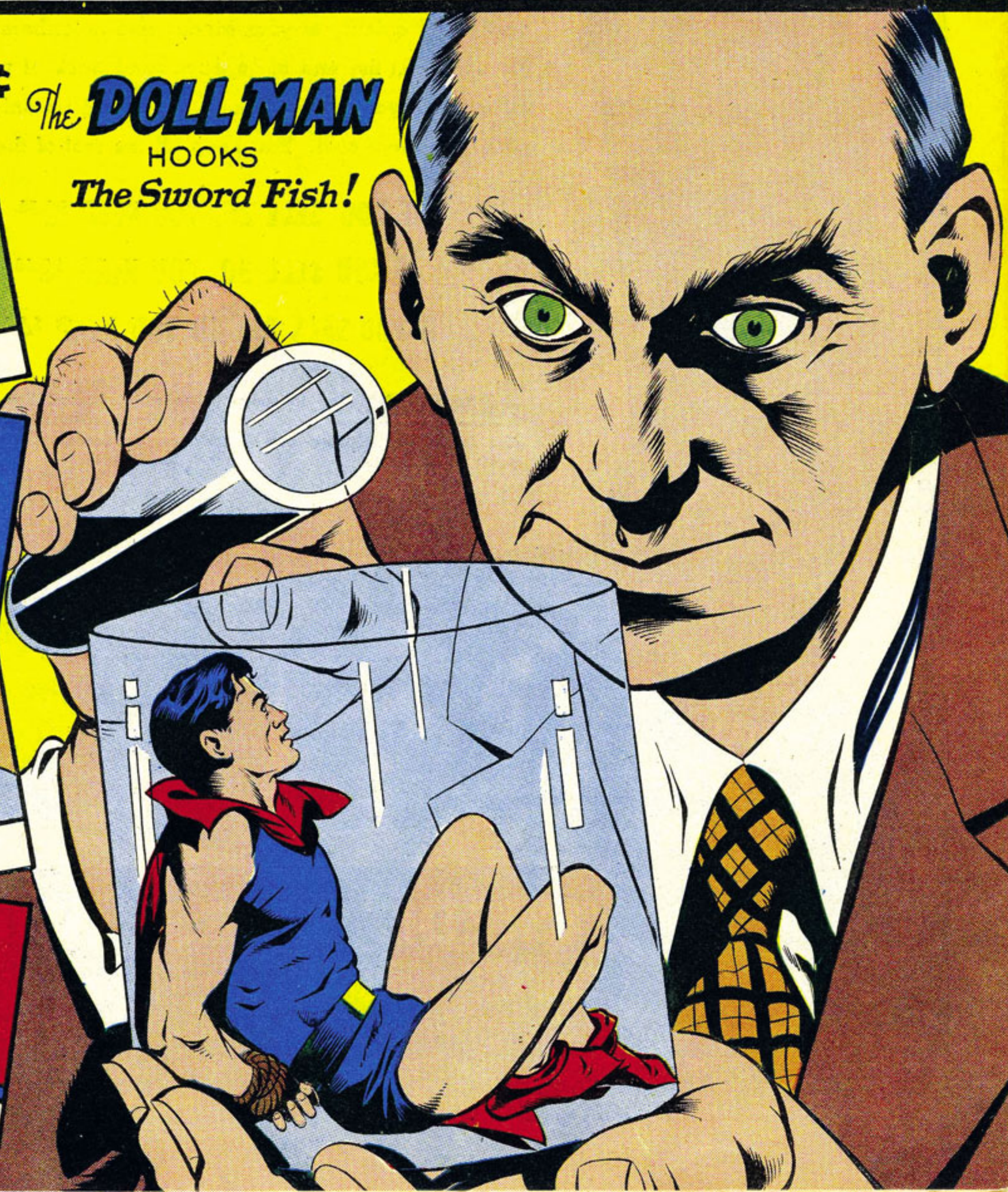
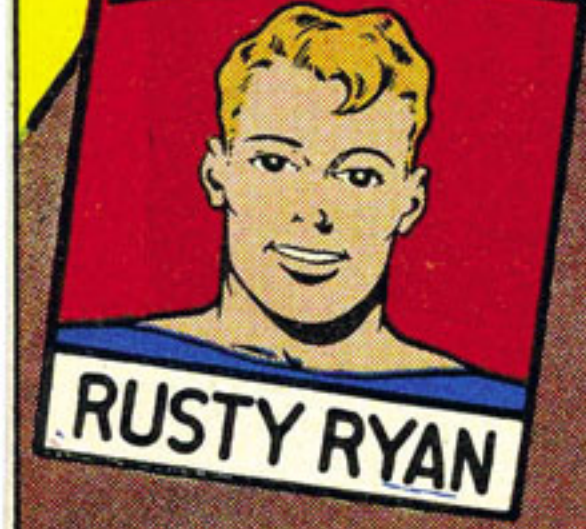
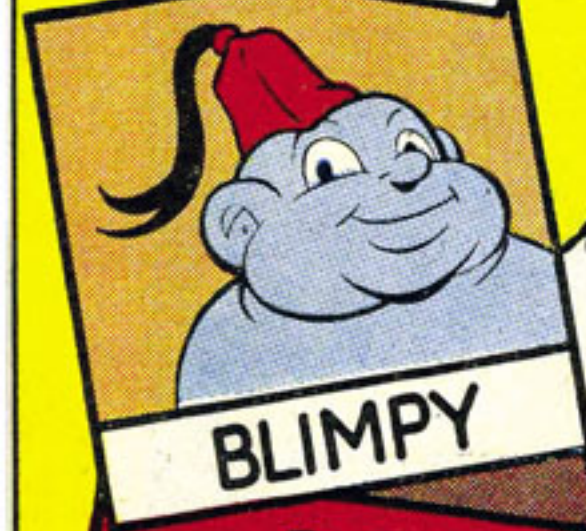
COMICS

SM
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JANUARY
No.106 10¢

The **DOLL MAN**
HOOKS
The Sword Fish!





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DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00

REMEMBER:

No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

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CREDIT SALES COMPANY

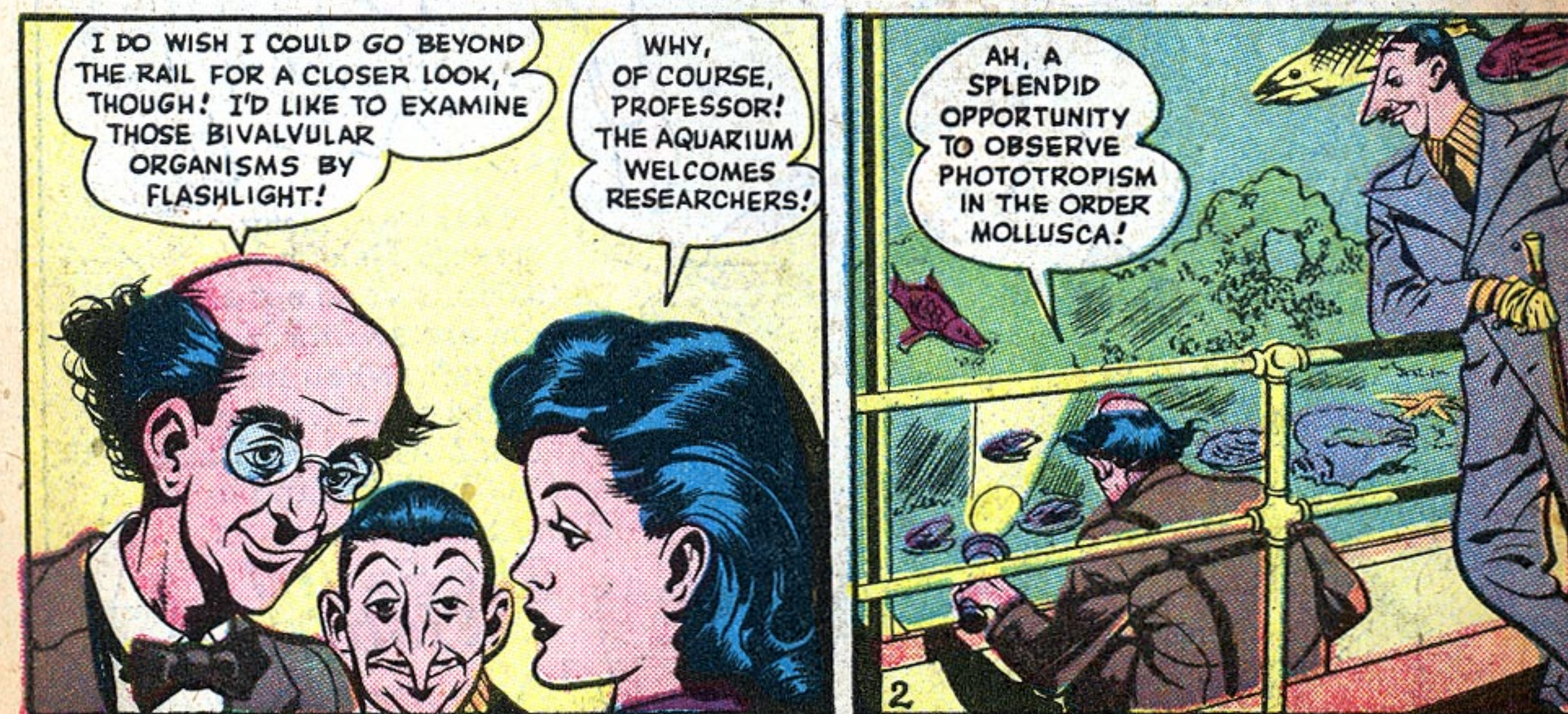
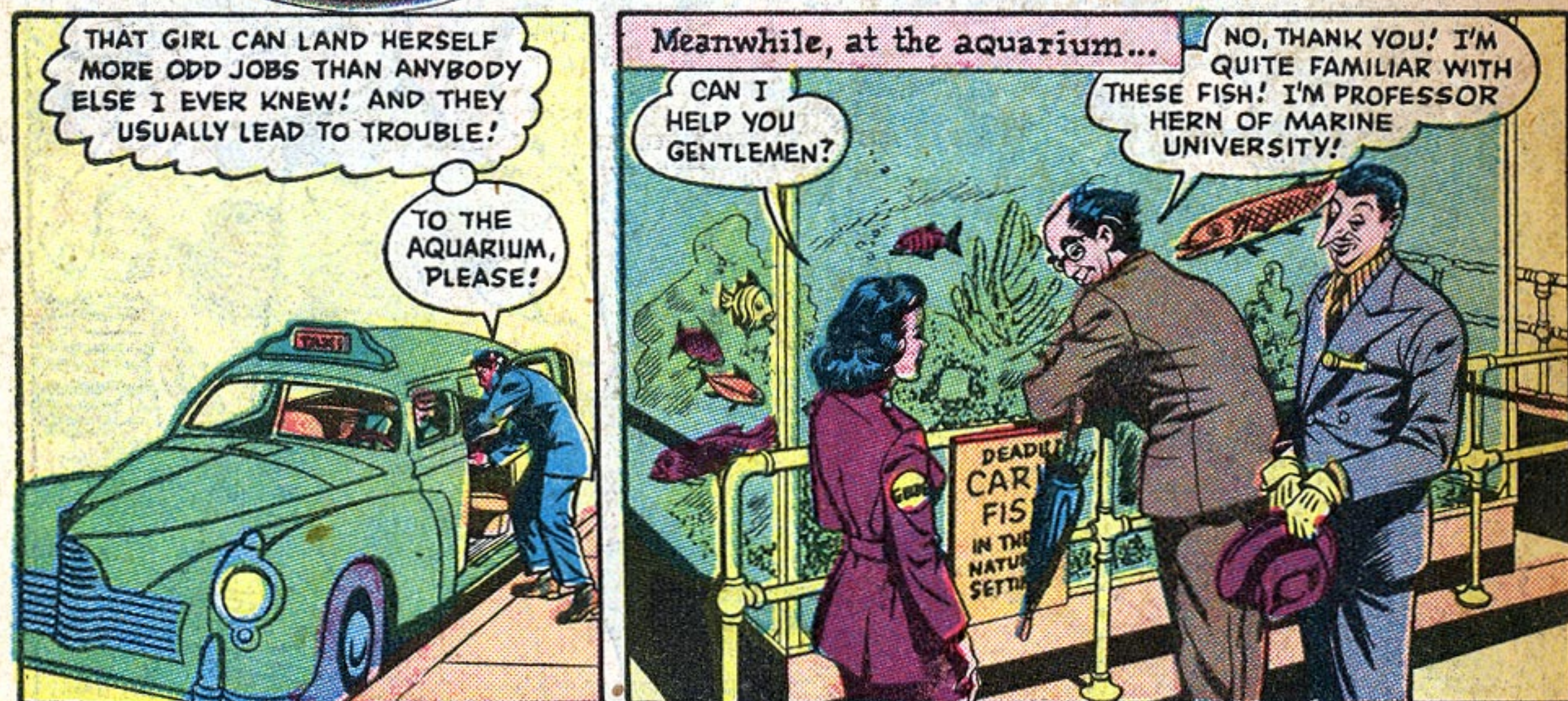
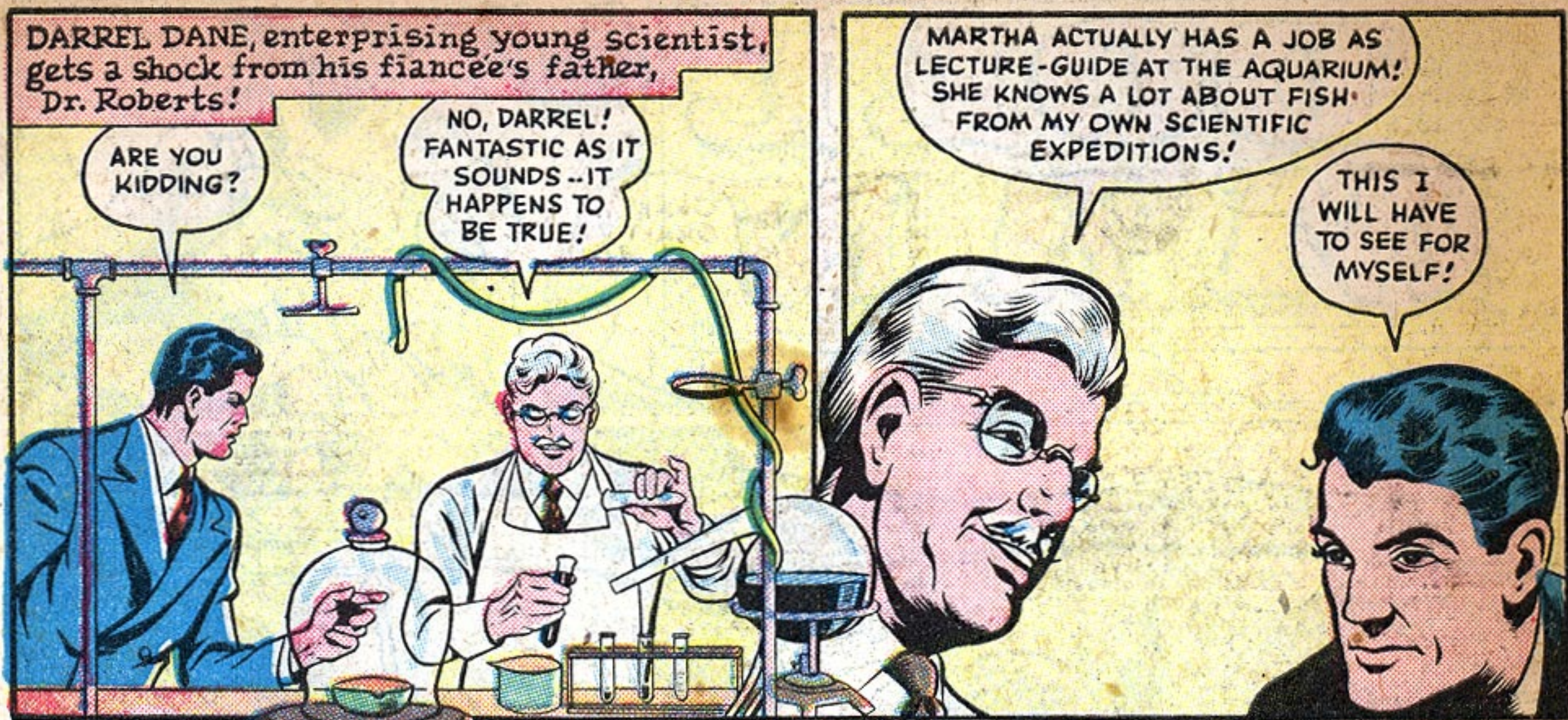
406 North Main Street P. O. Box 106 Normal, Illinois

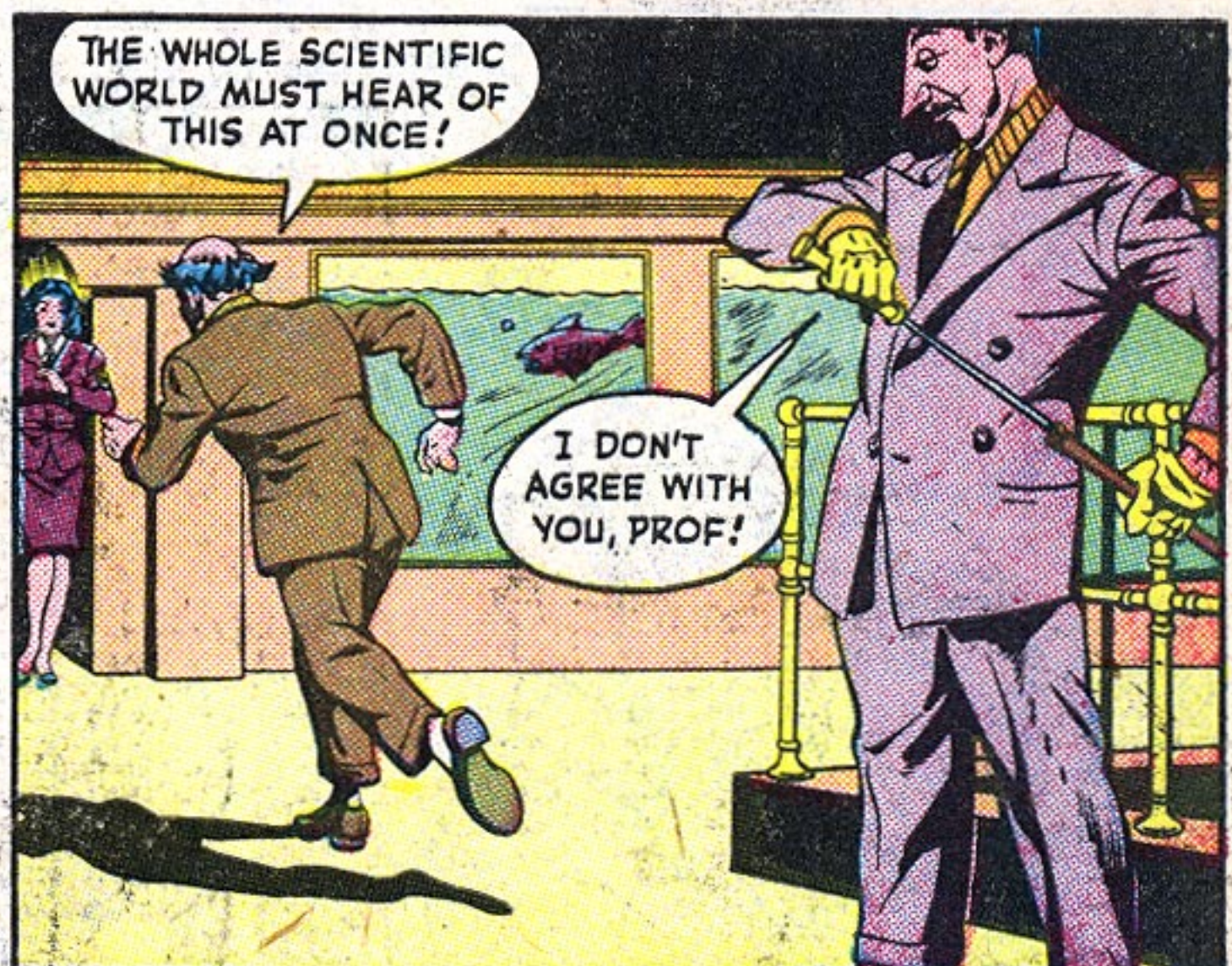
Dept. Q1

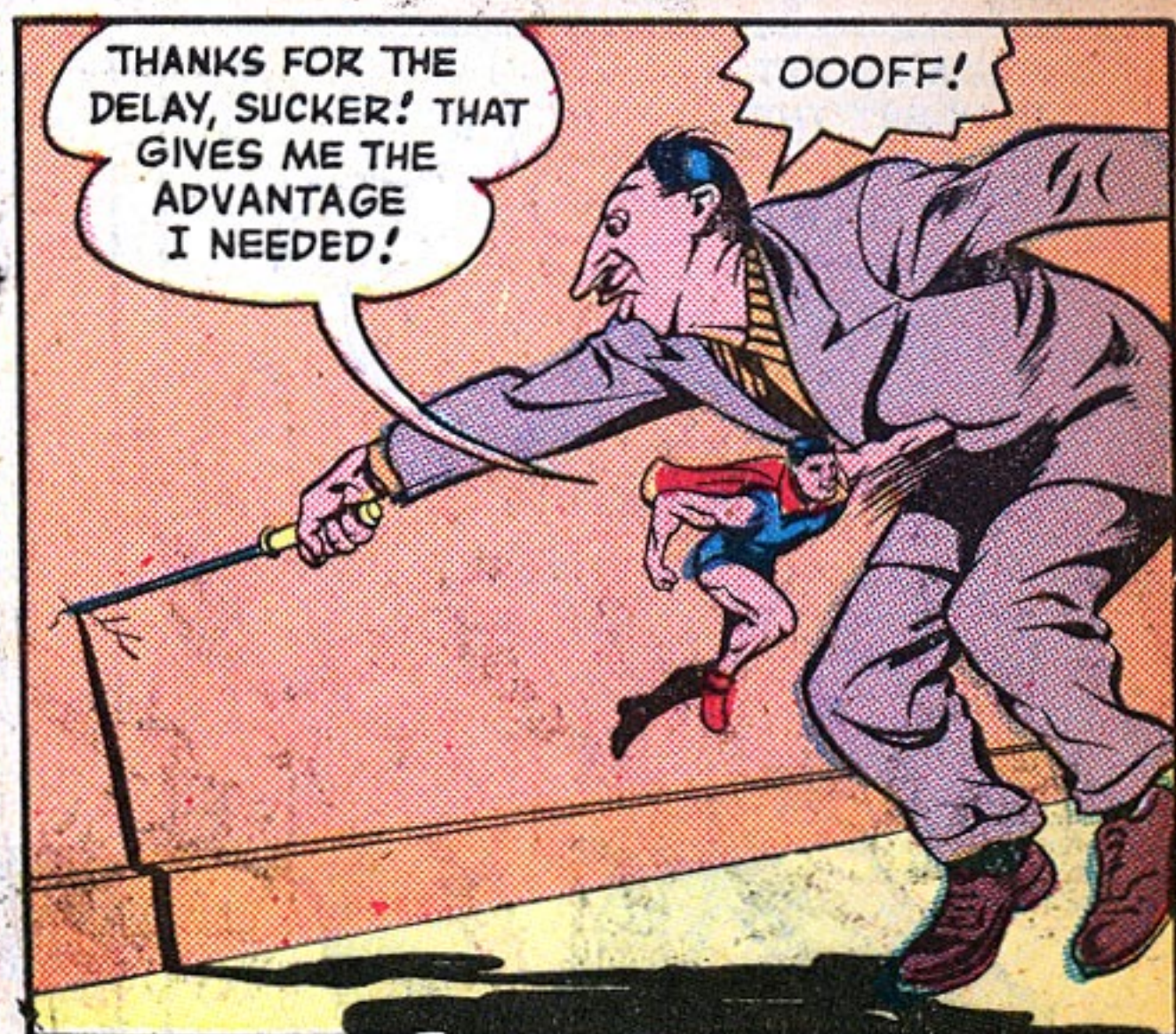
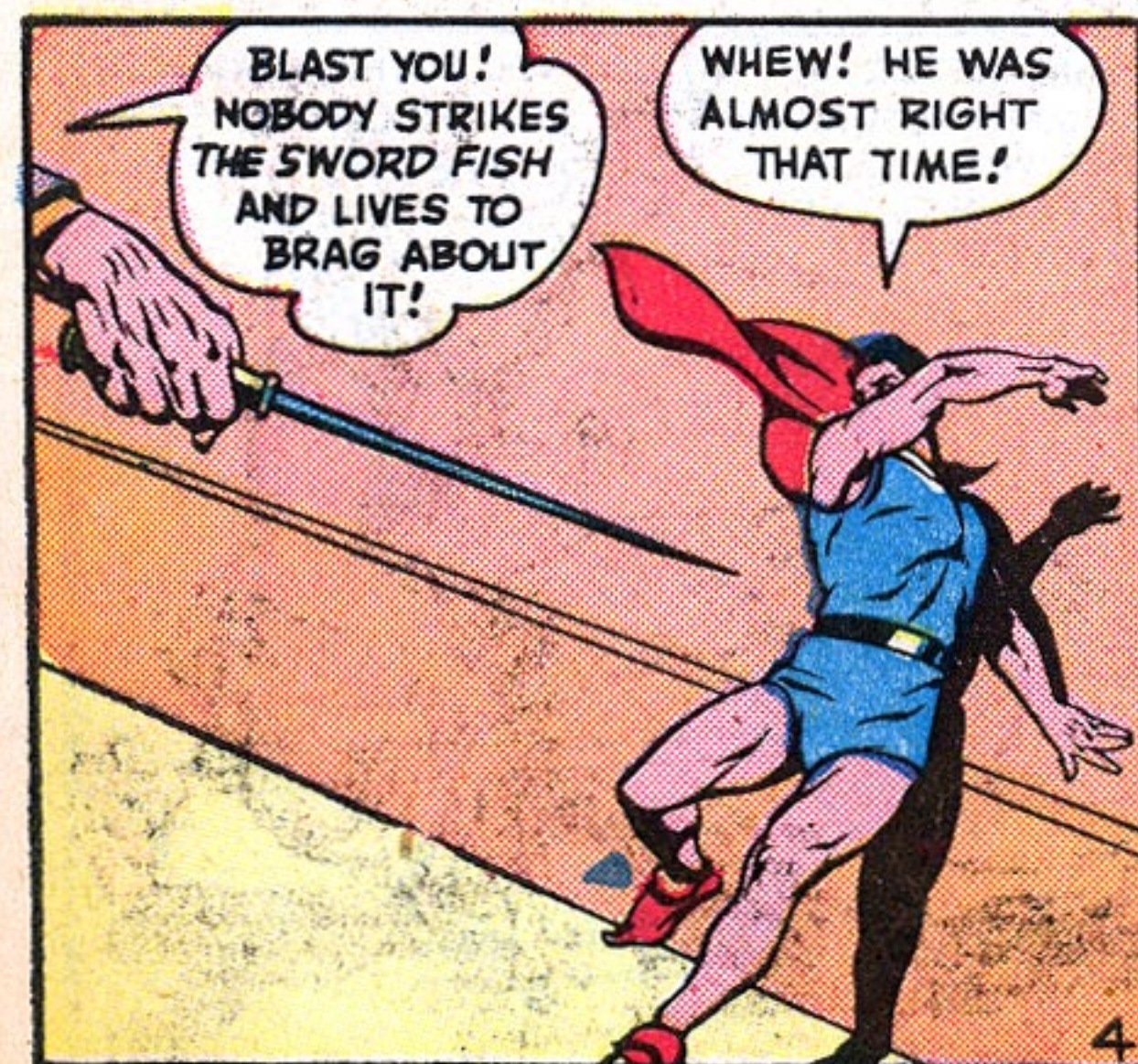
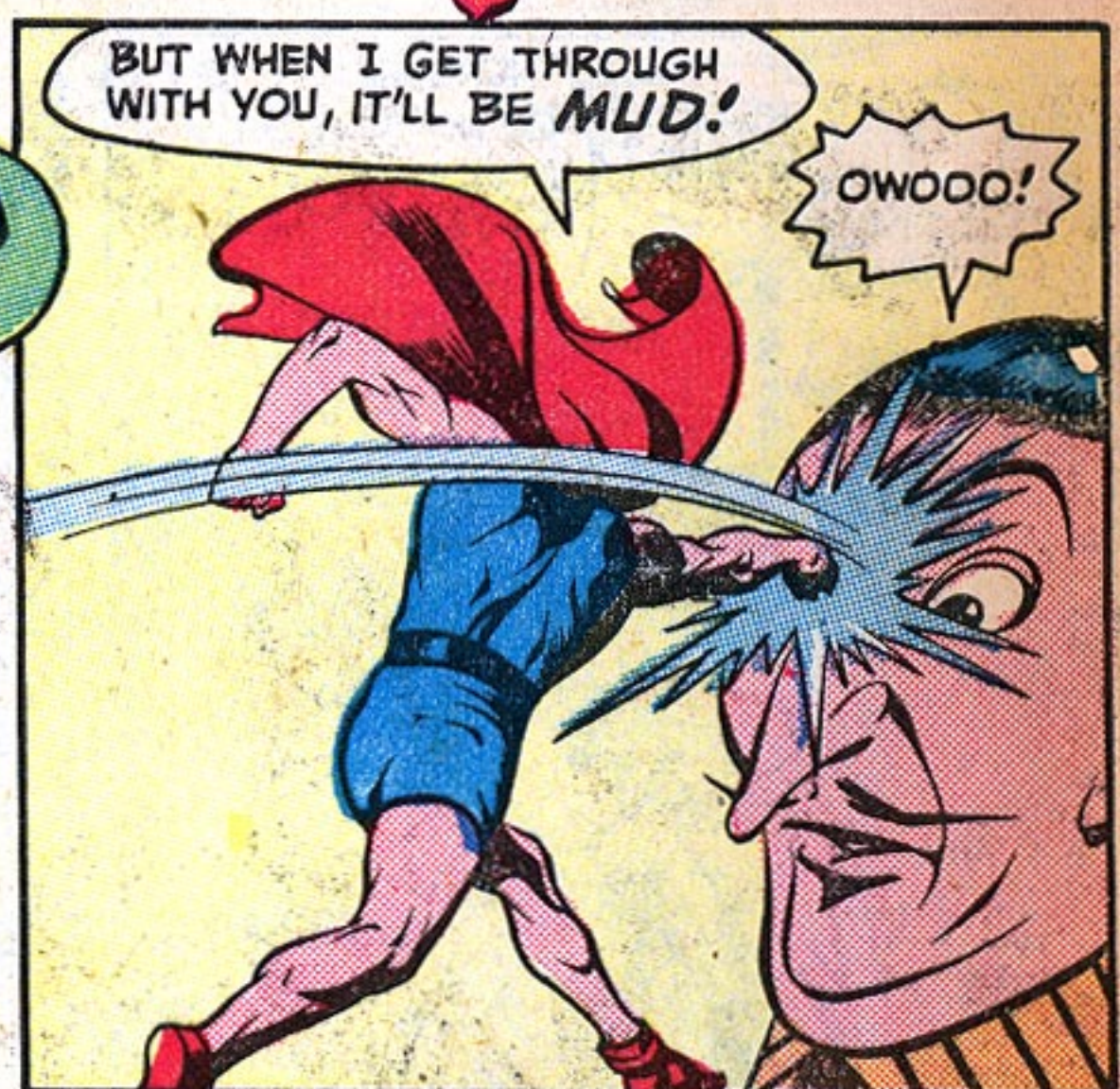
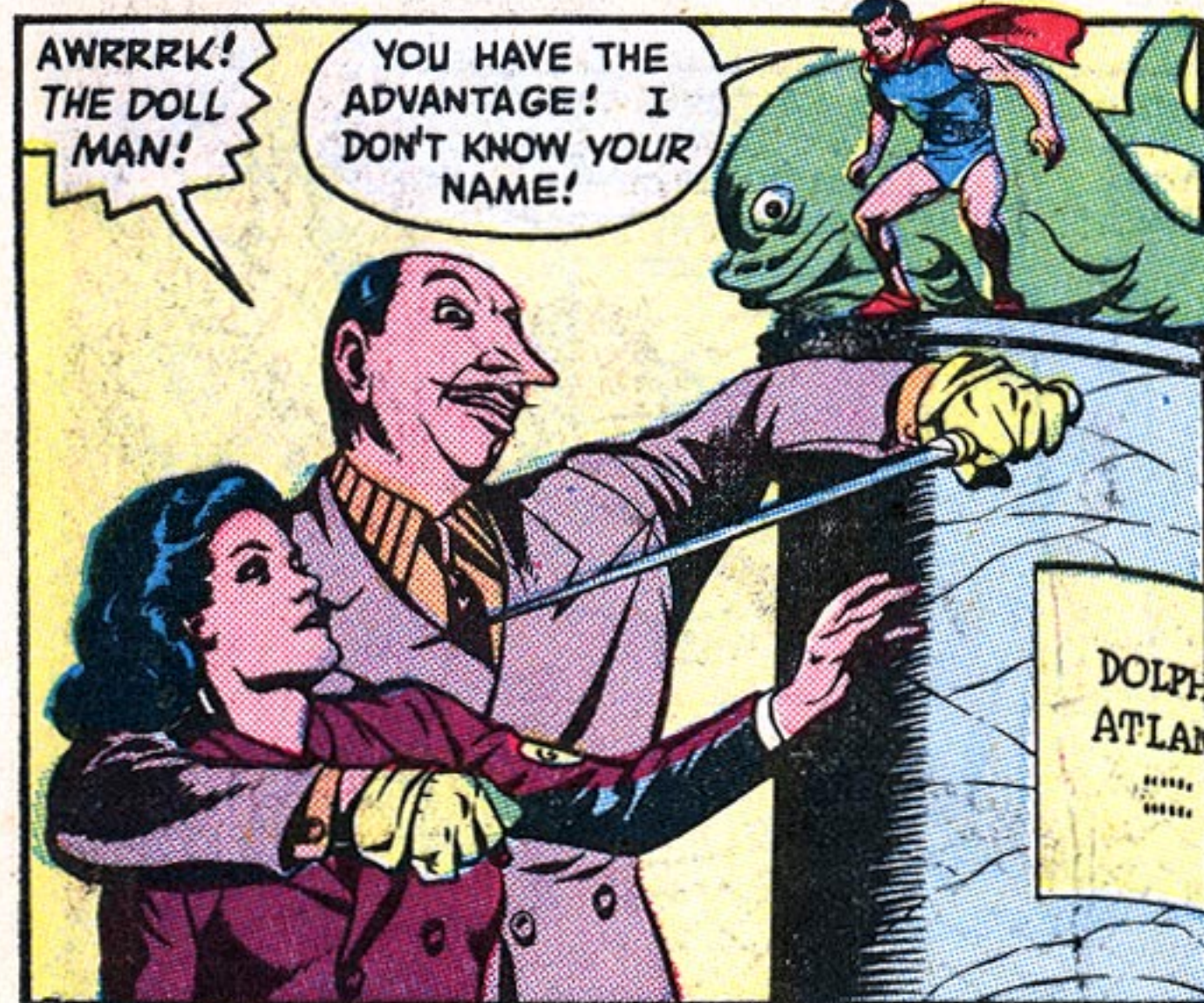
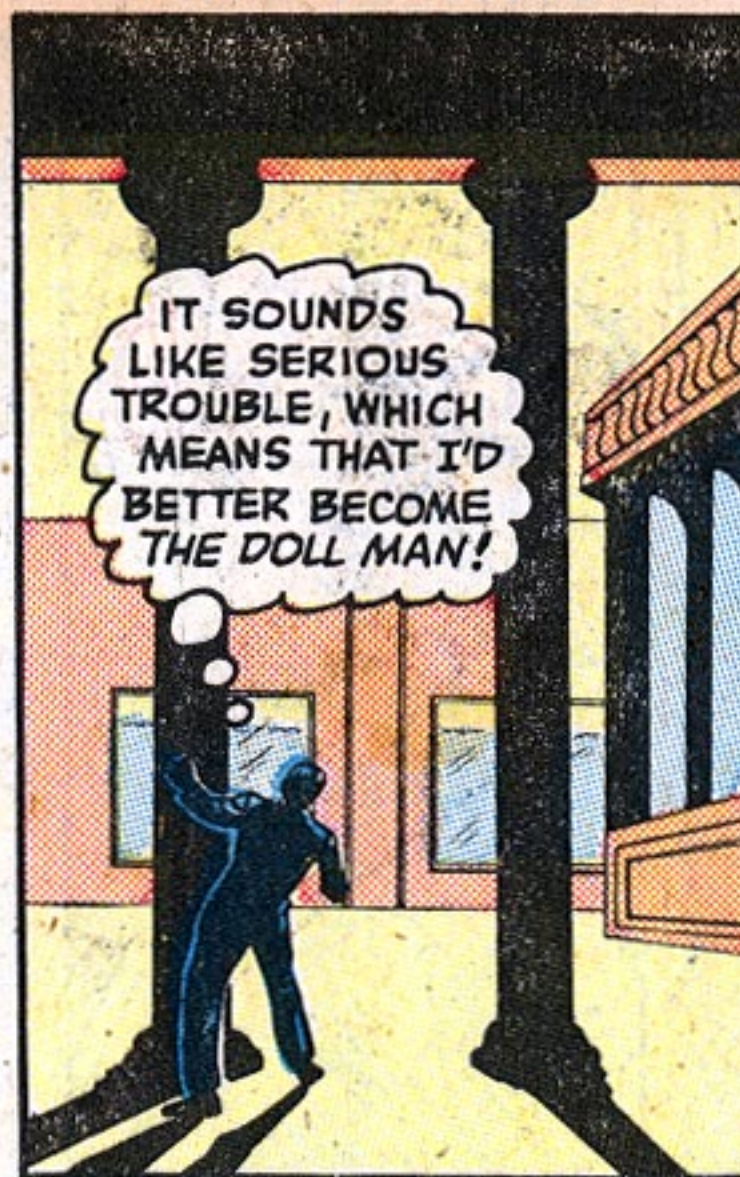
The DOLL MAN

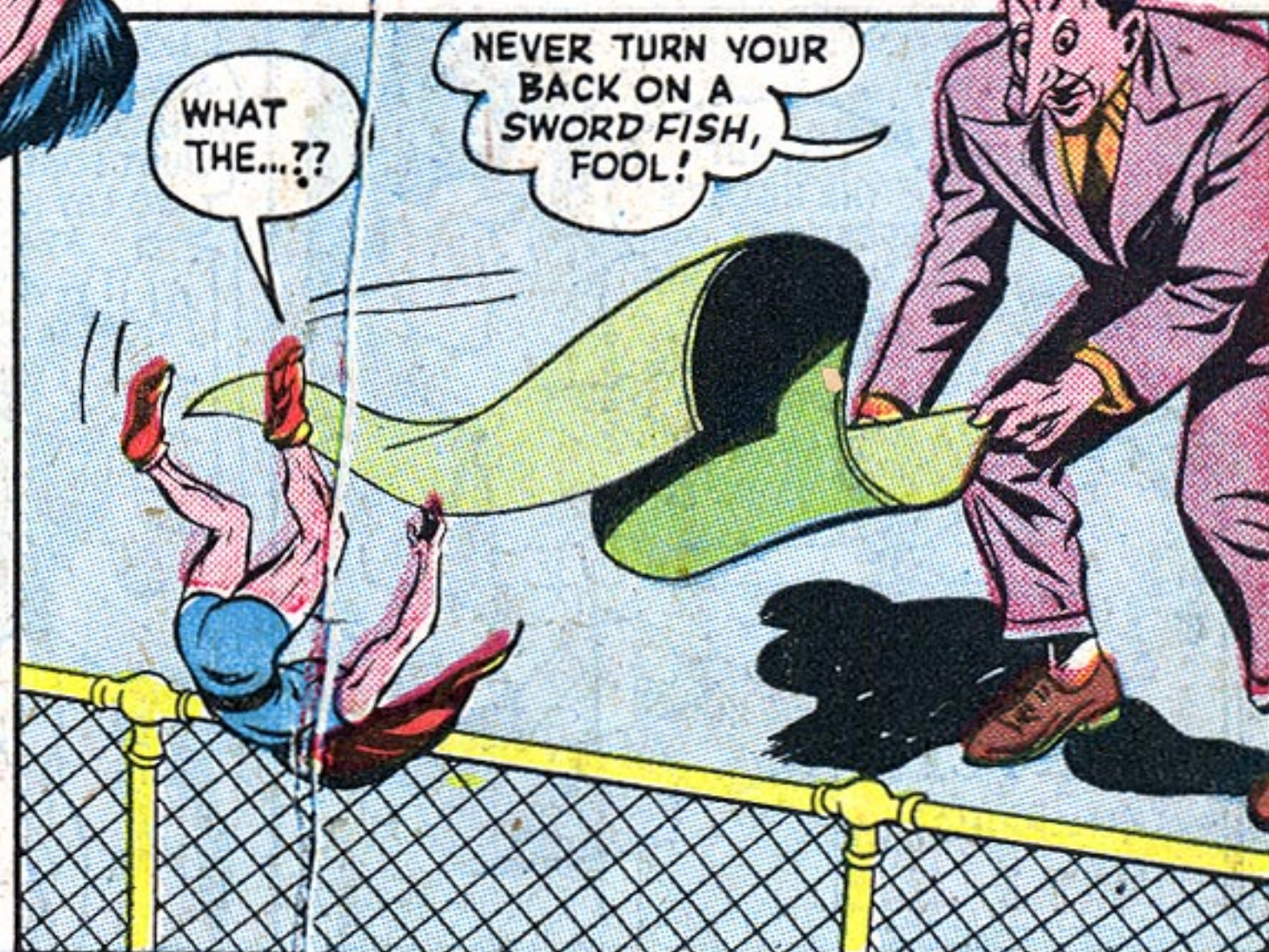
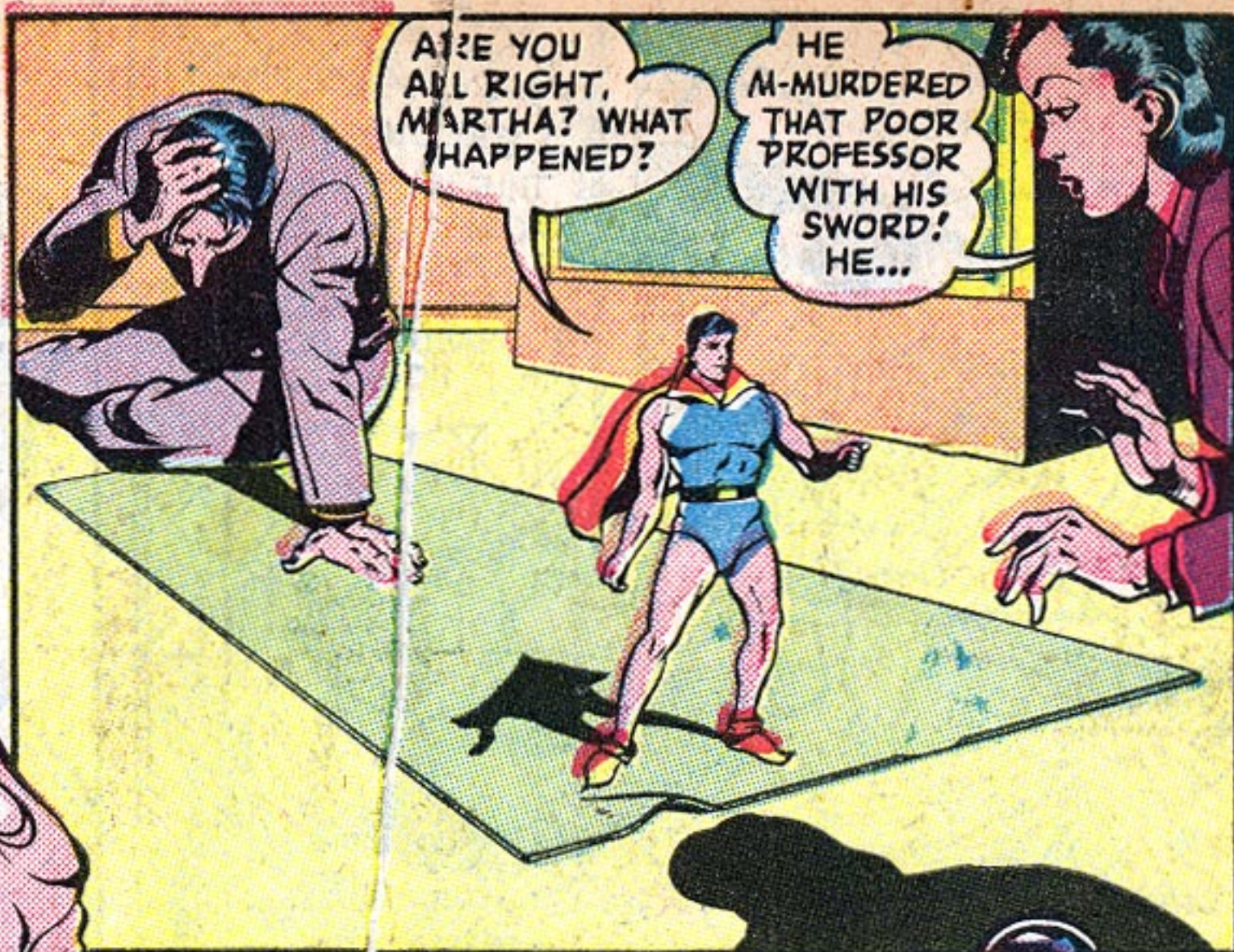


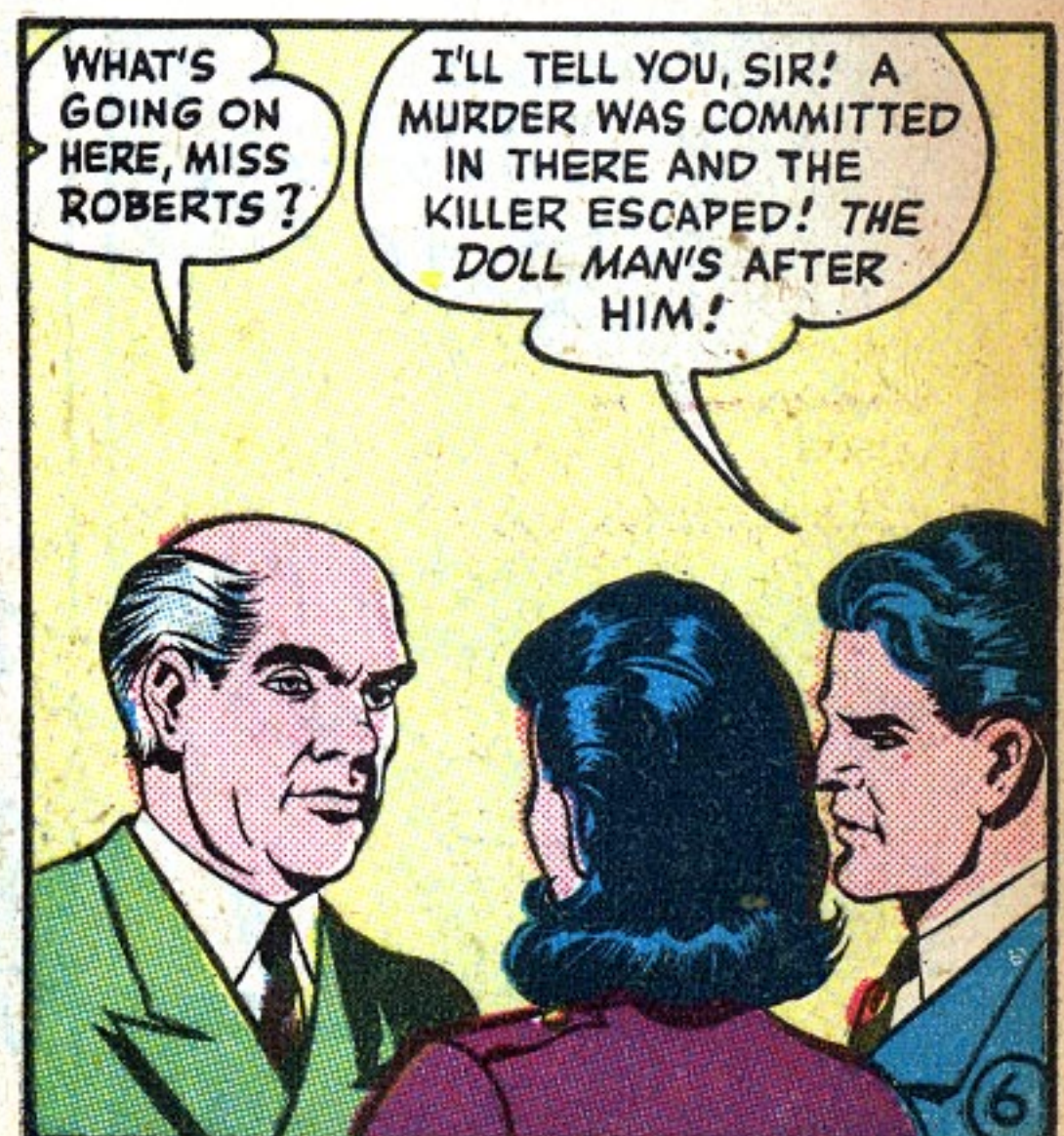
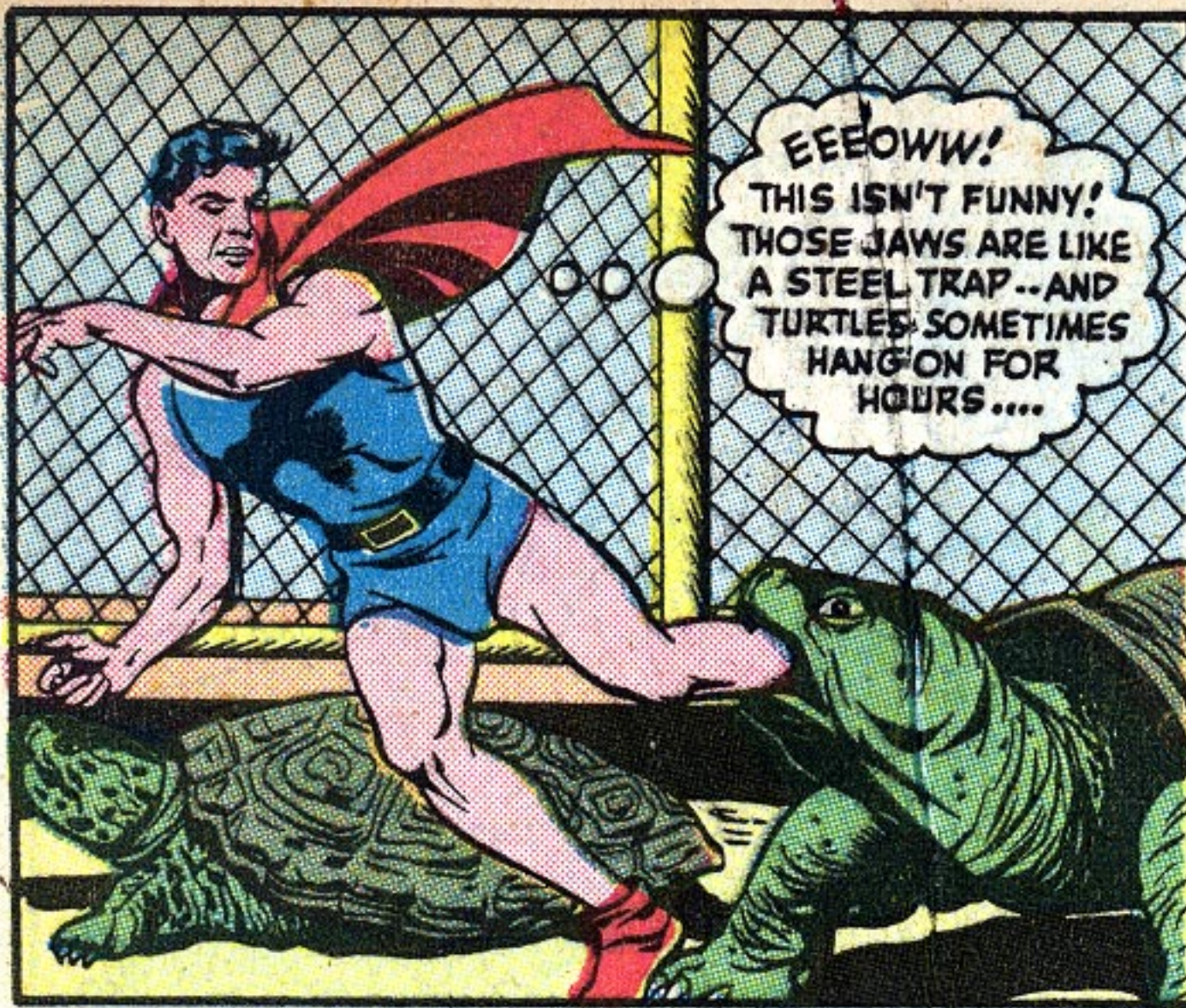
There are many strange fish in the Aquarium -- and not all of them are swimming in the tanks! When murder stalked the dim corridors, The DOLL MAN used himself as bait to land a slimy killer known as **The Sword Fish!**

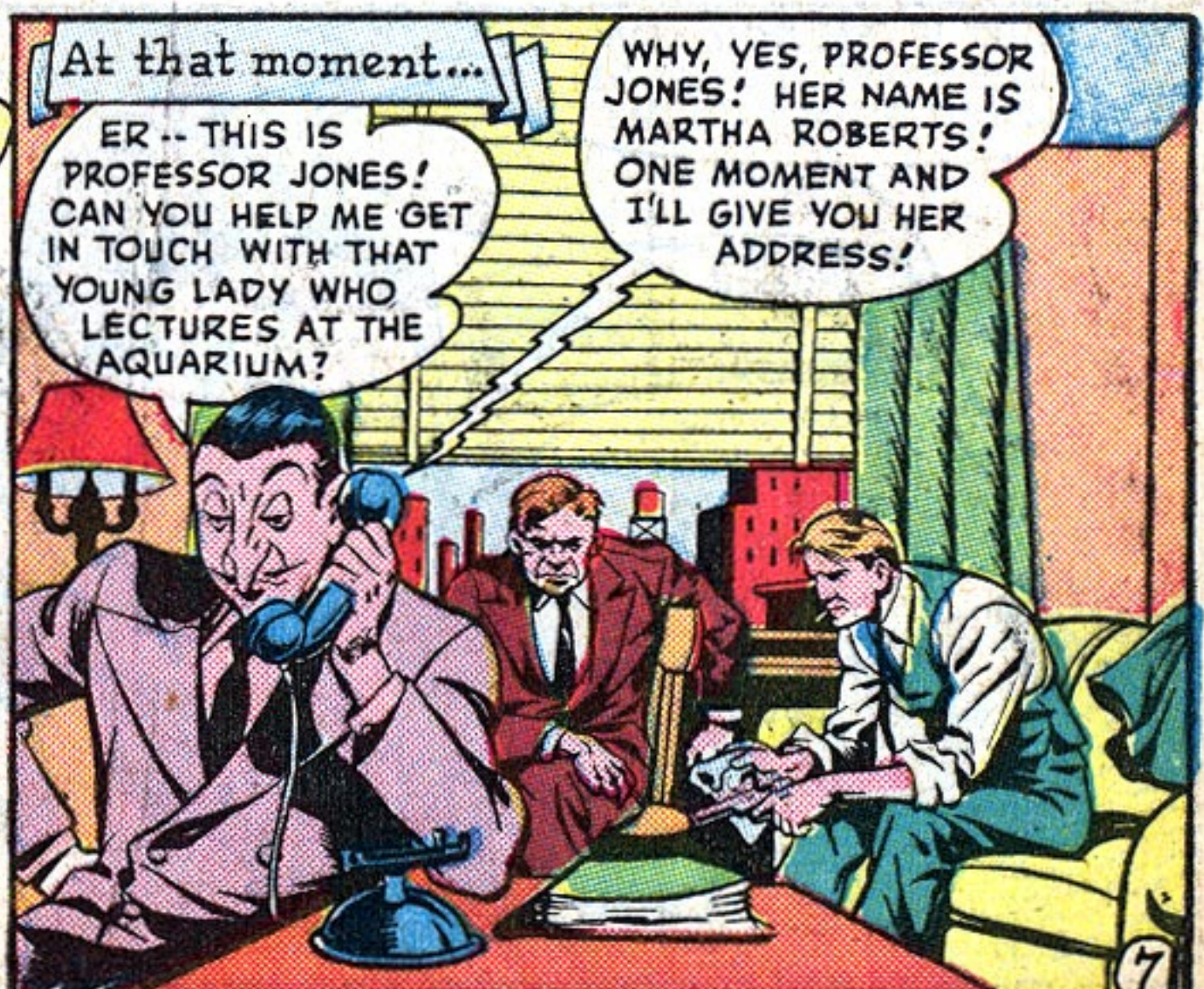
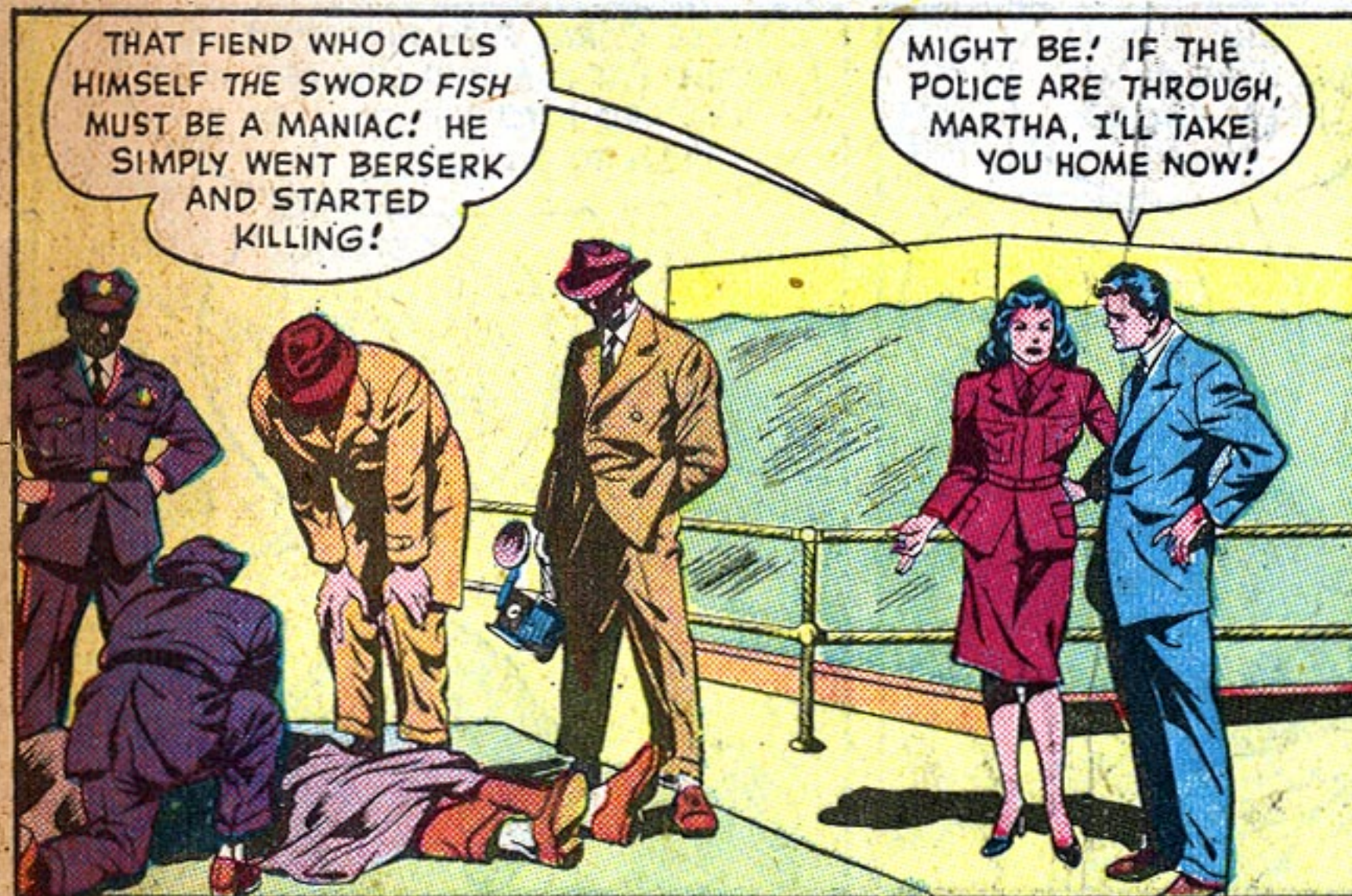
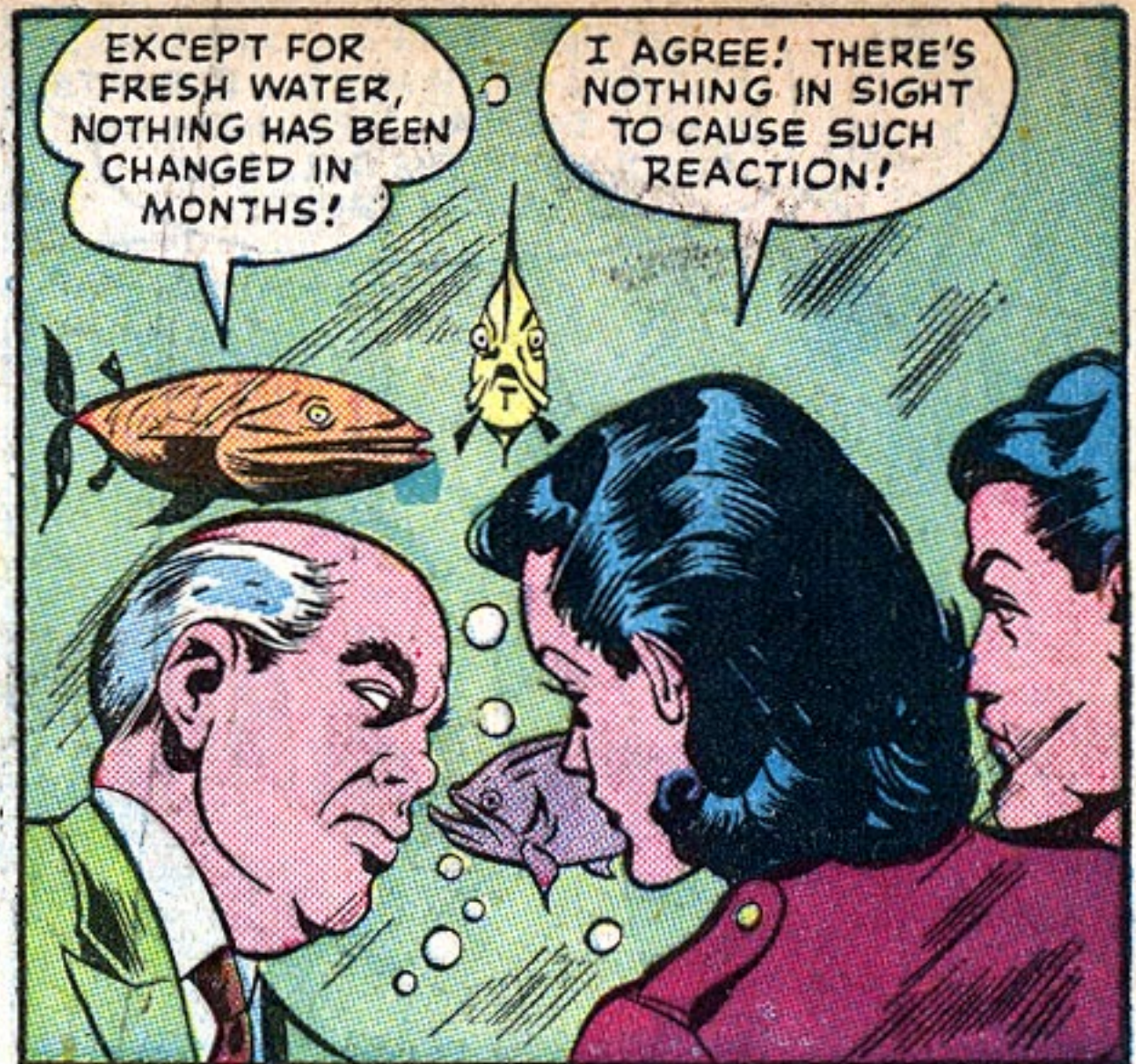
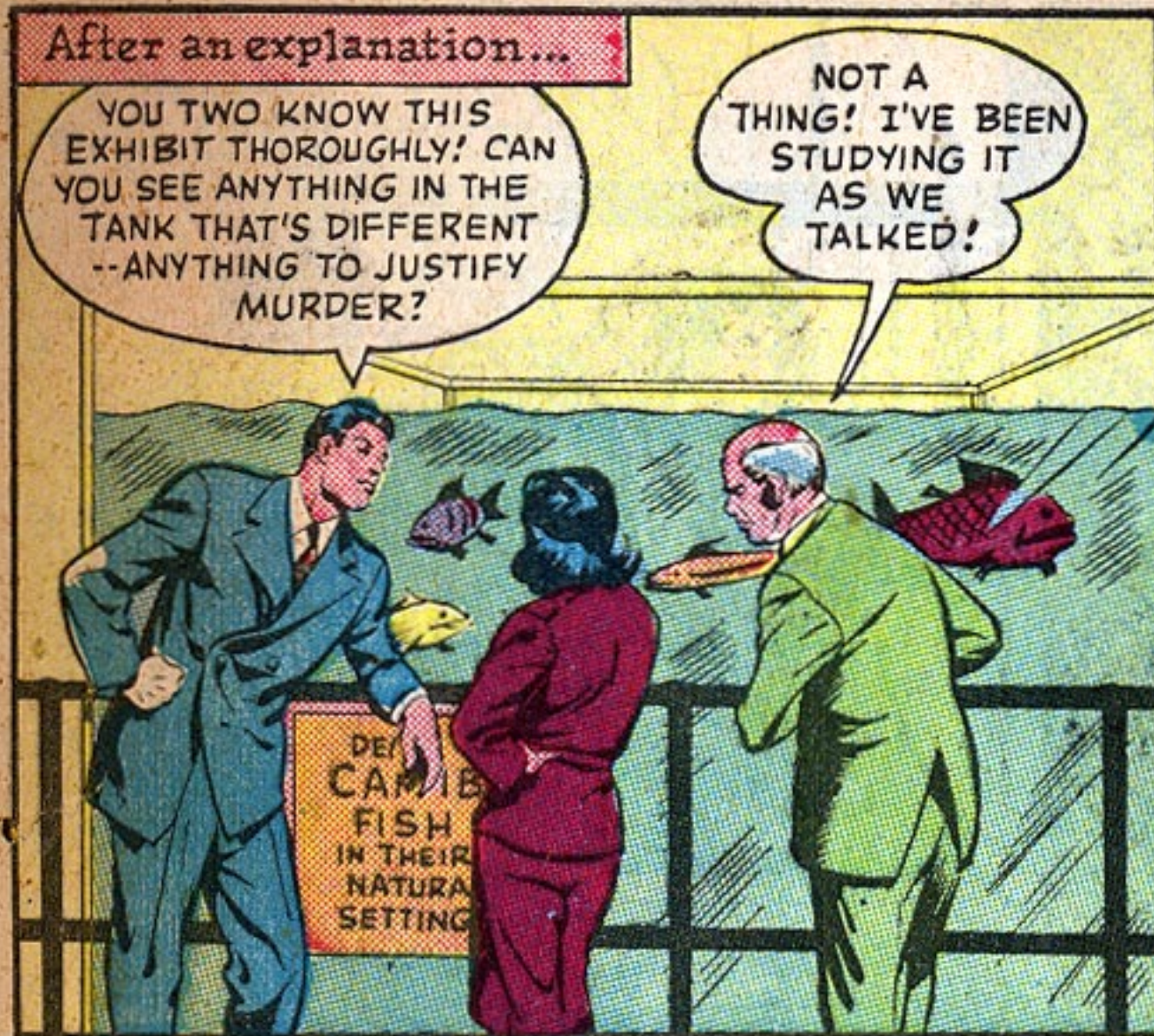


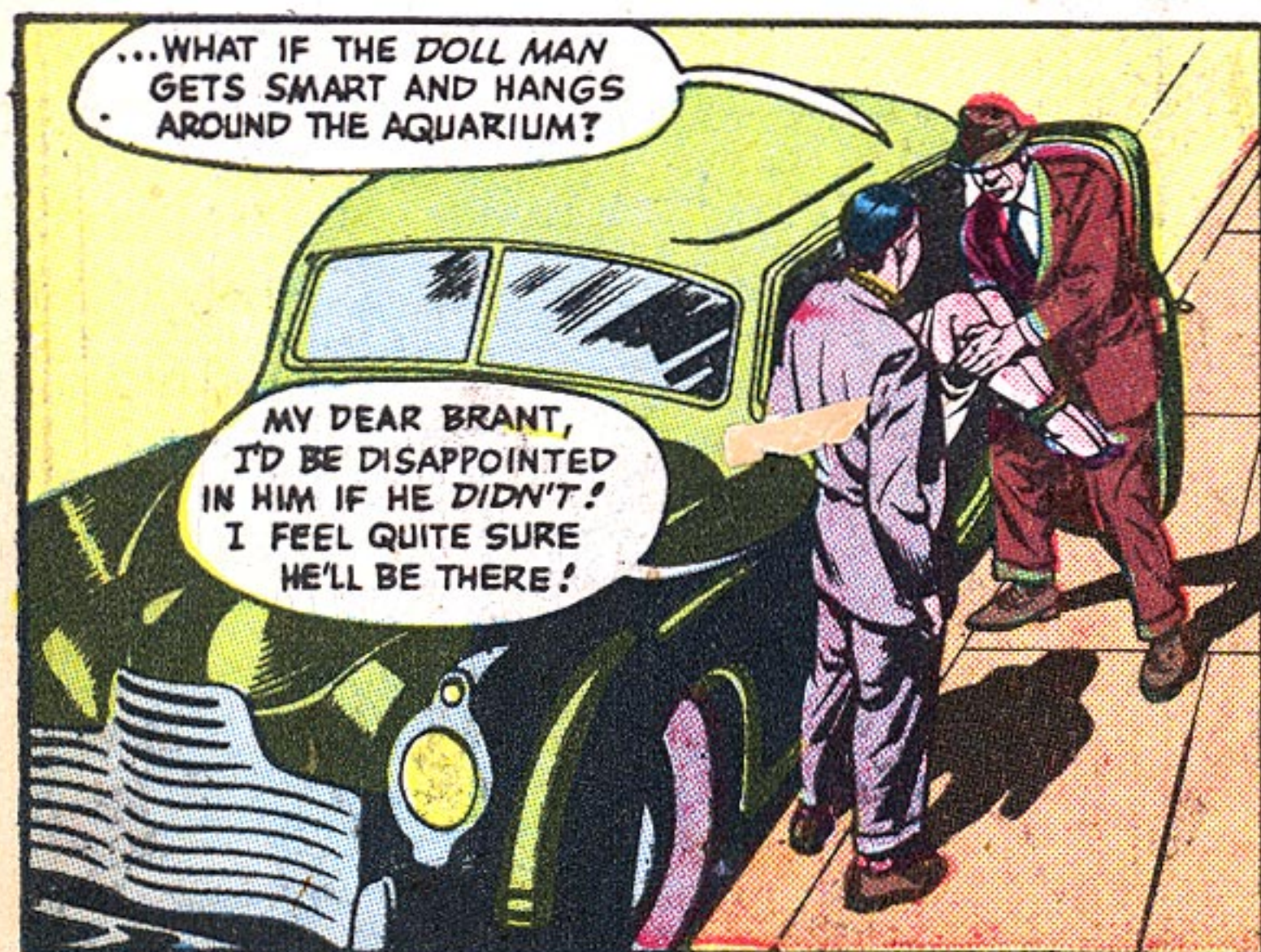
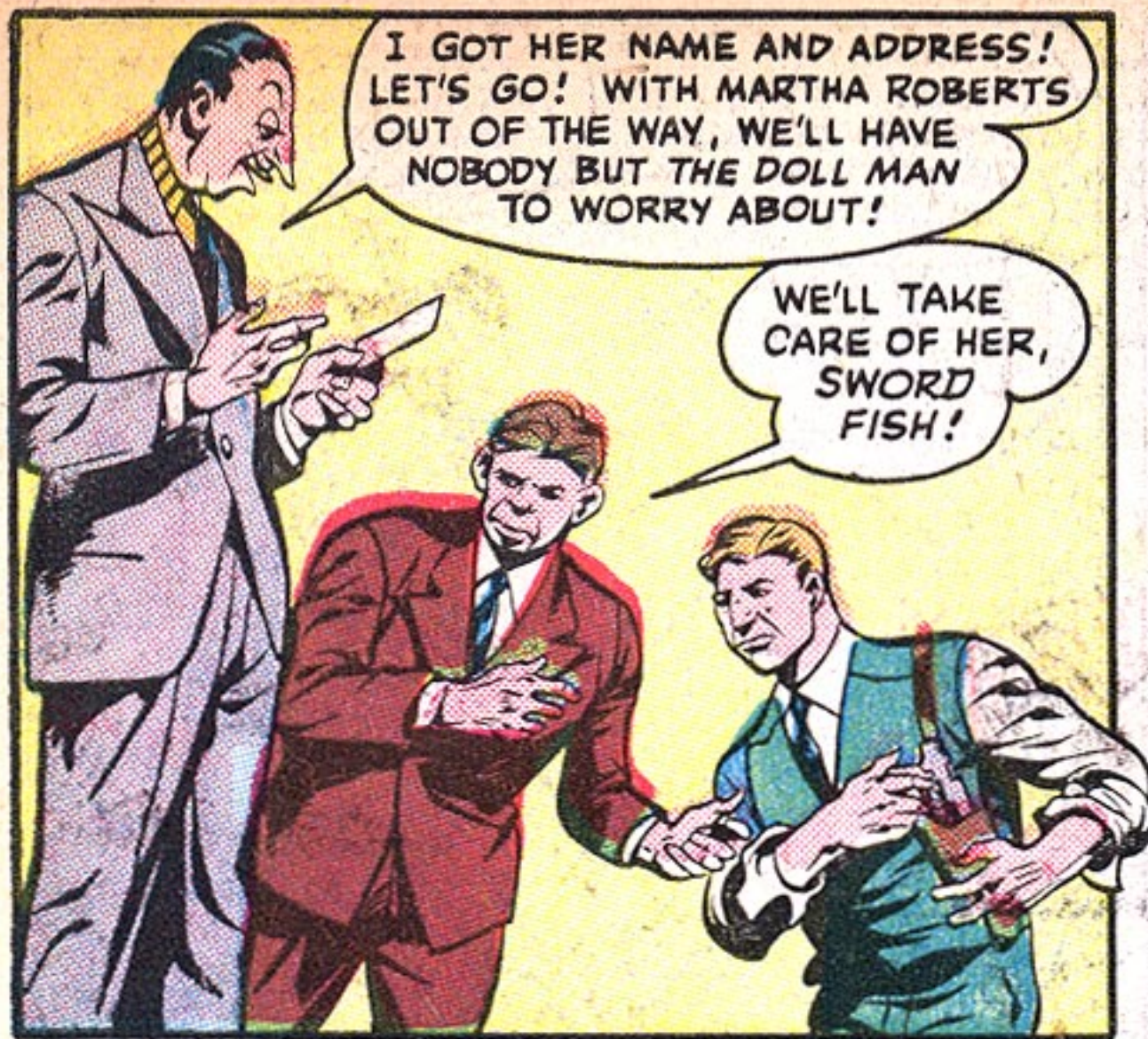


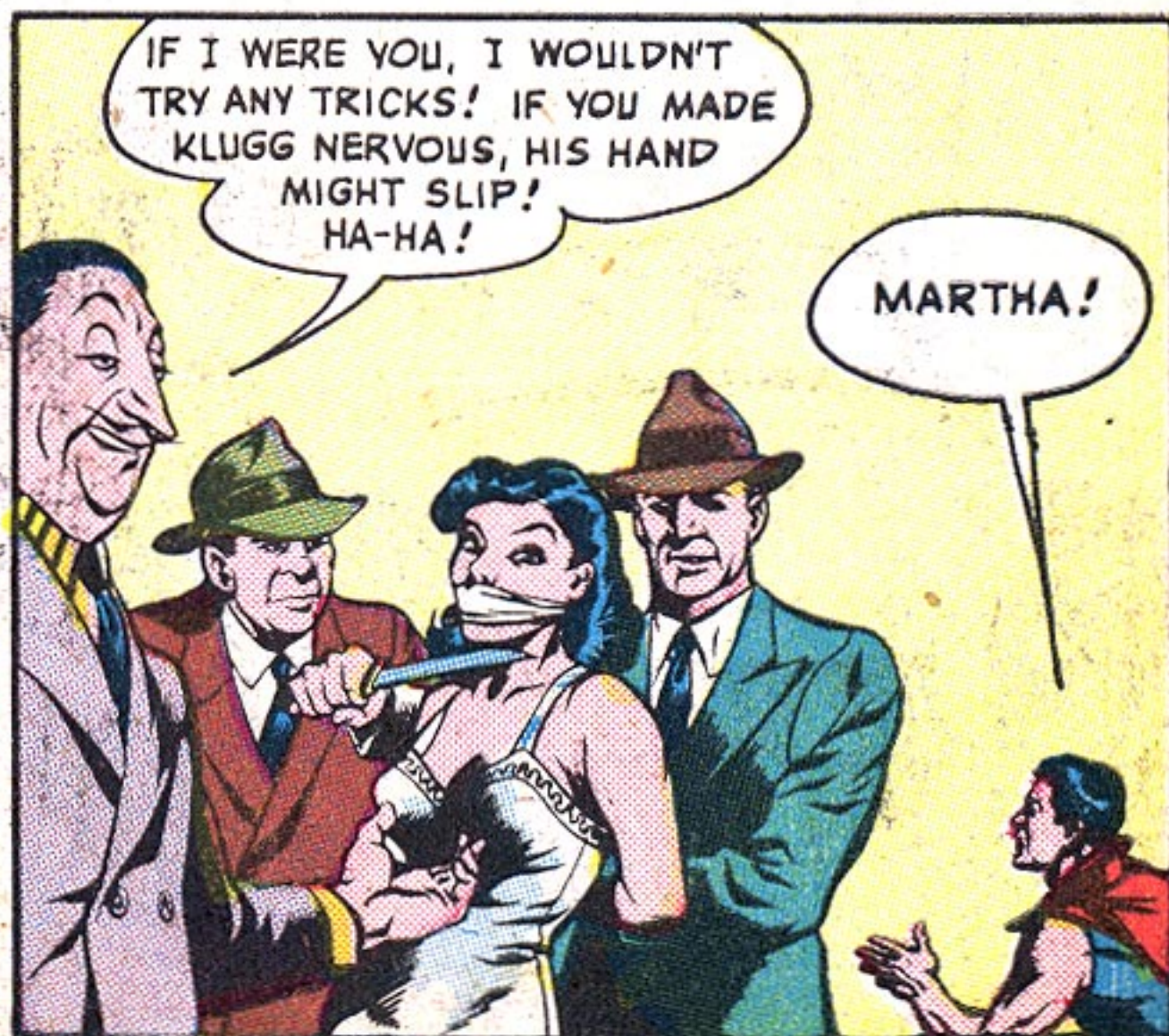
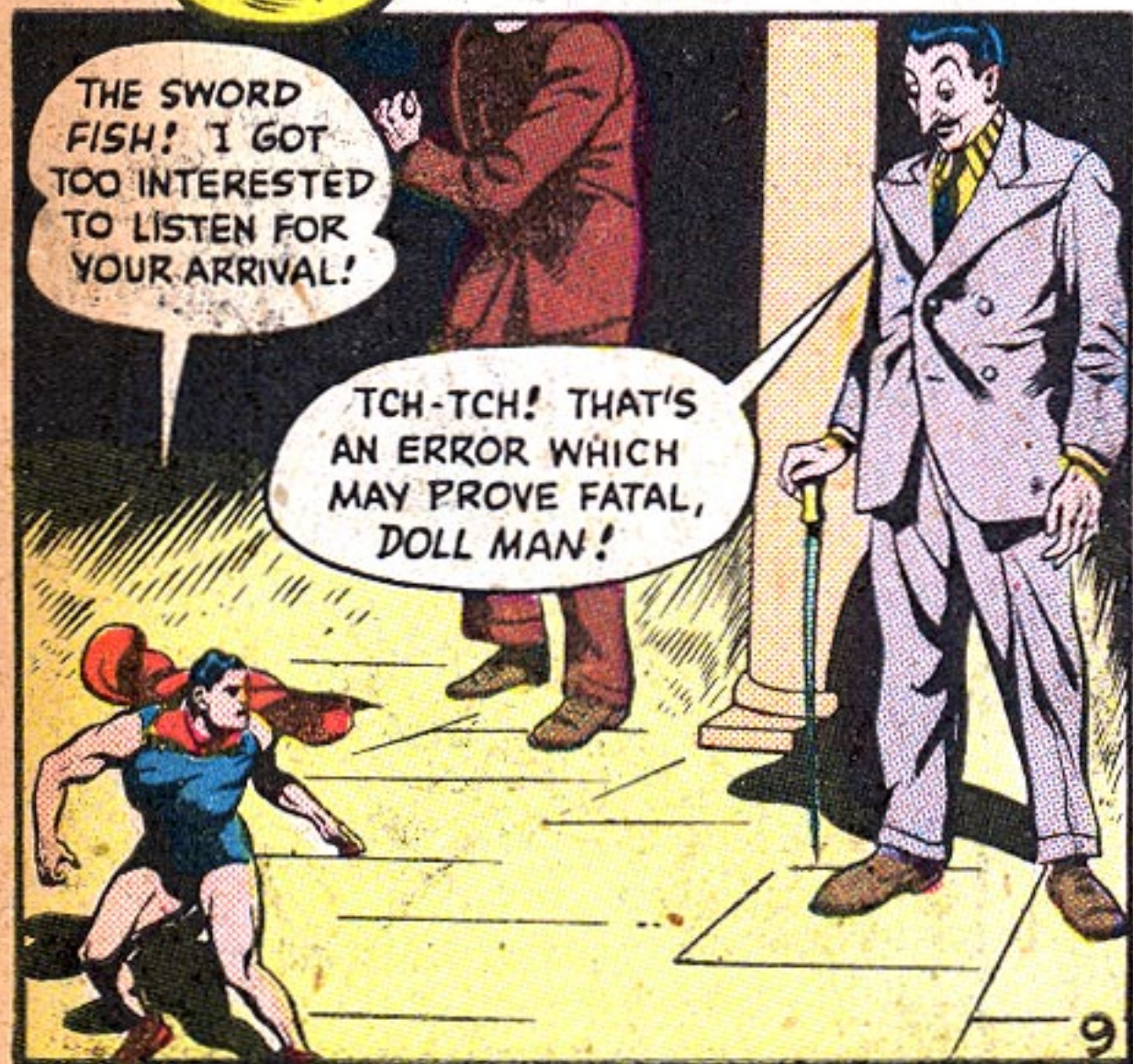
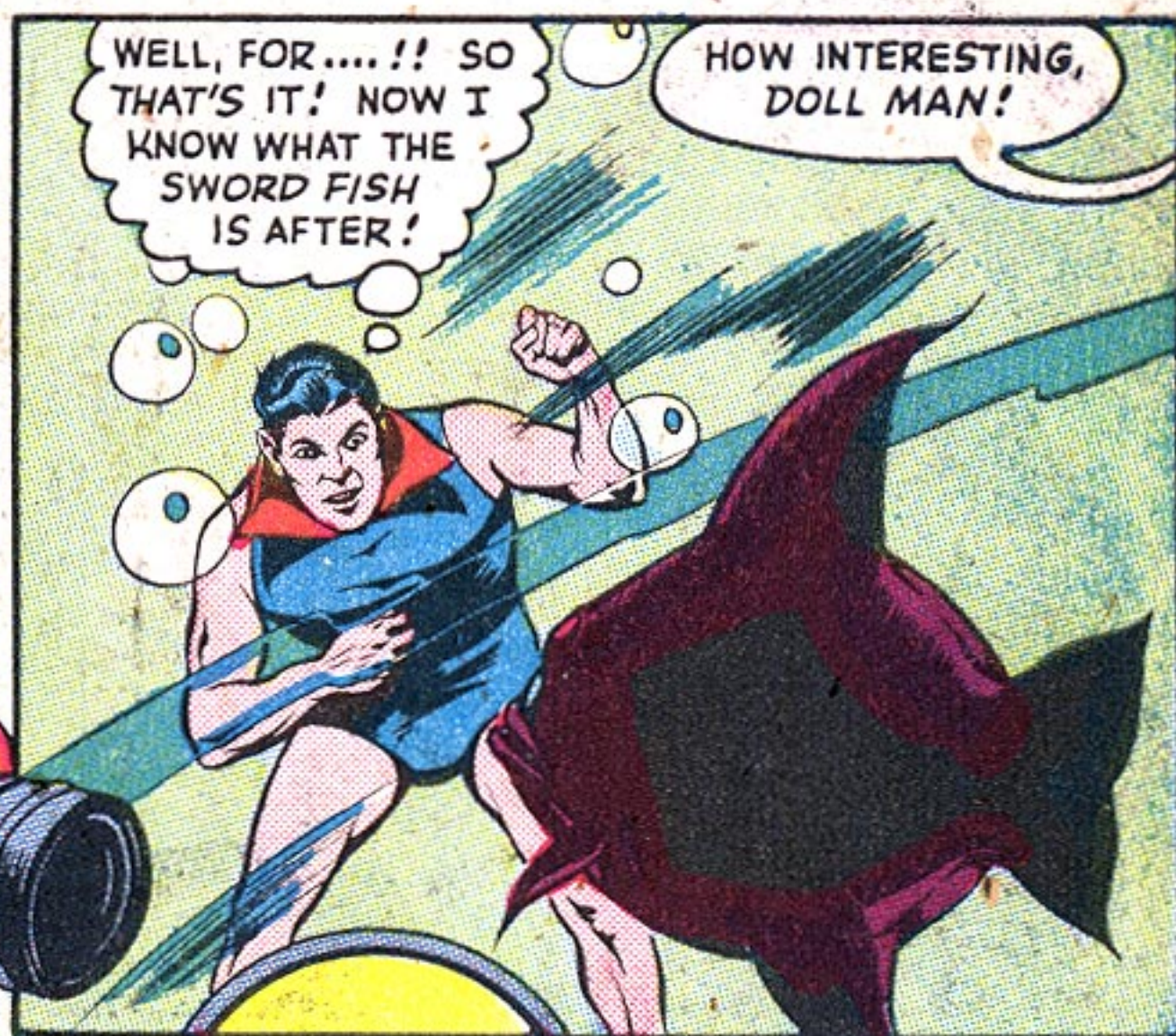
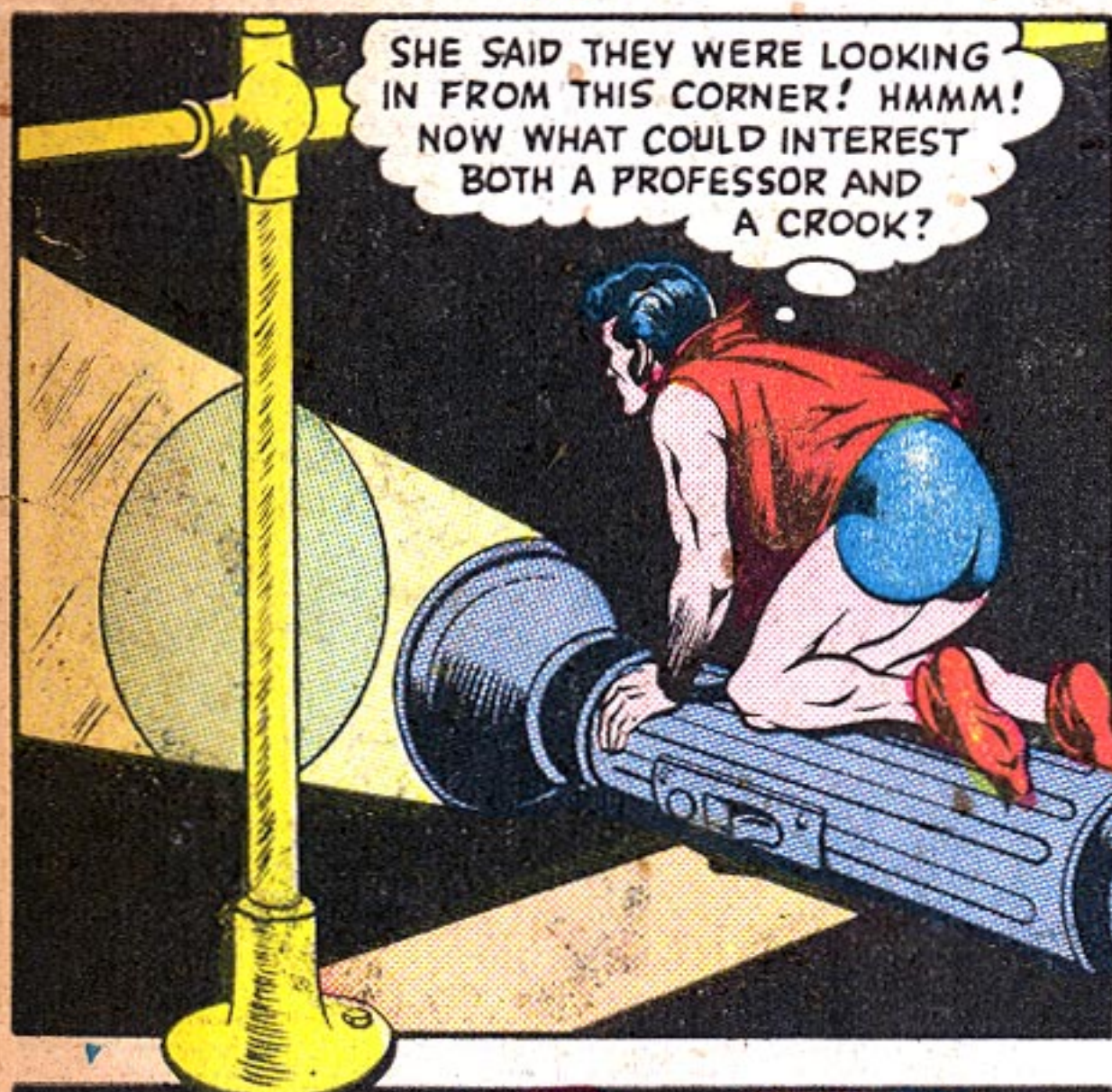
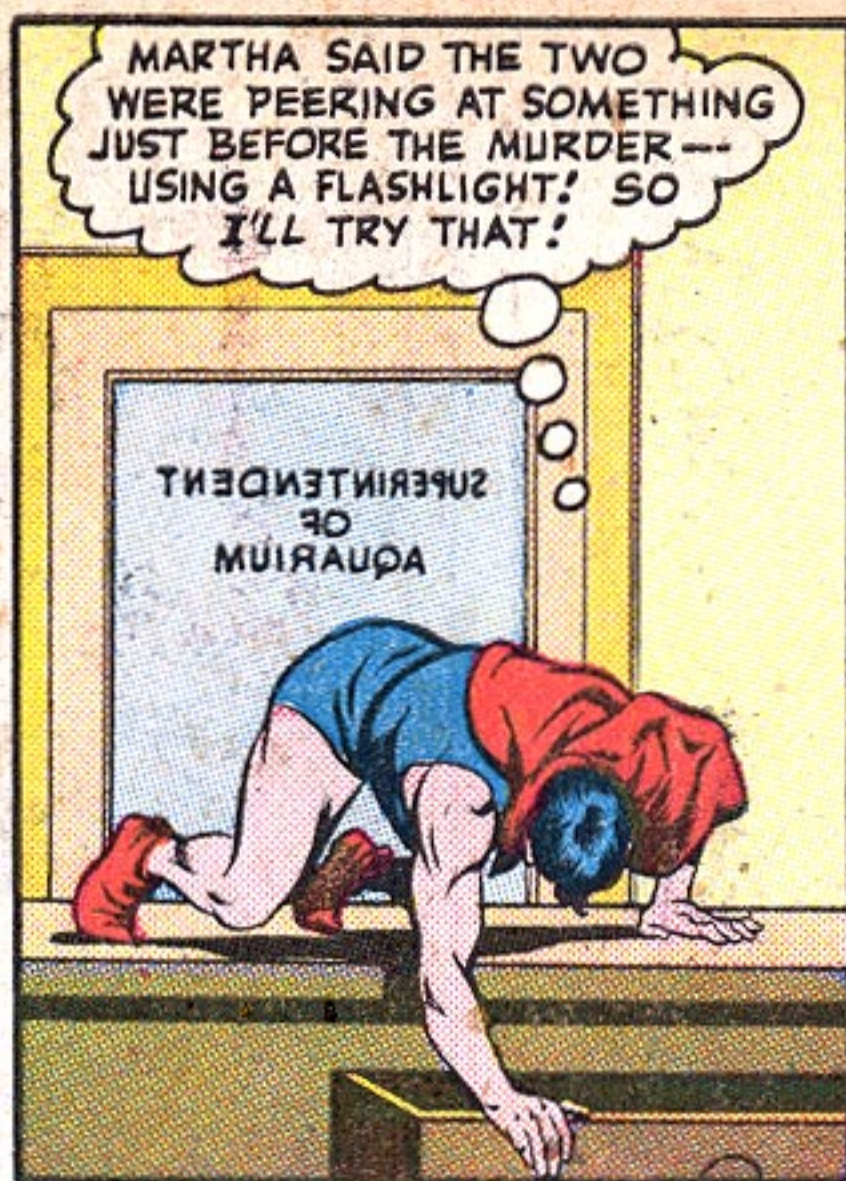
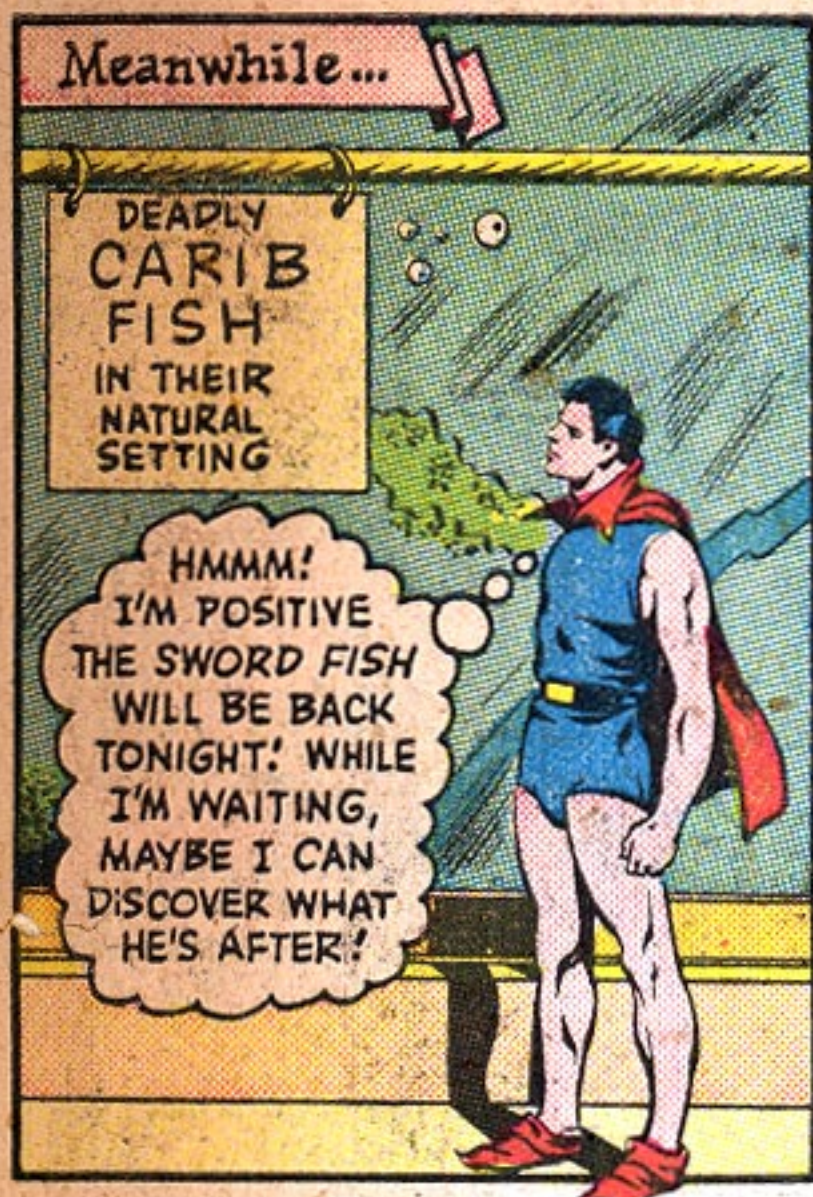


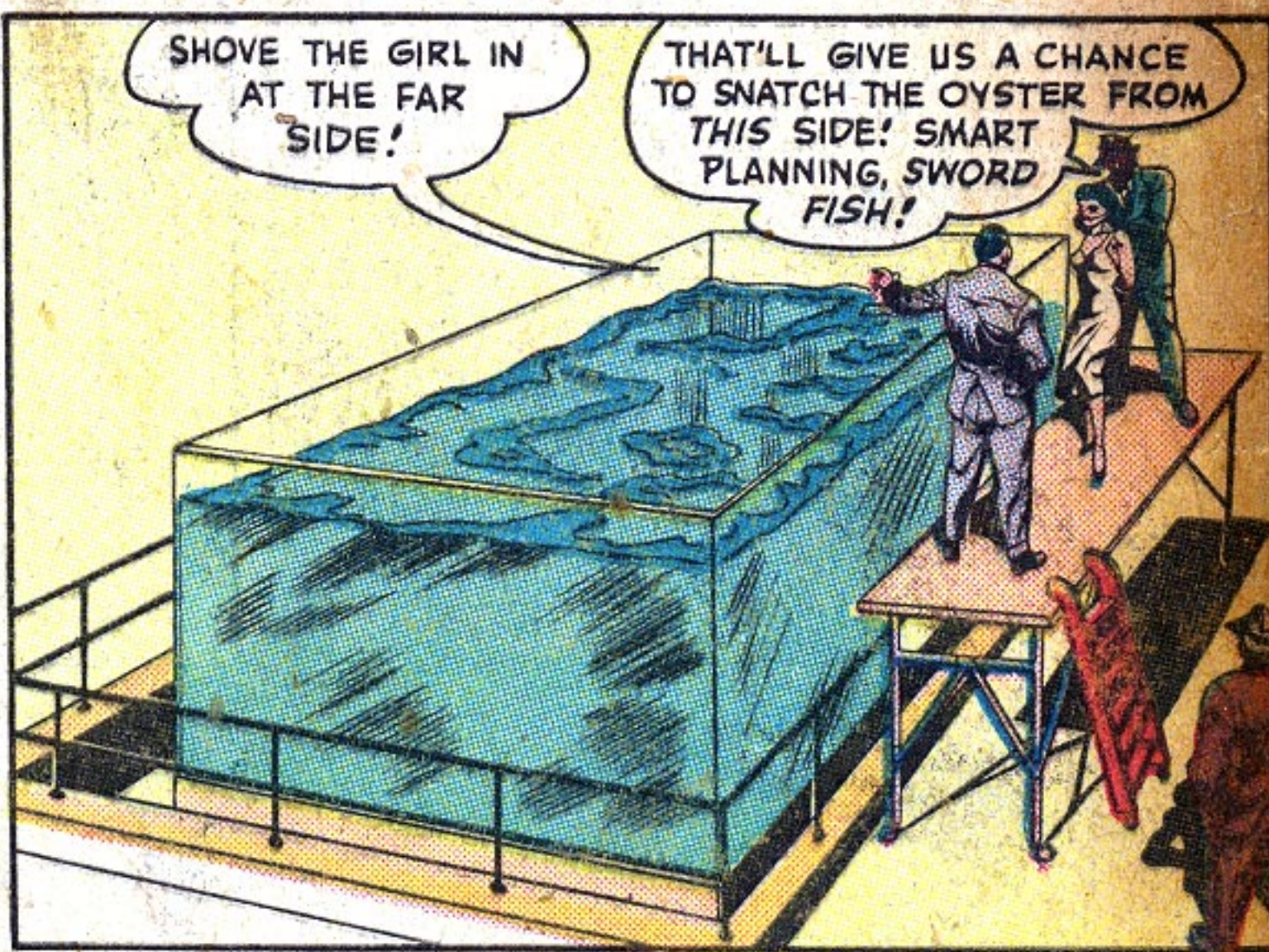
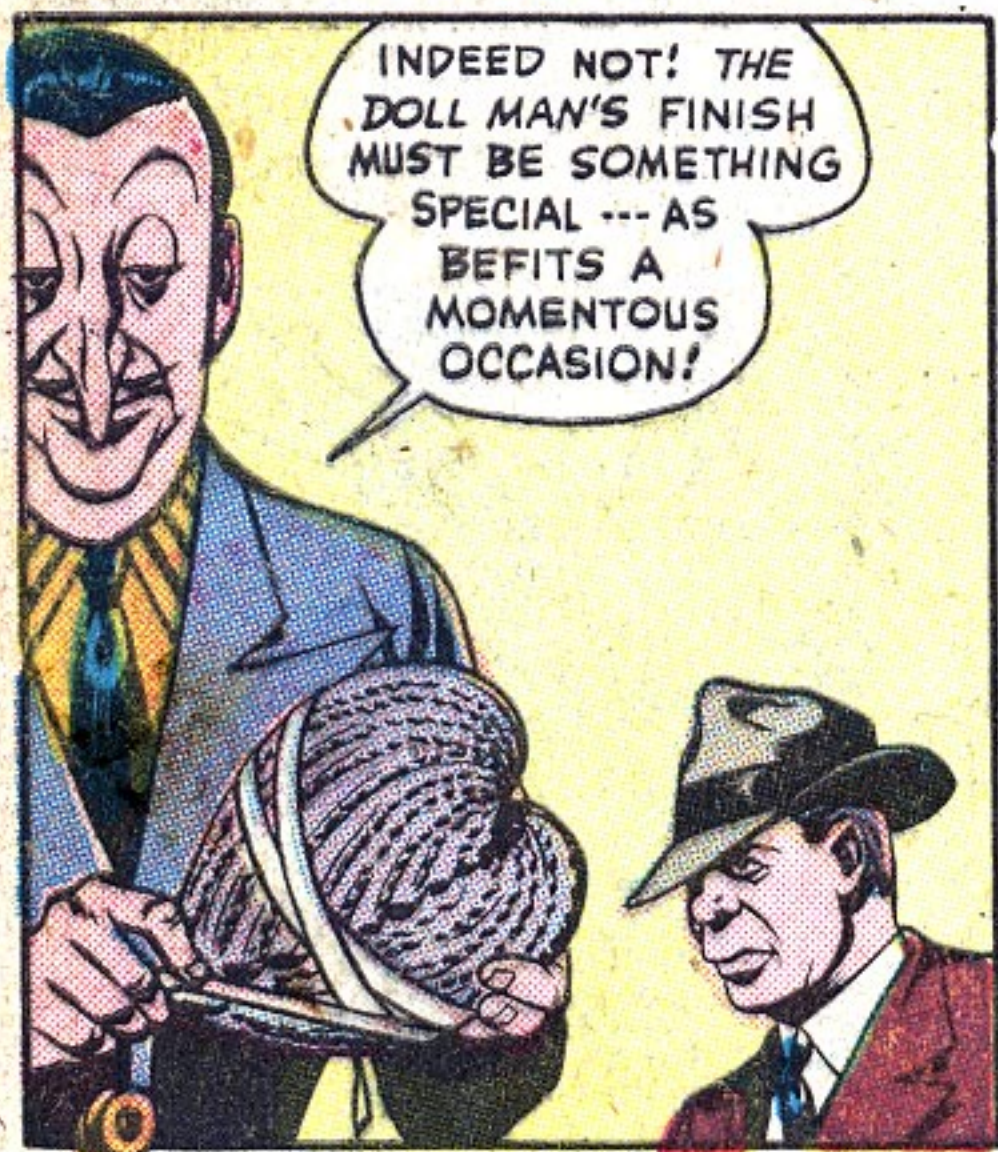
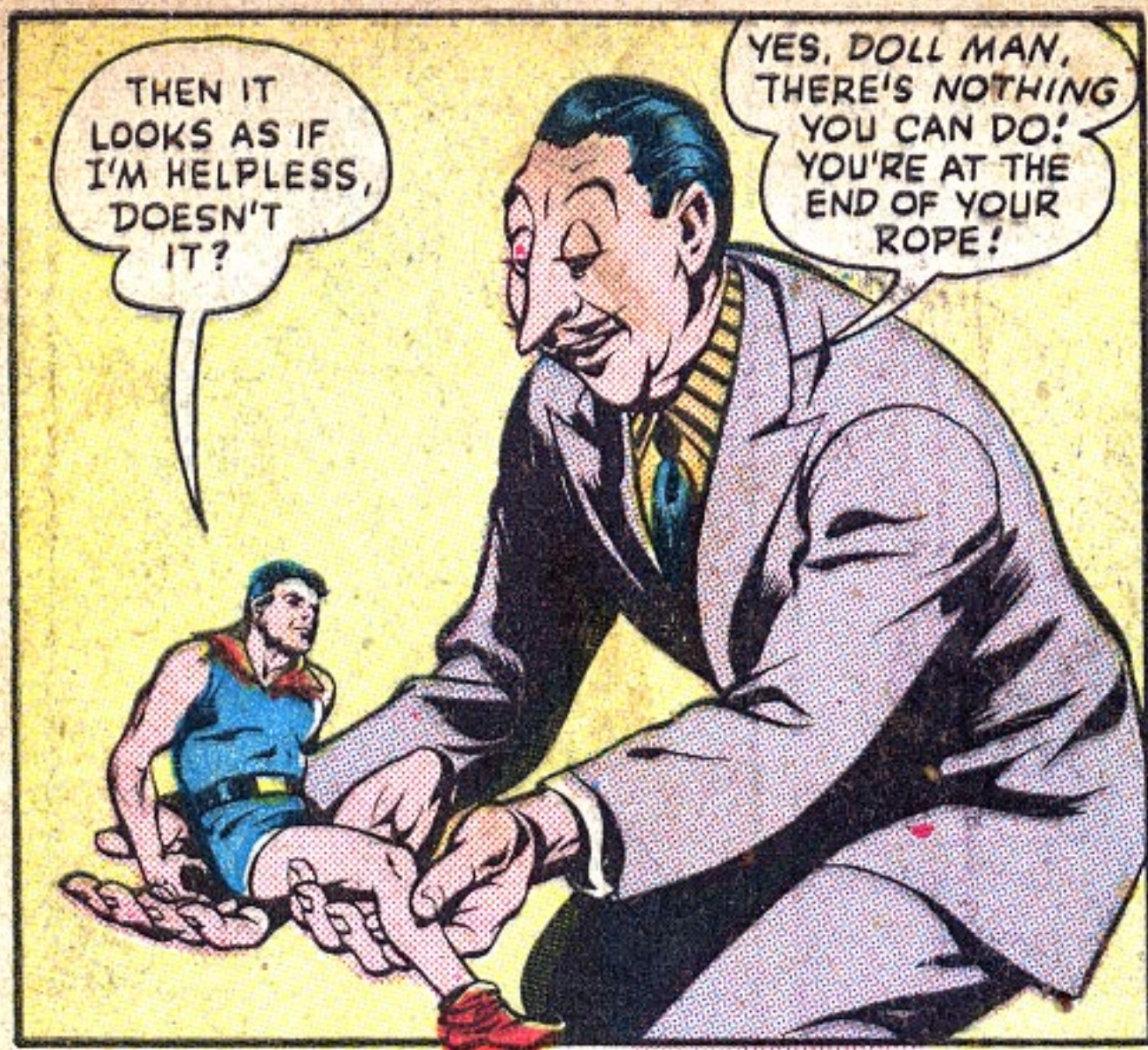


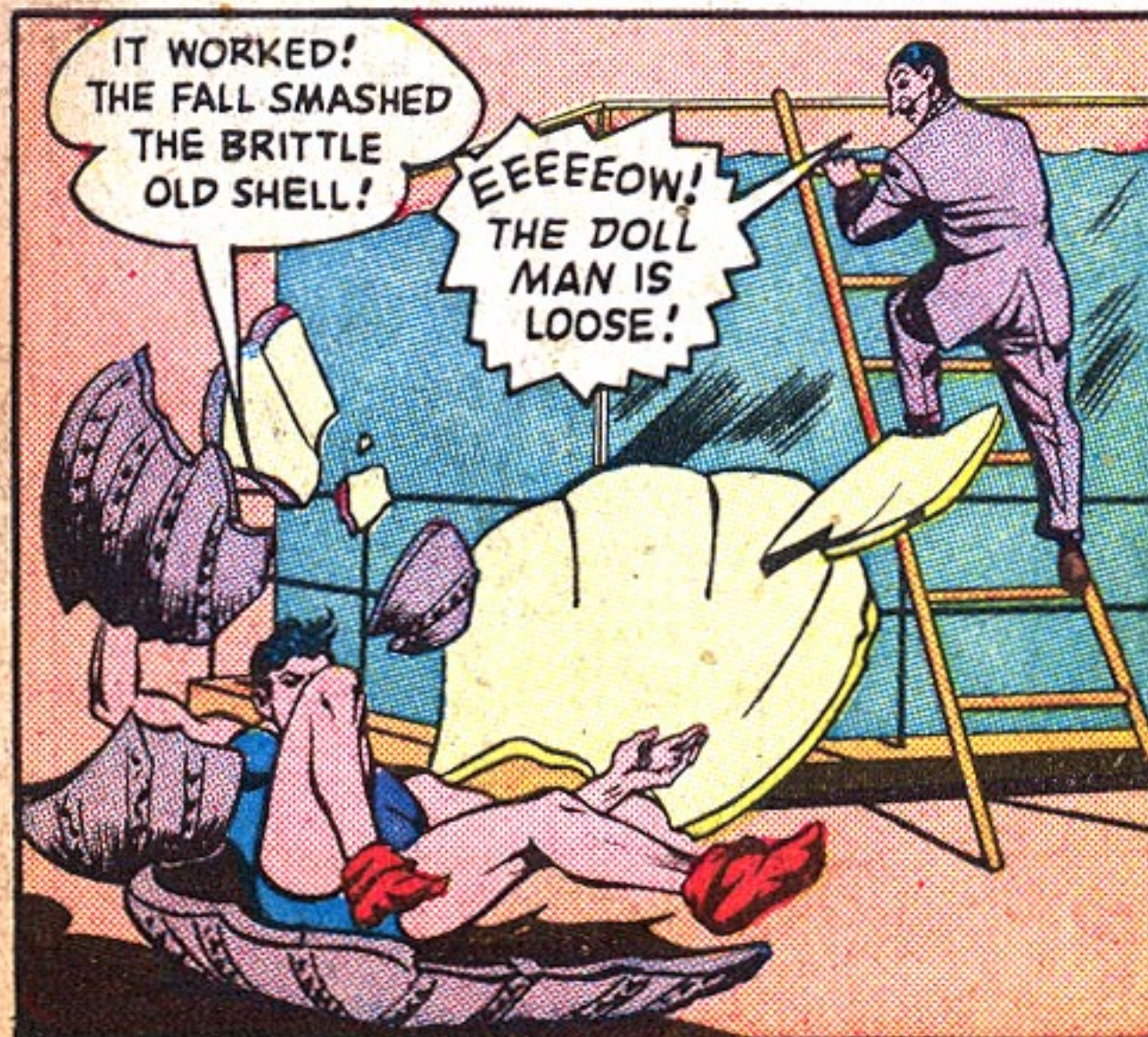
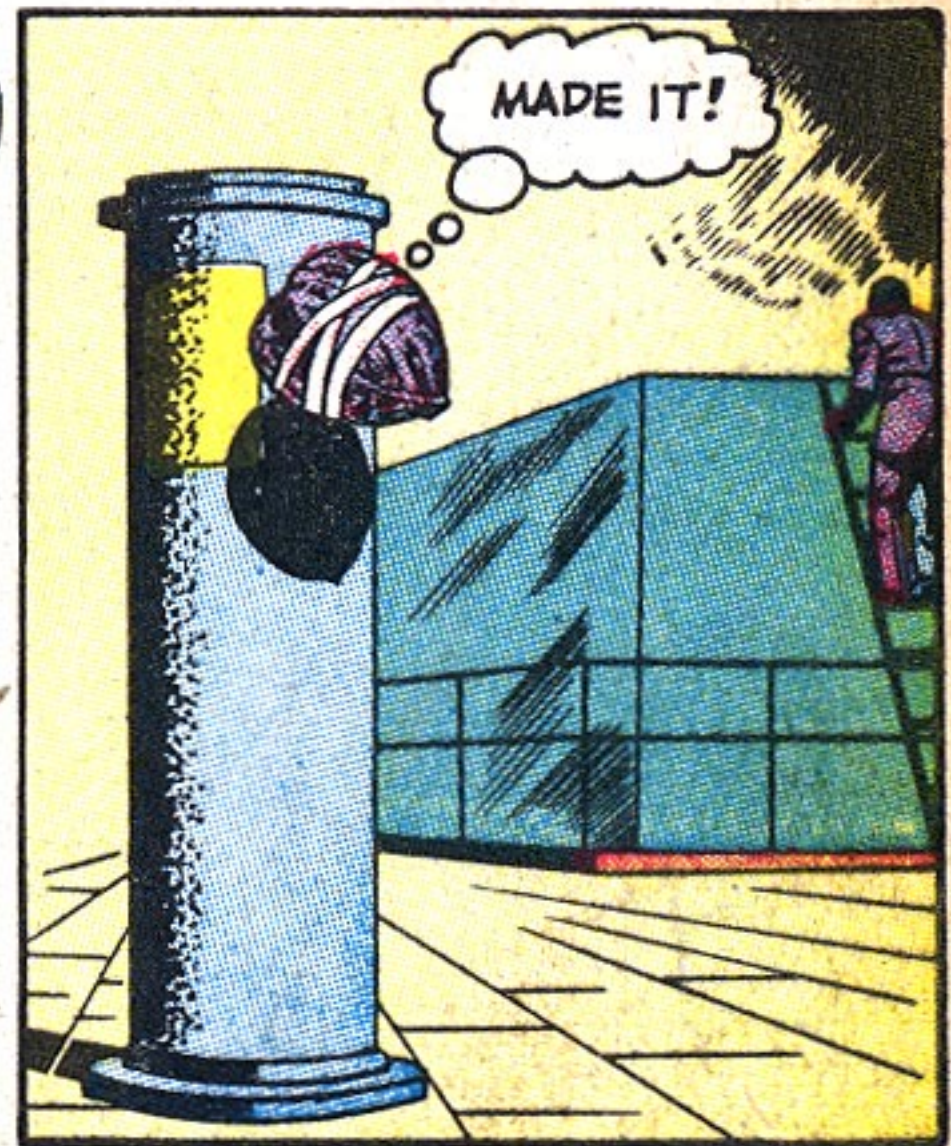
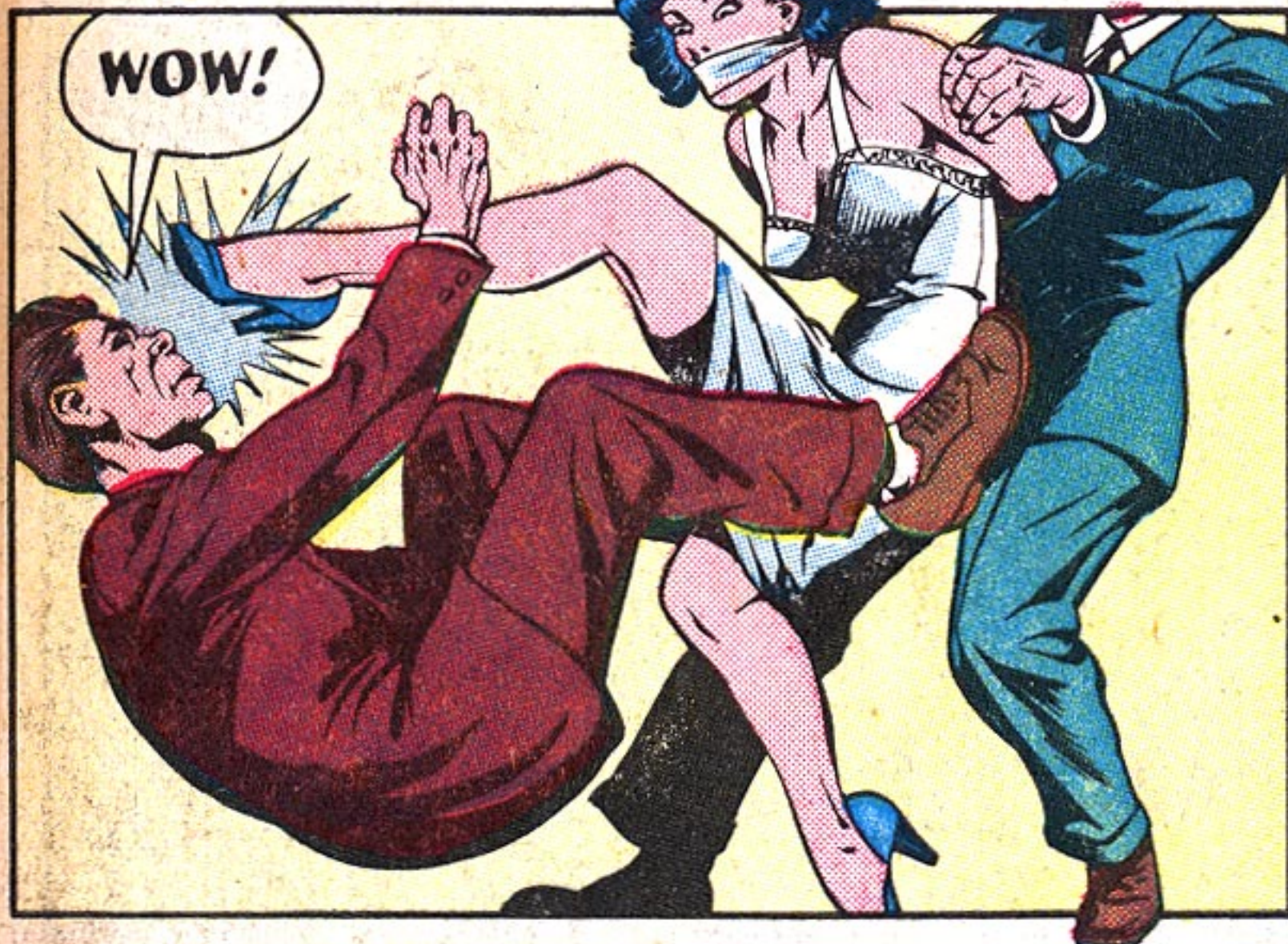
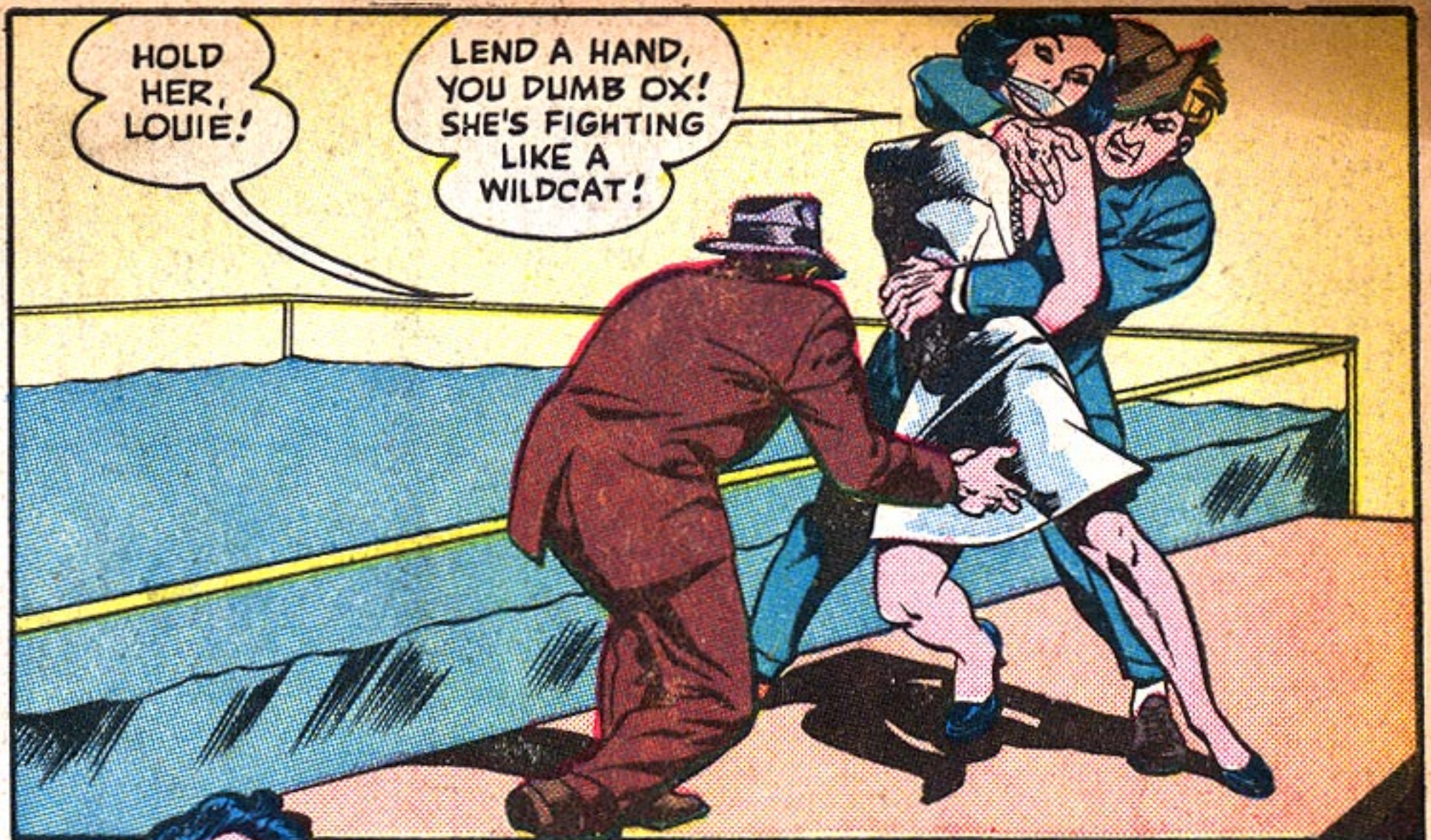


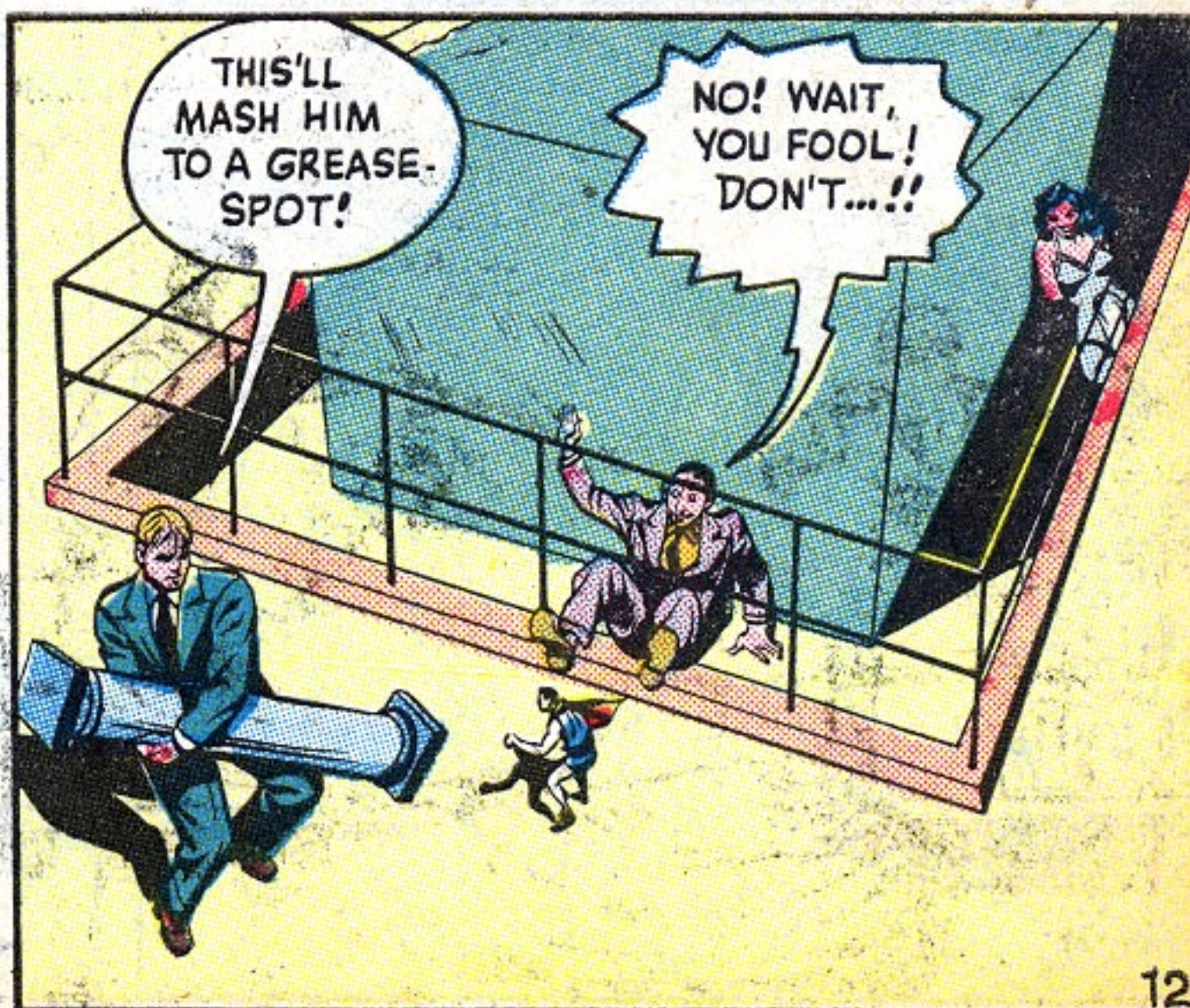
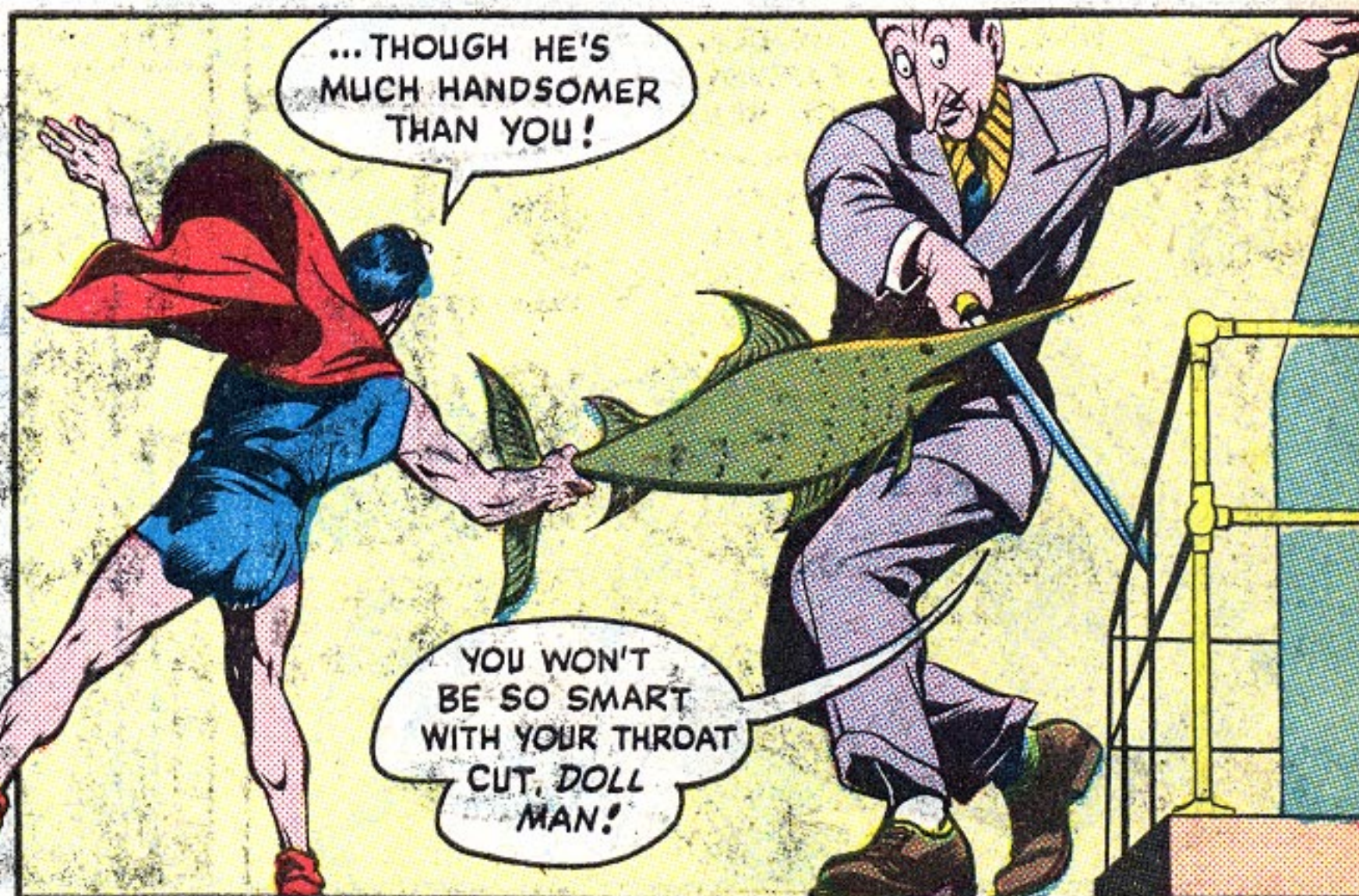
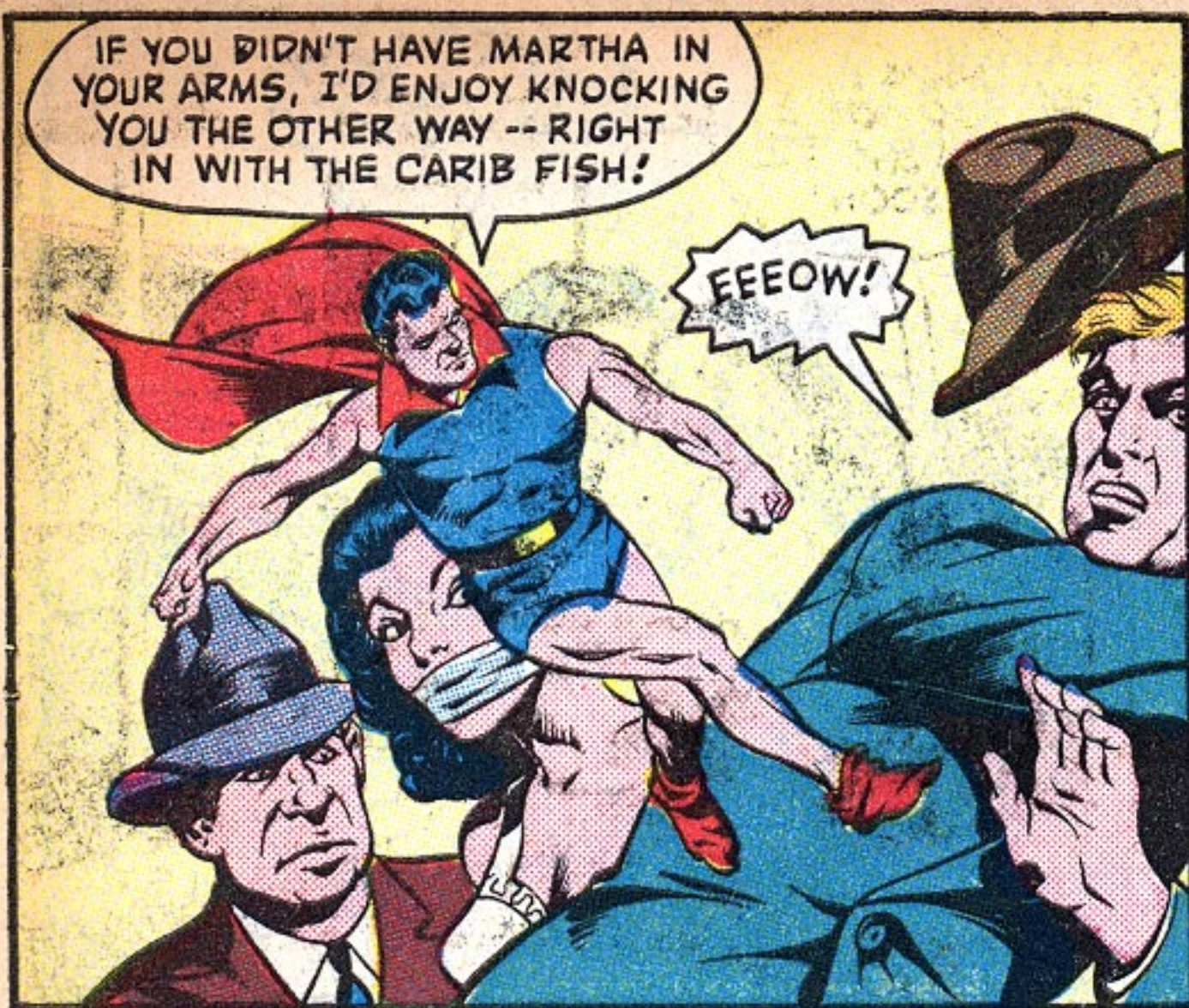


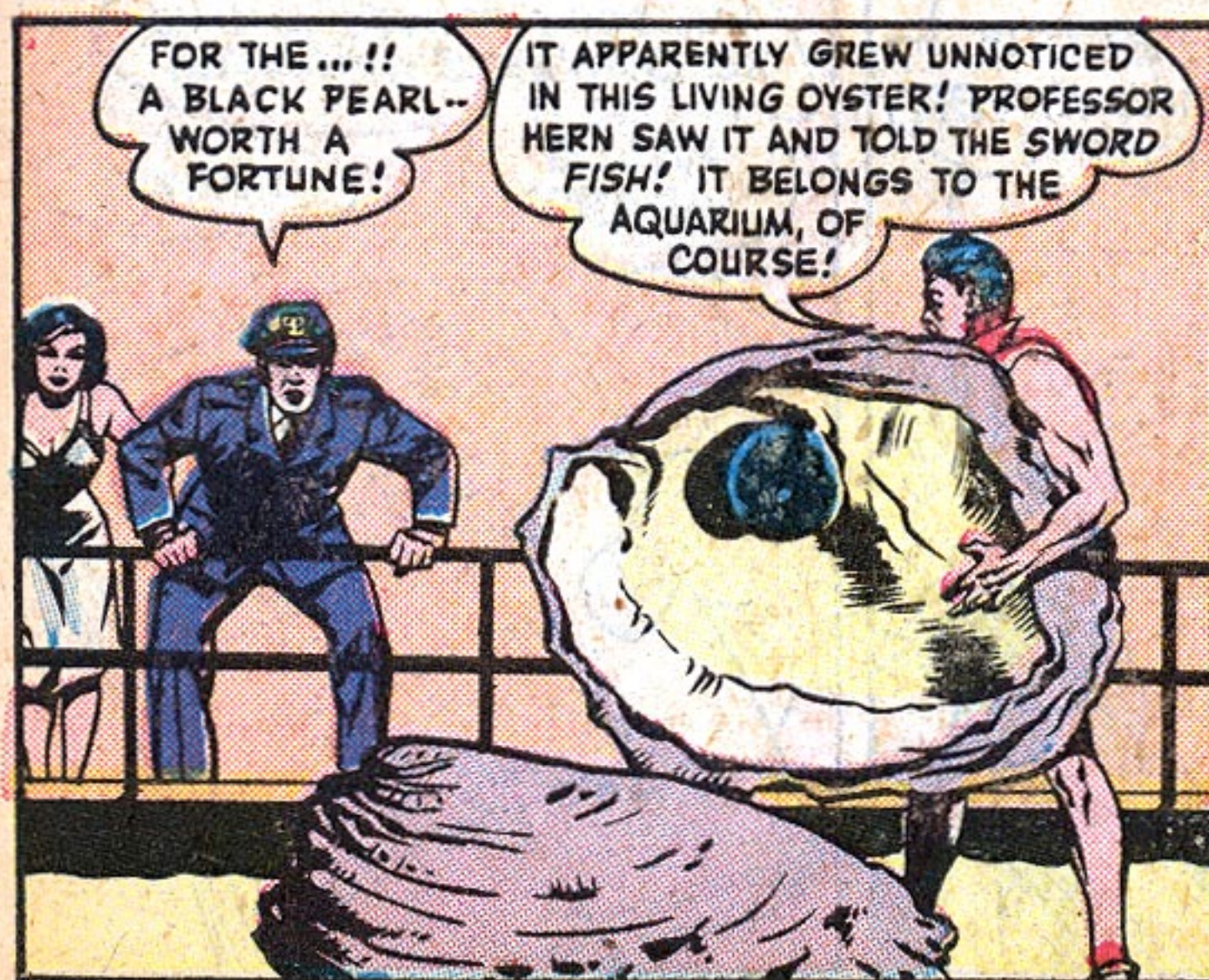
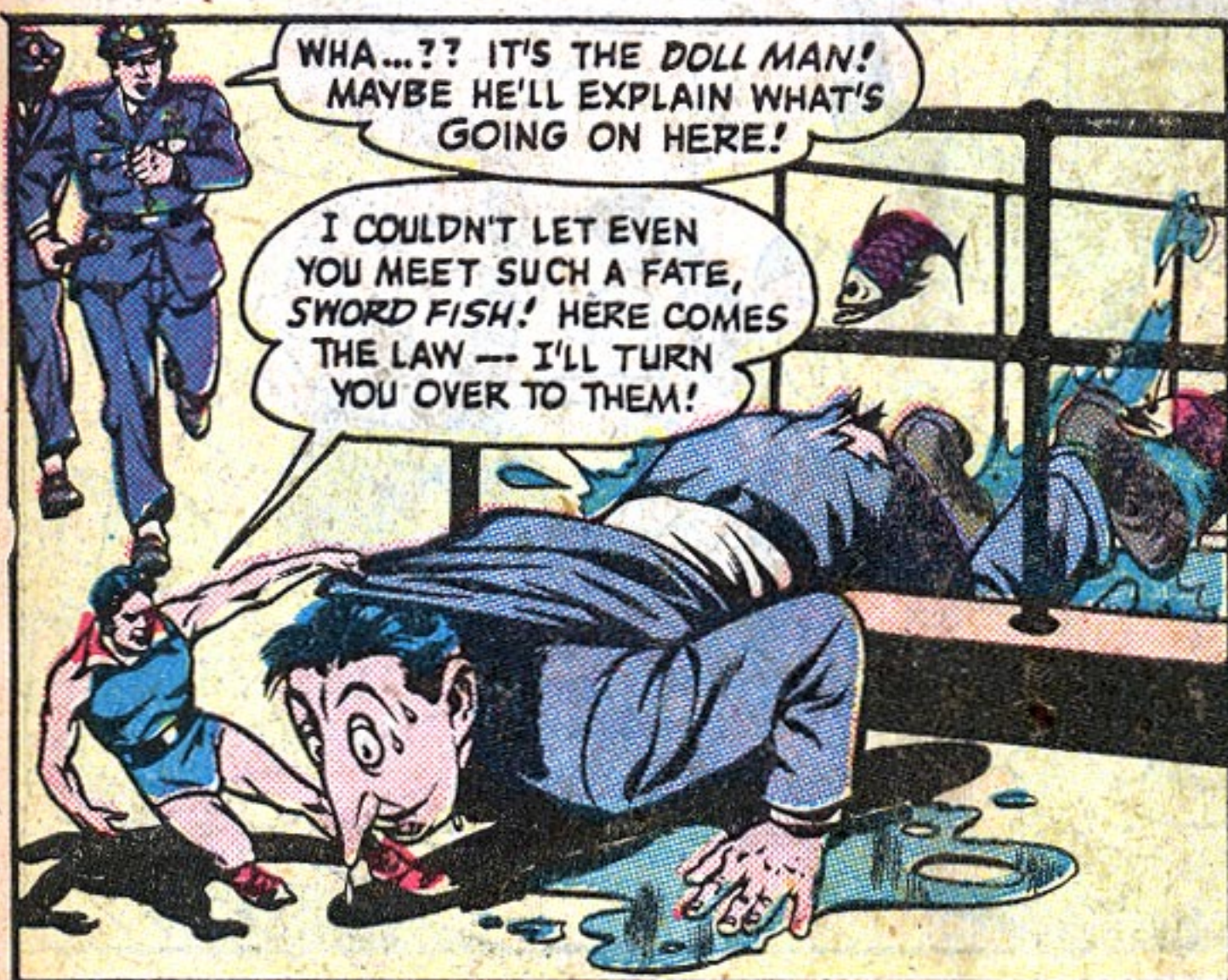
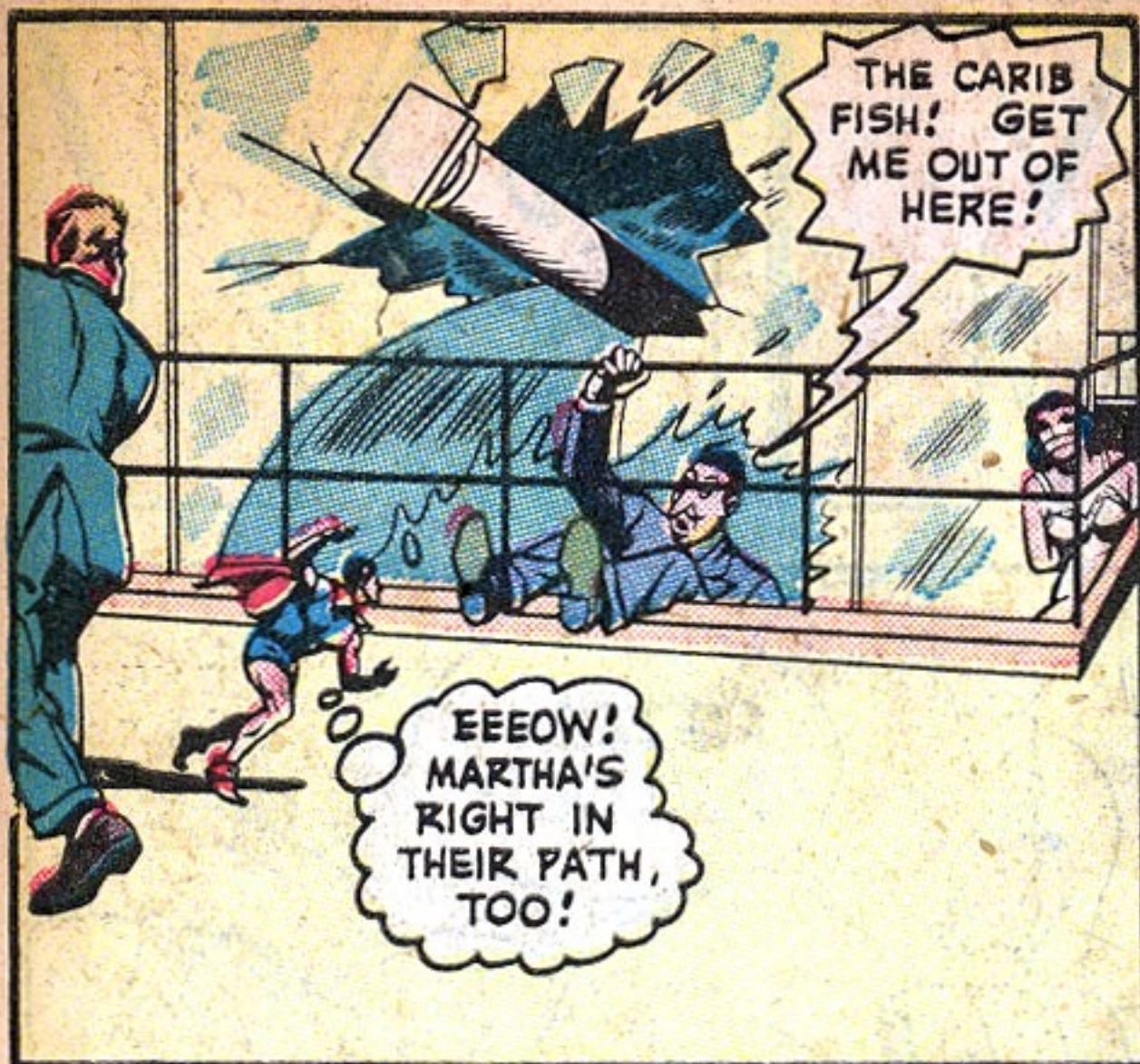




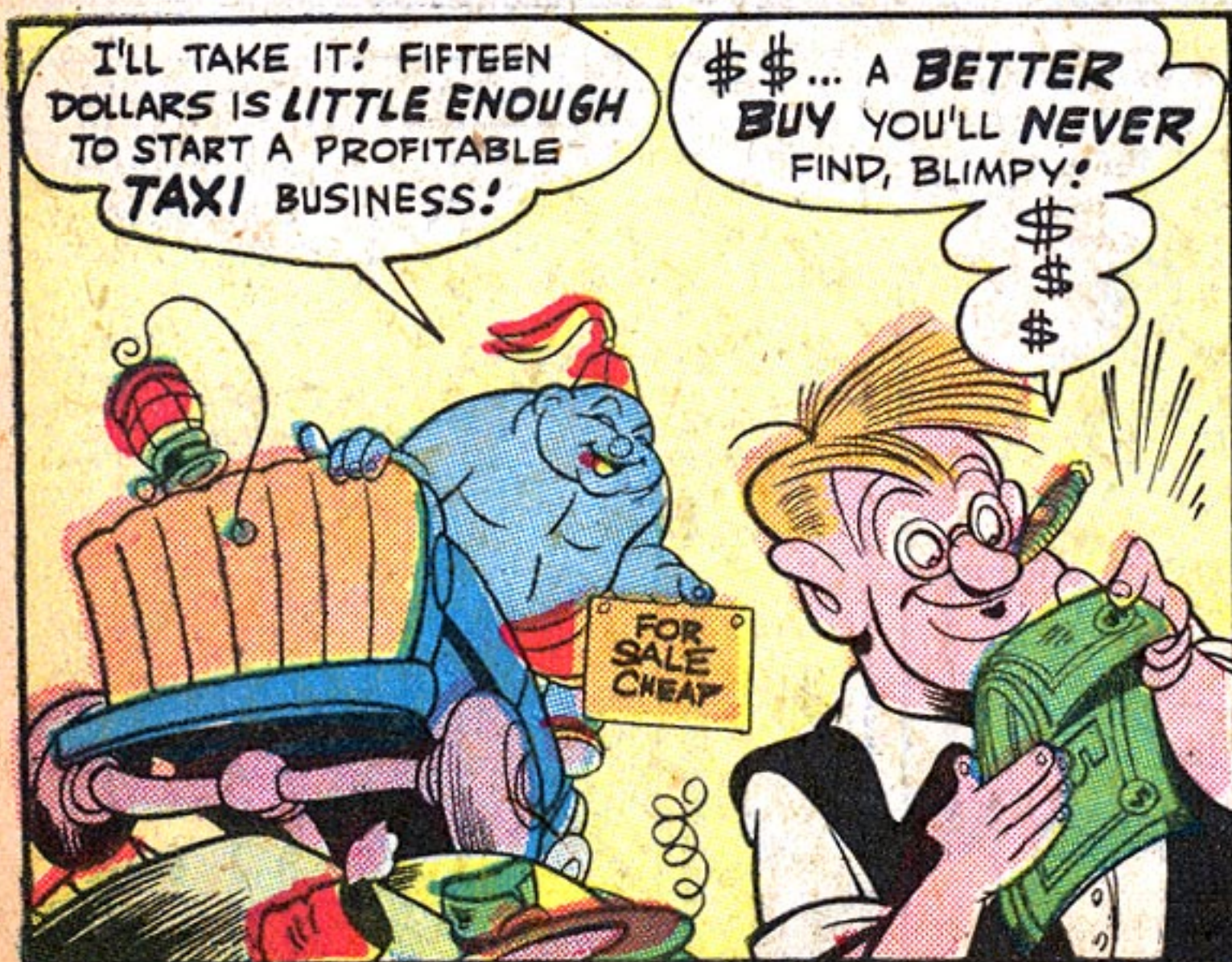
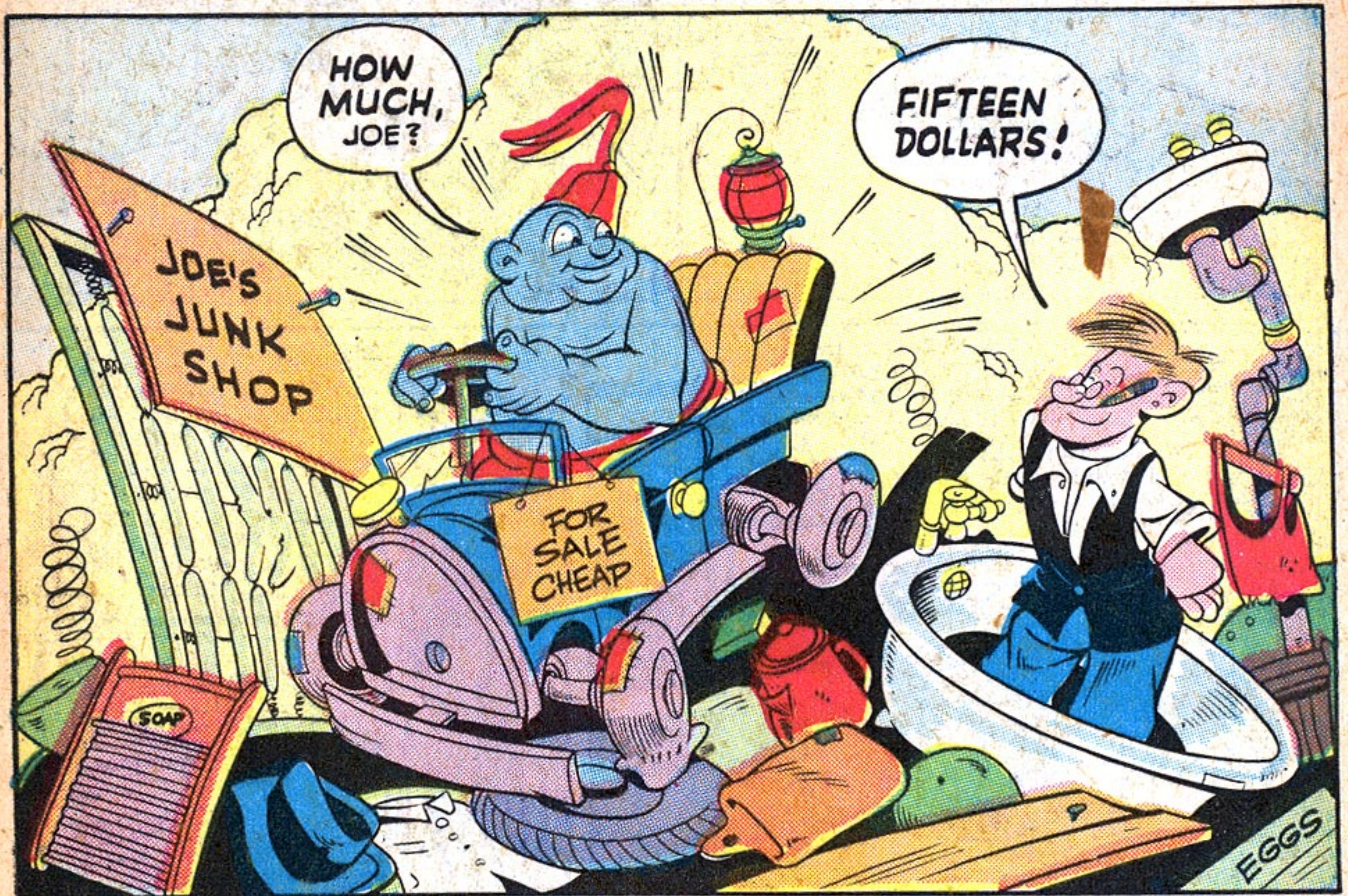


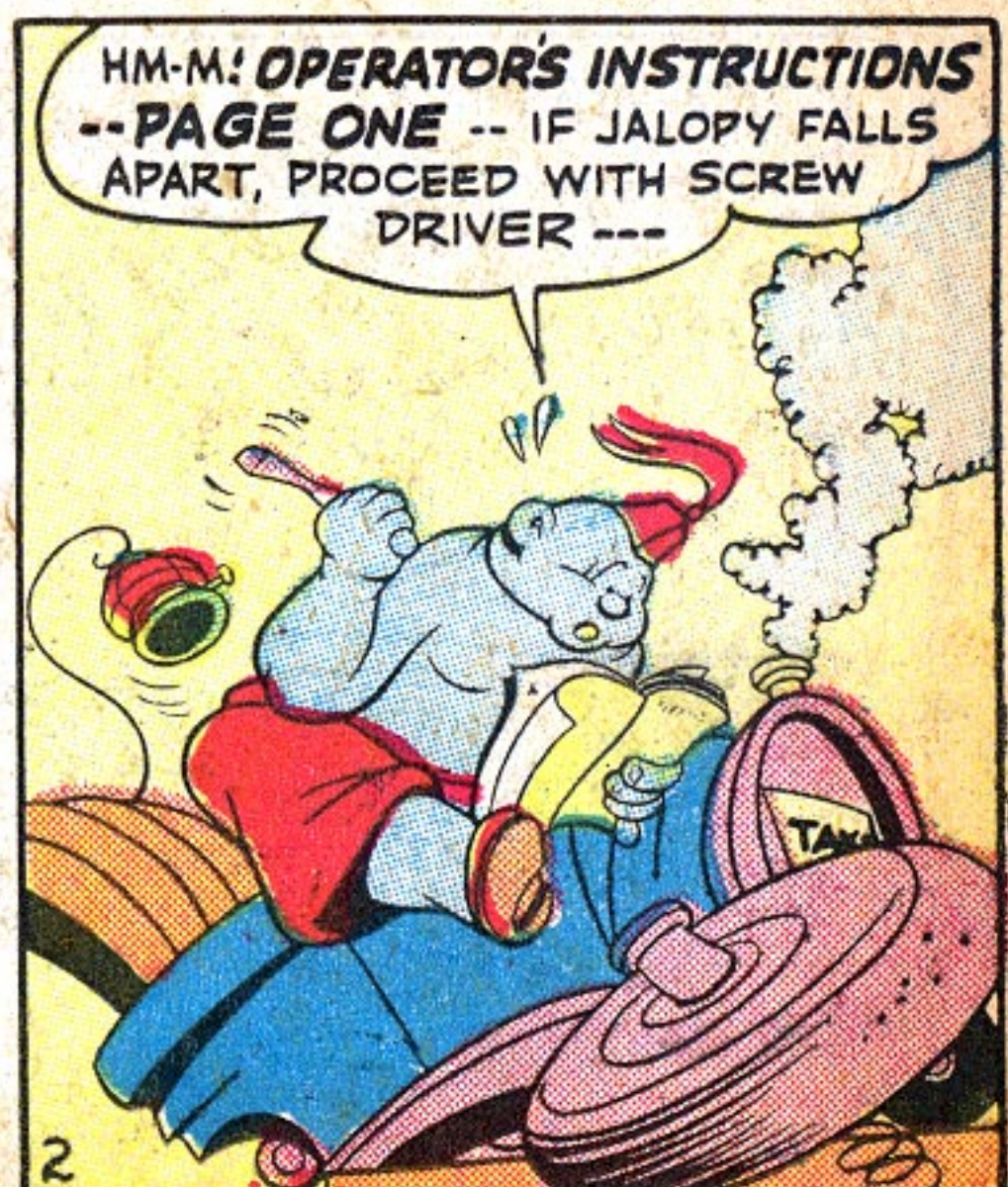
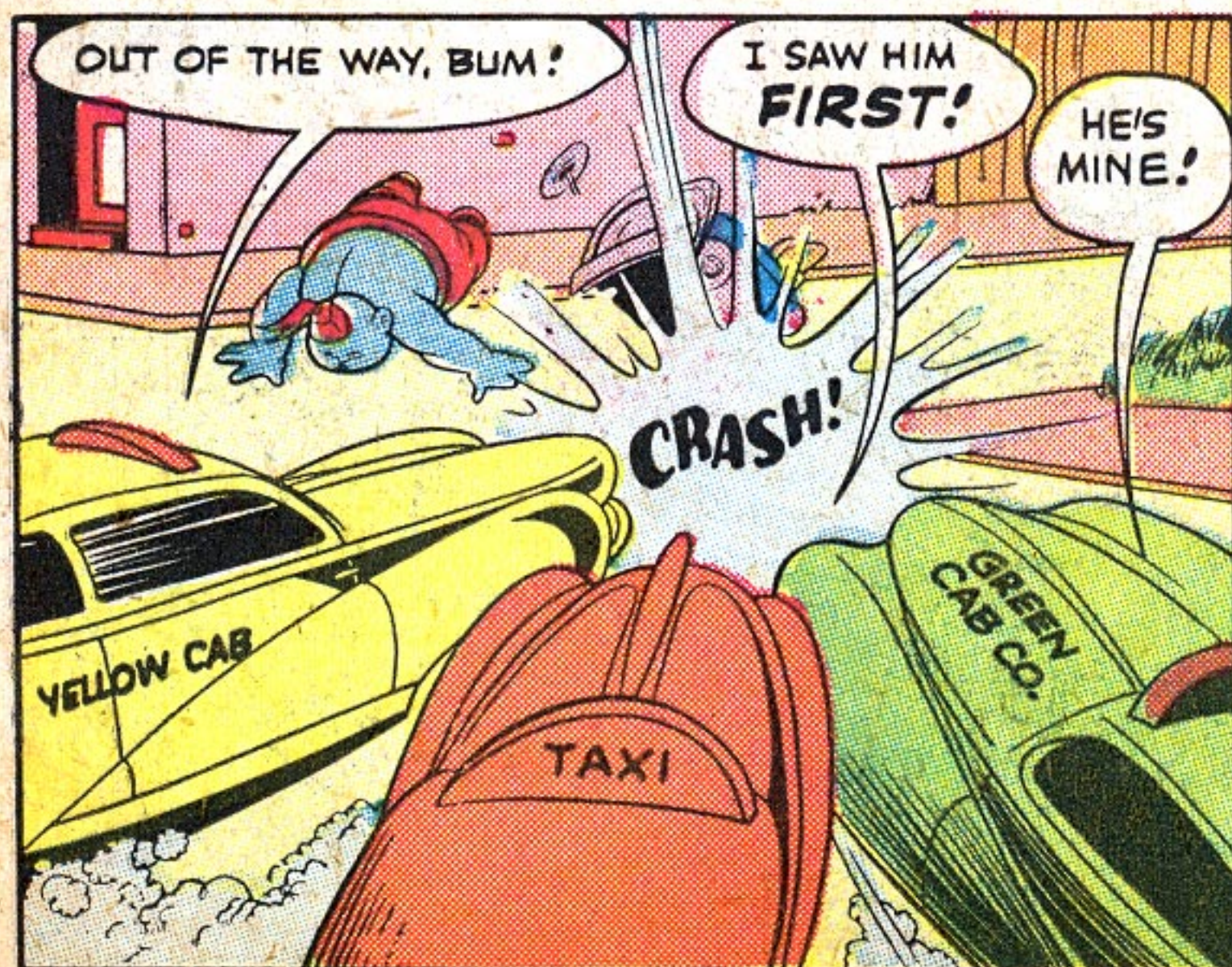
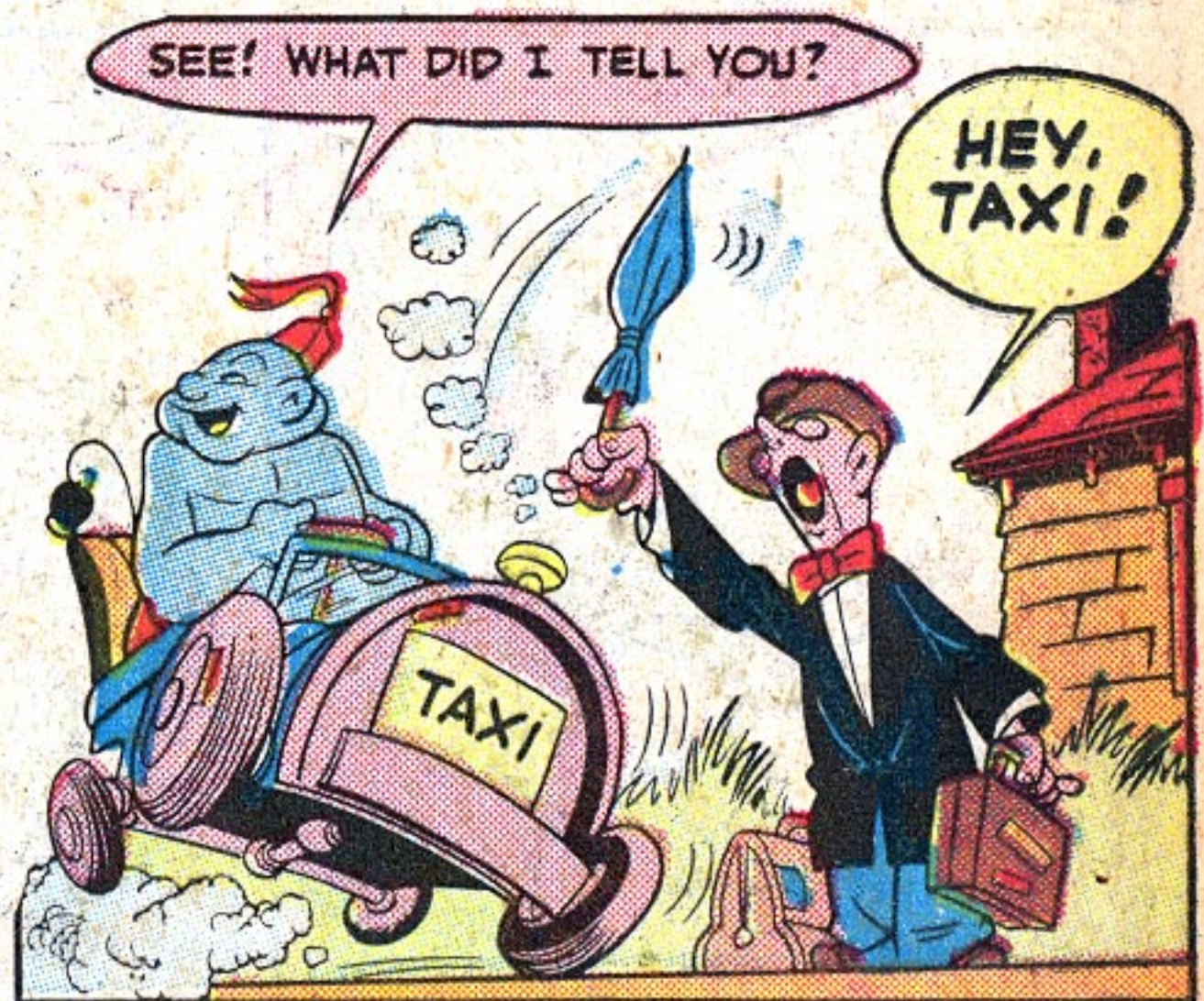
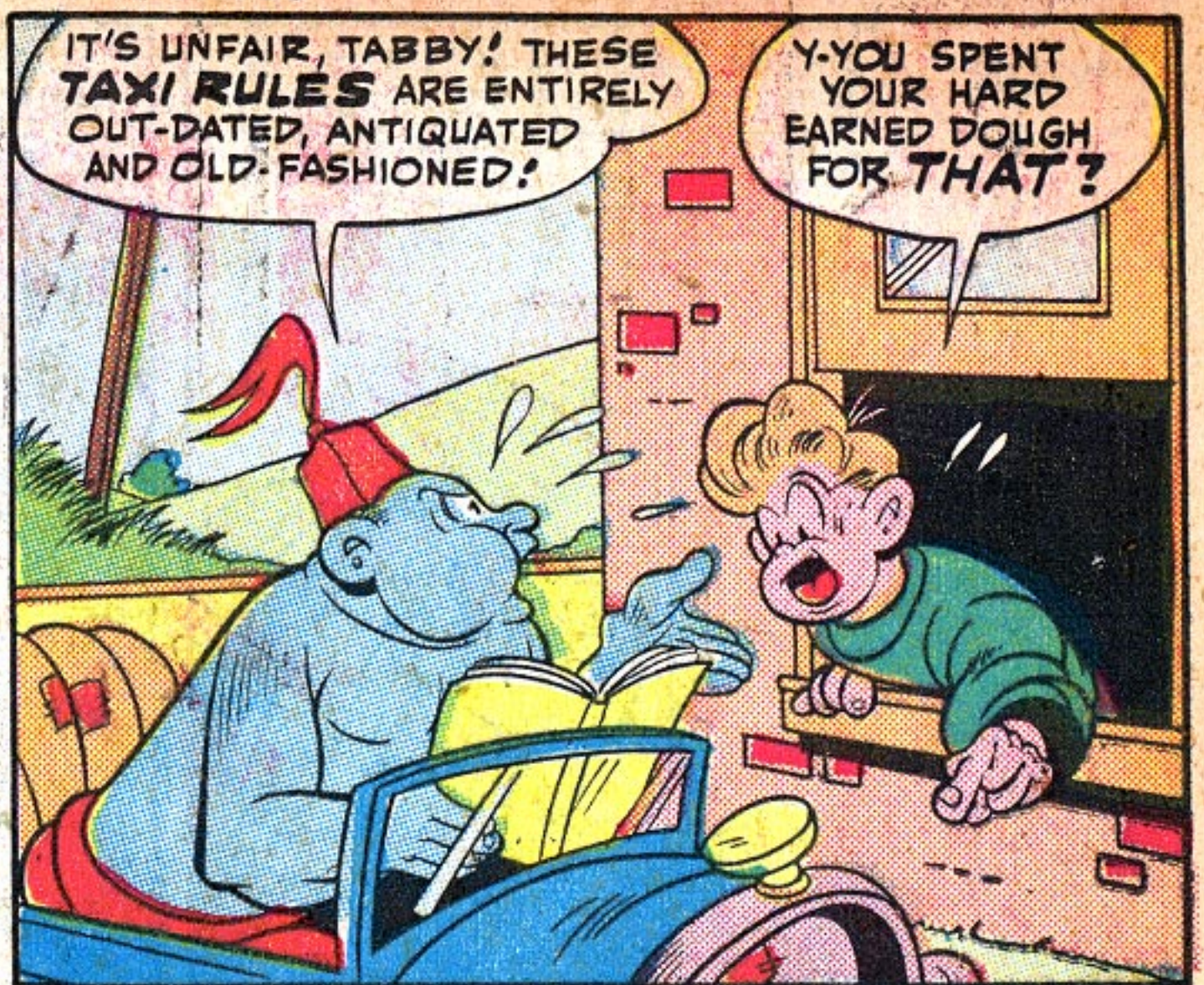


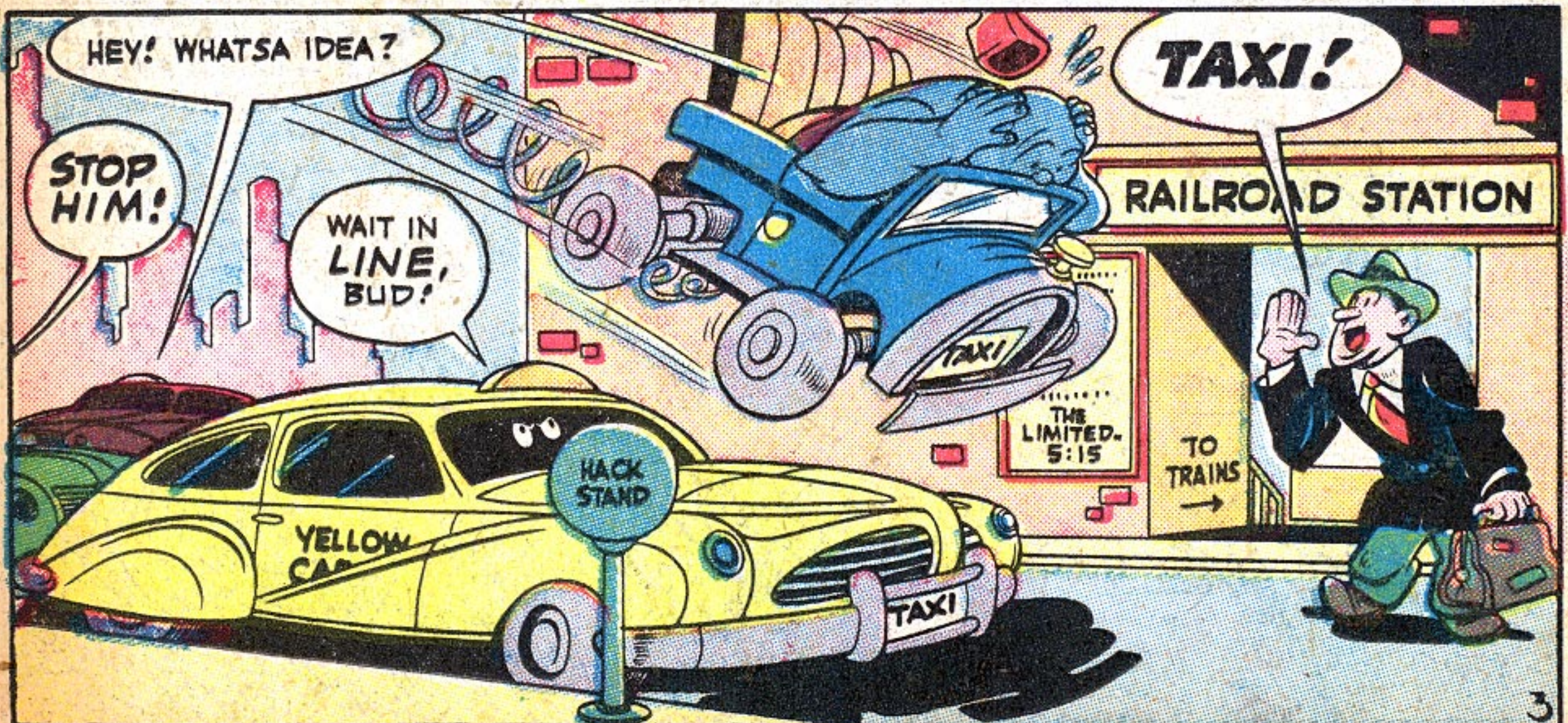
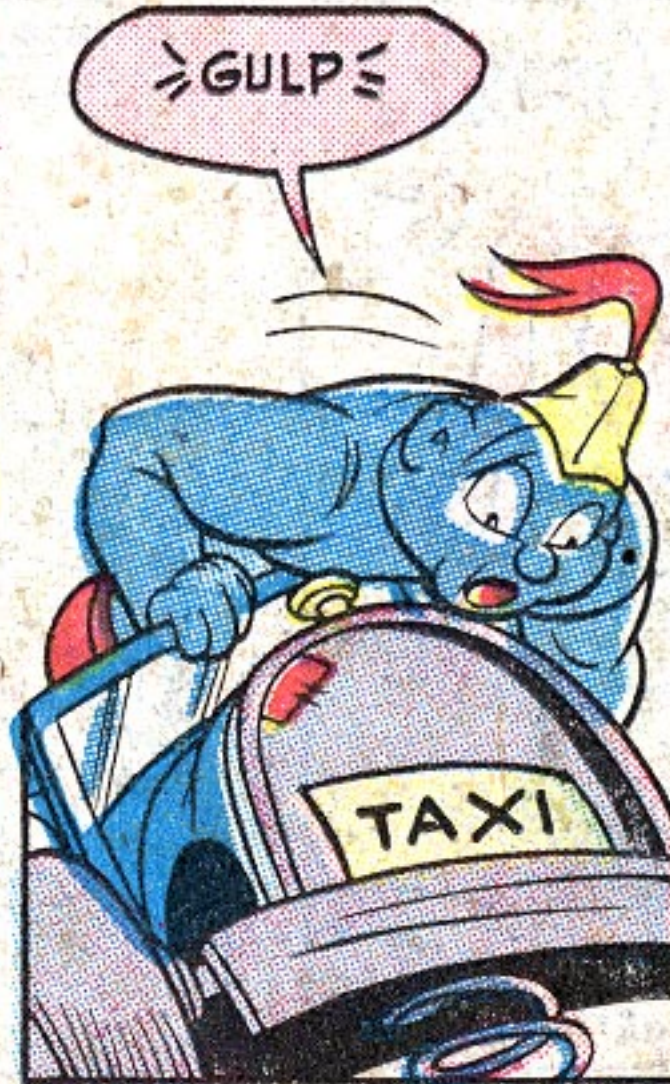
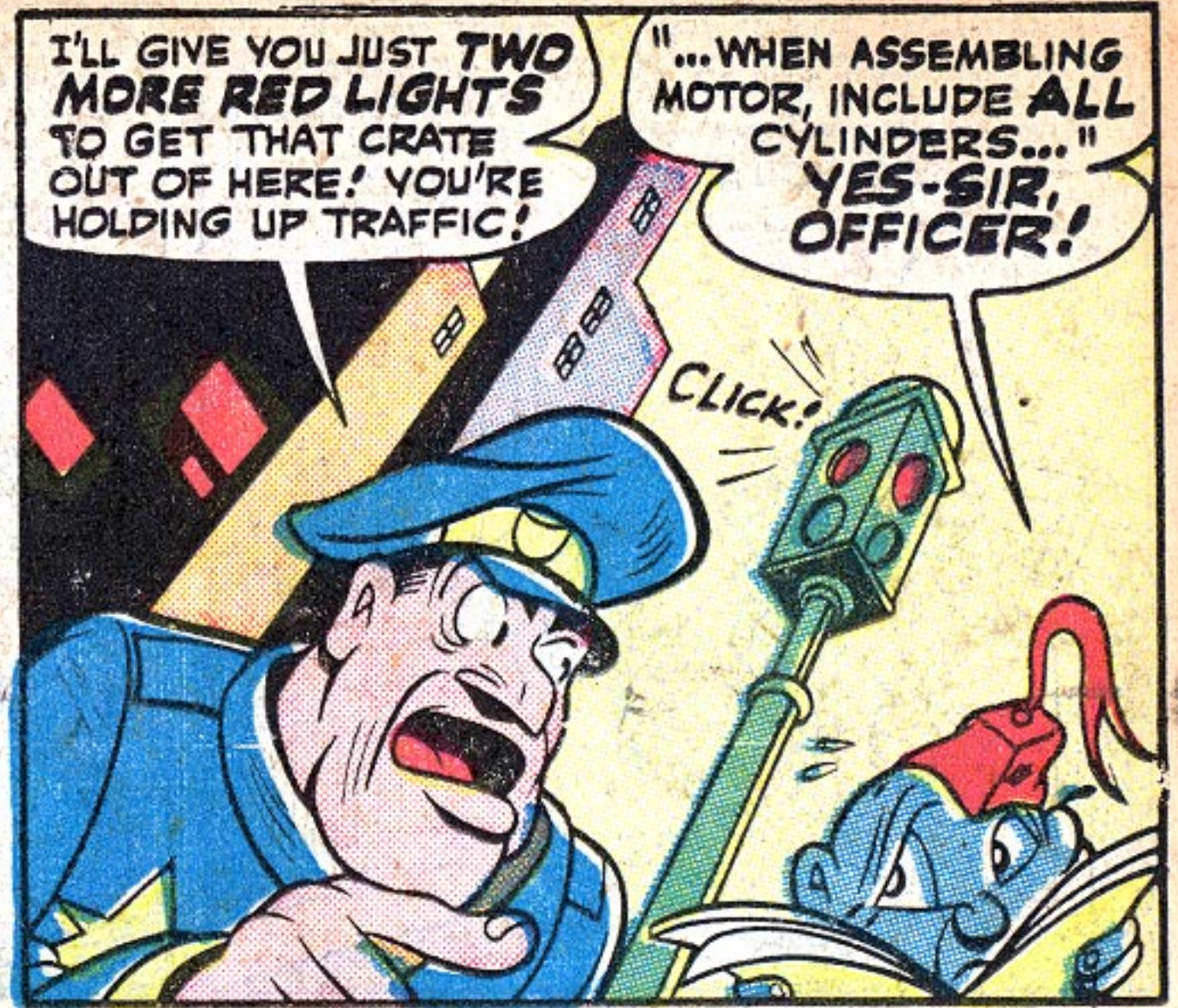


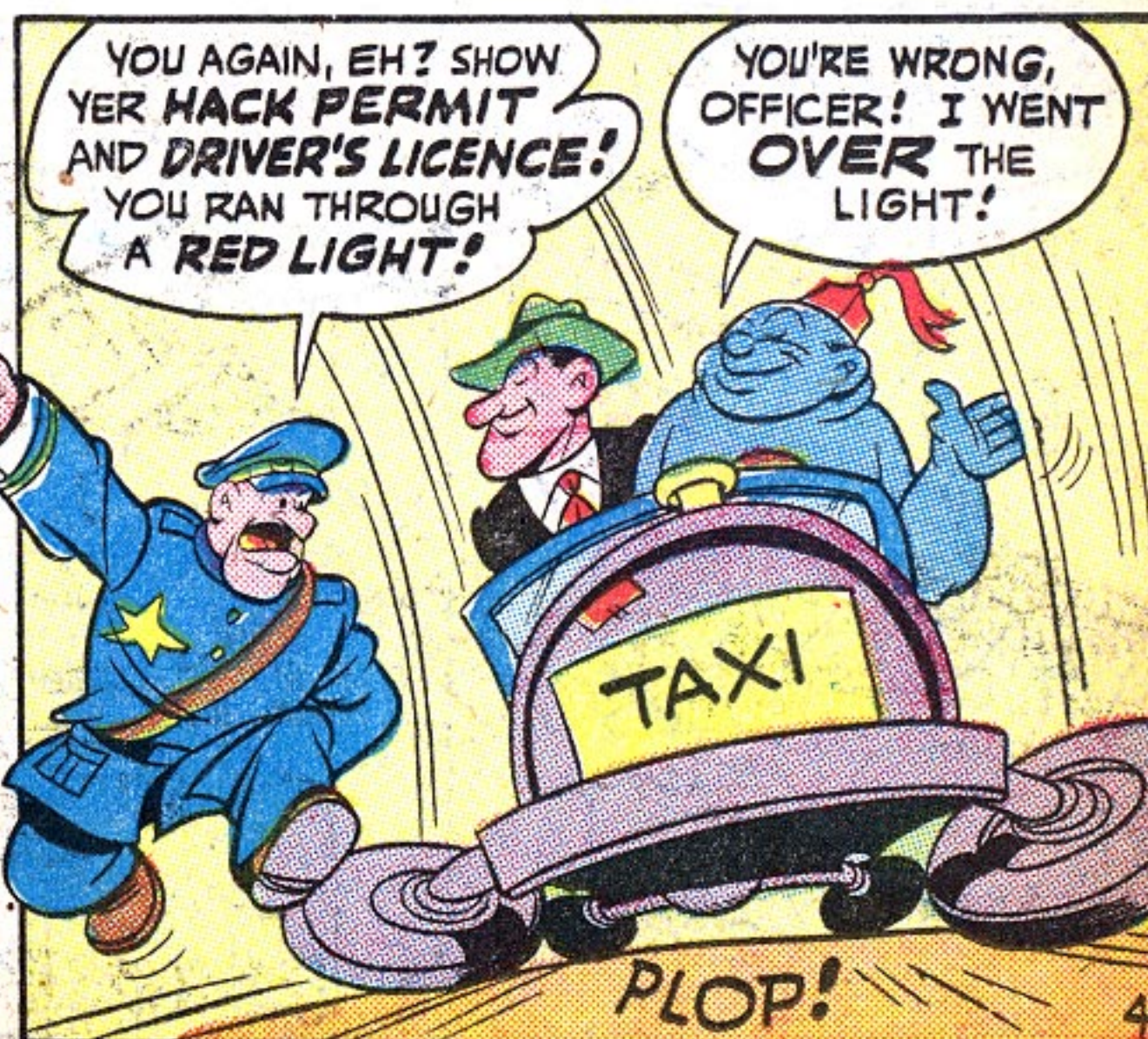
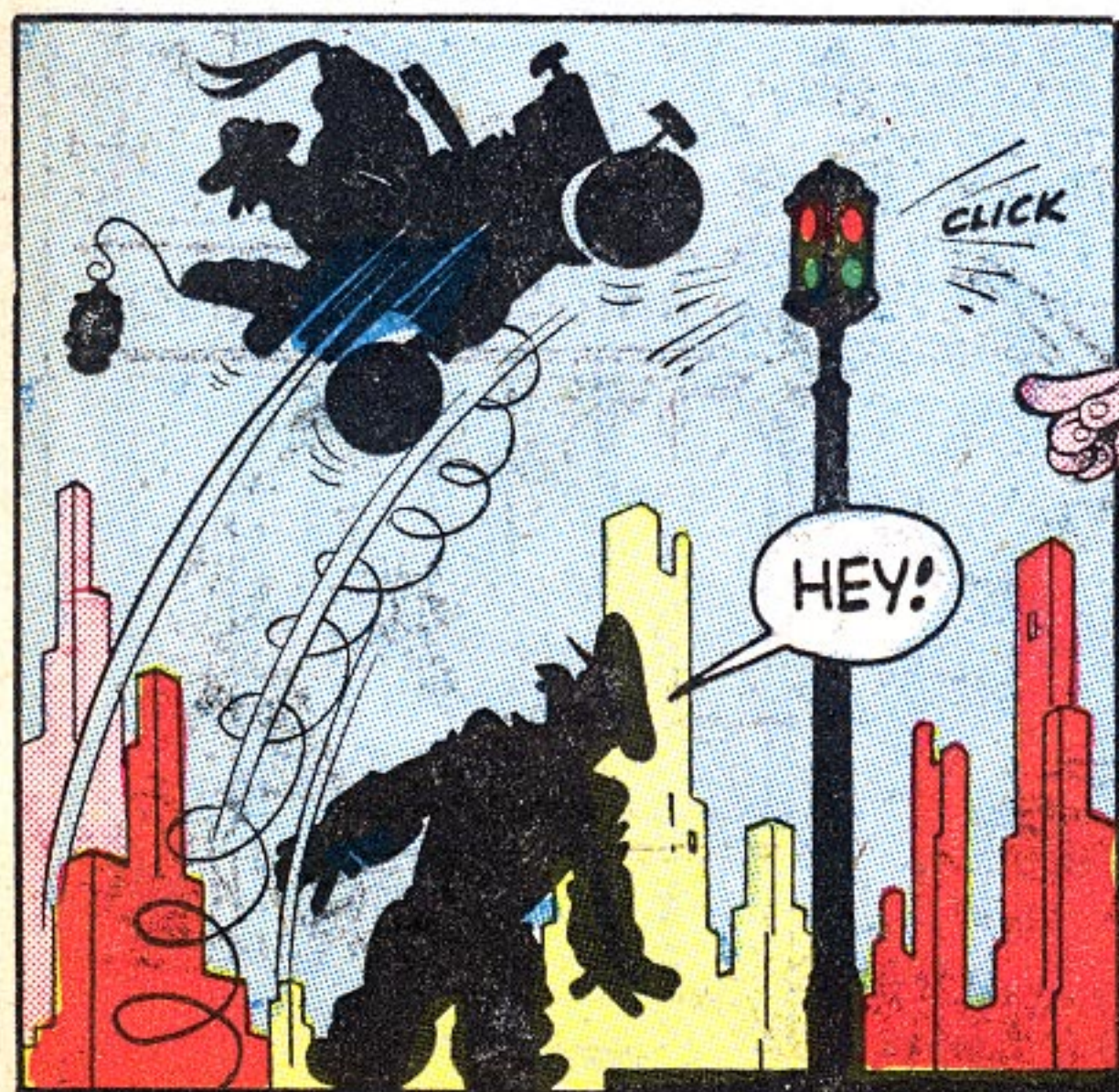
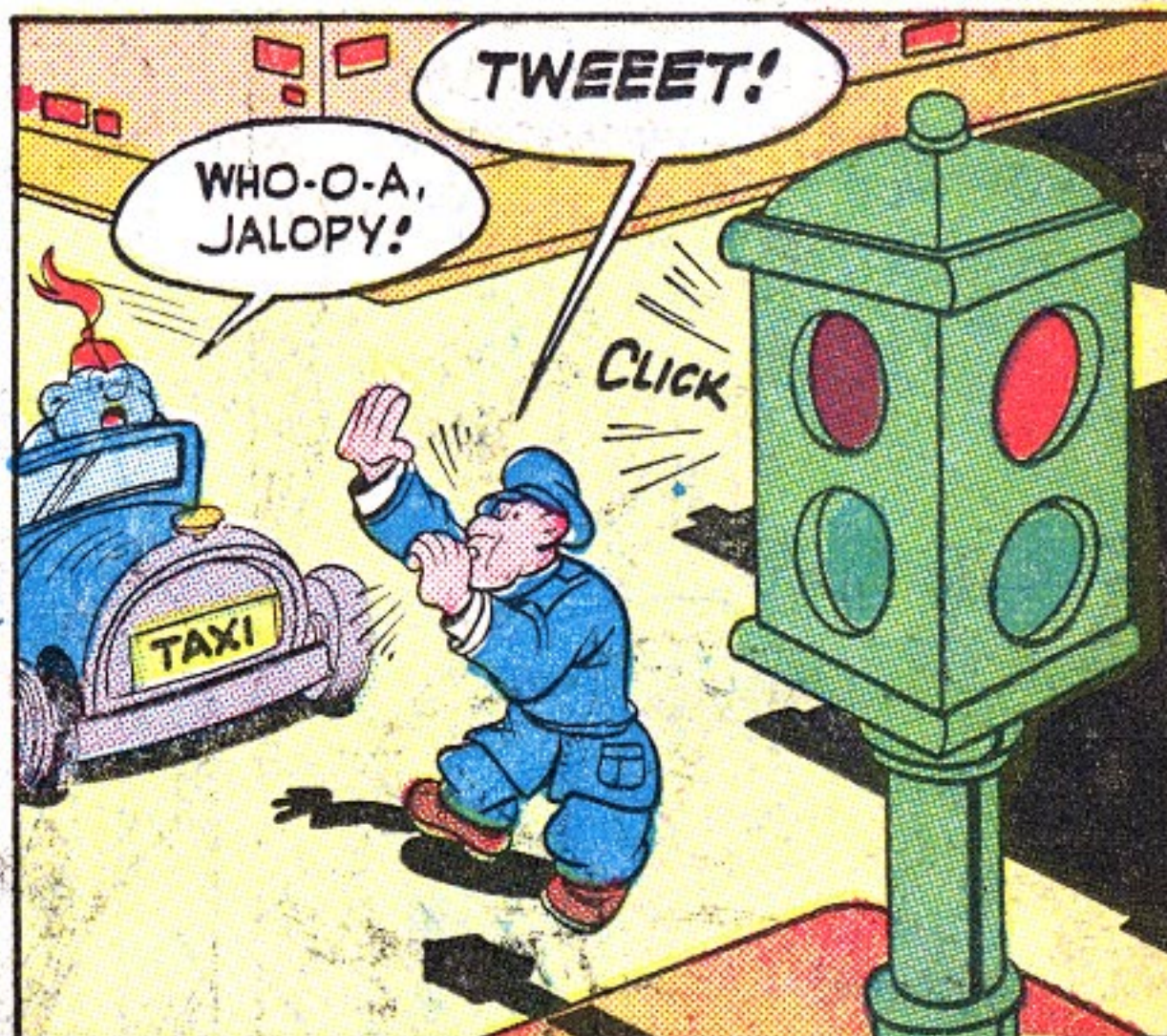
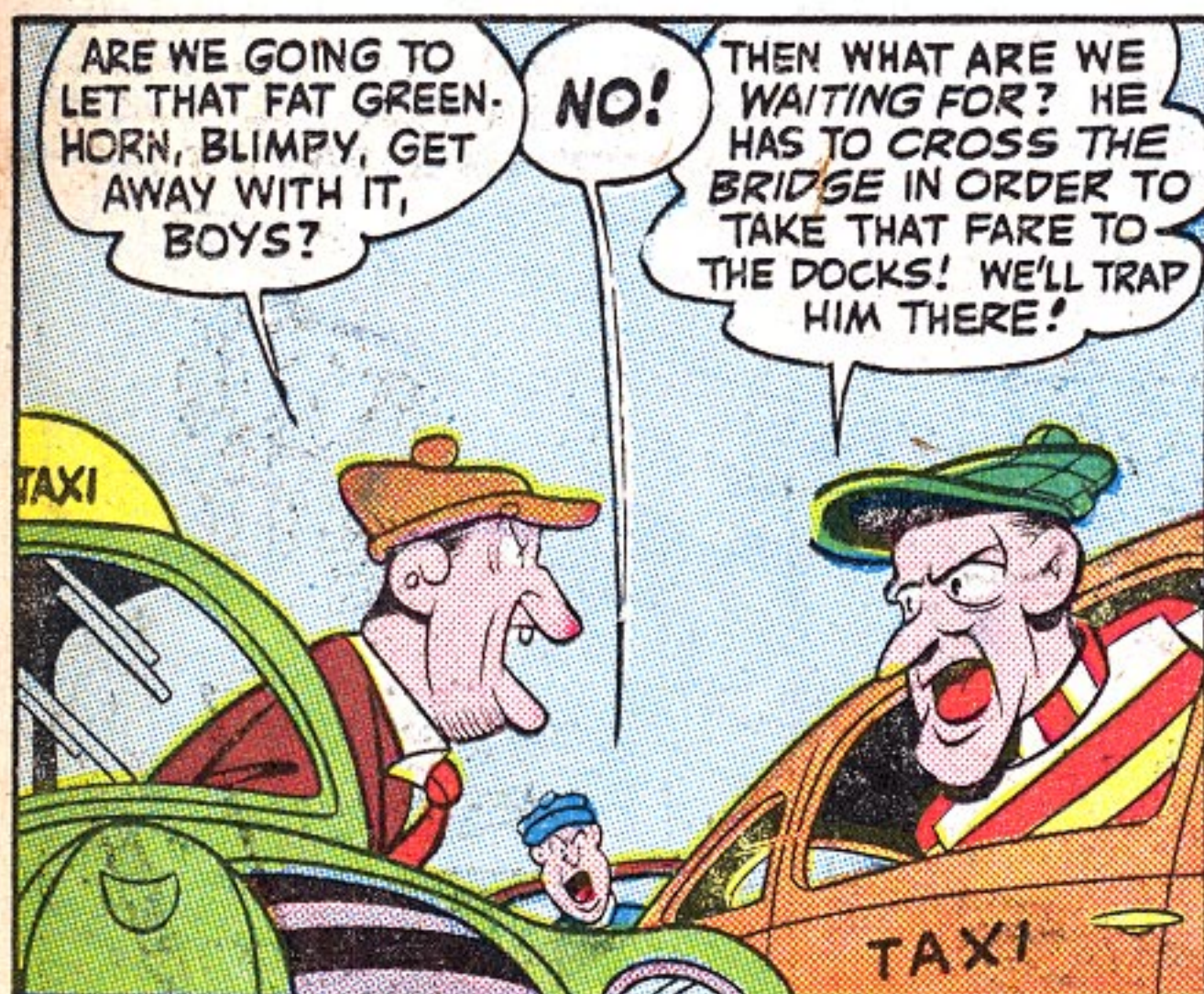
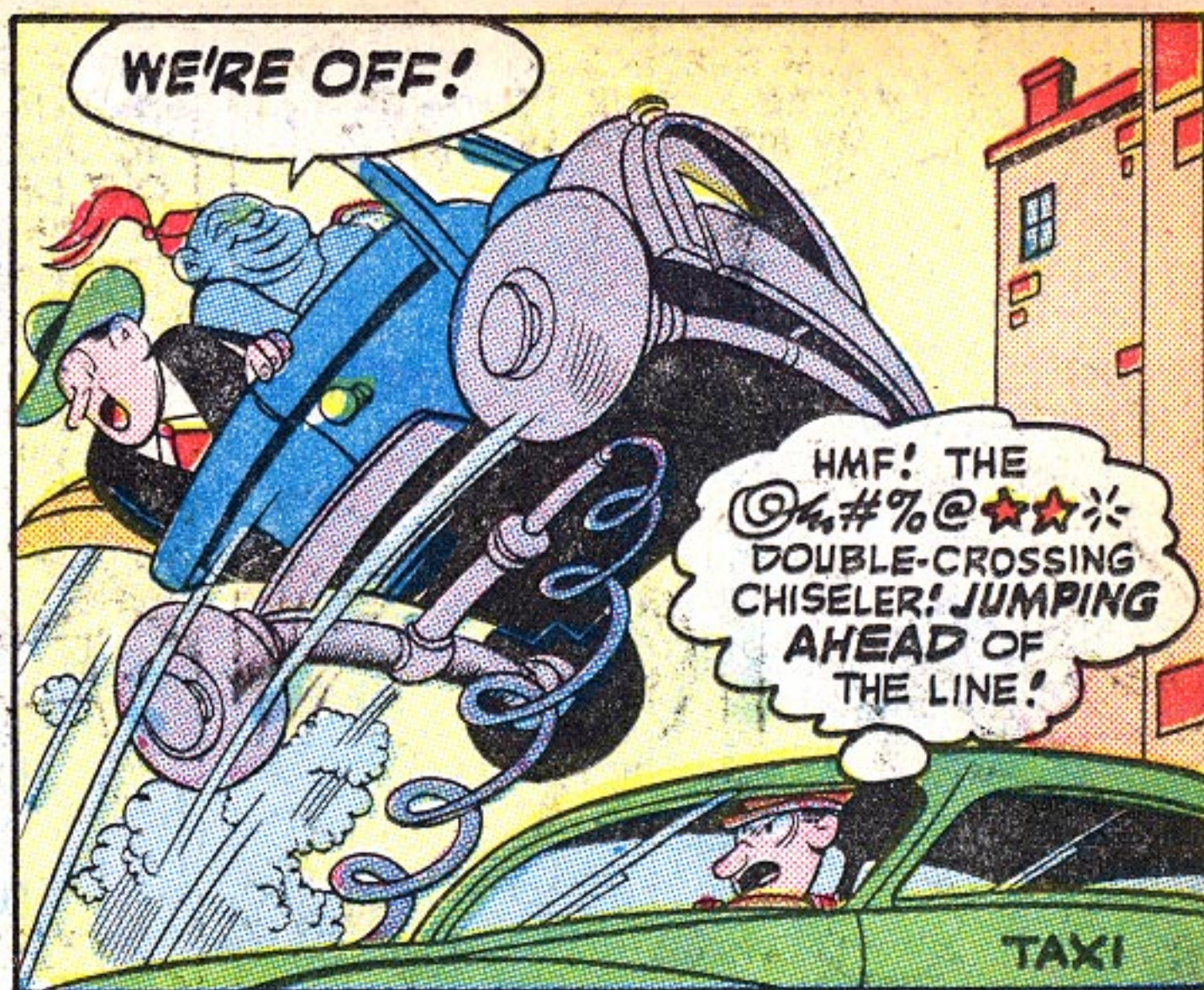
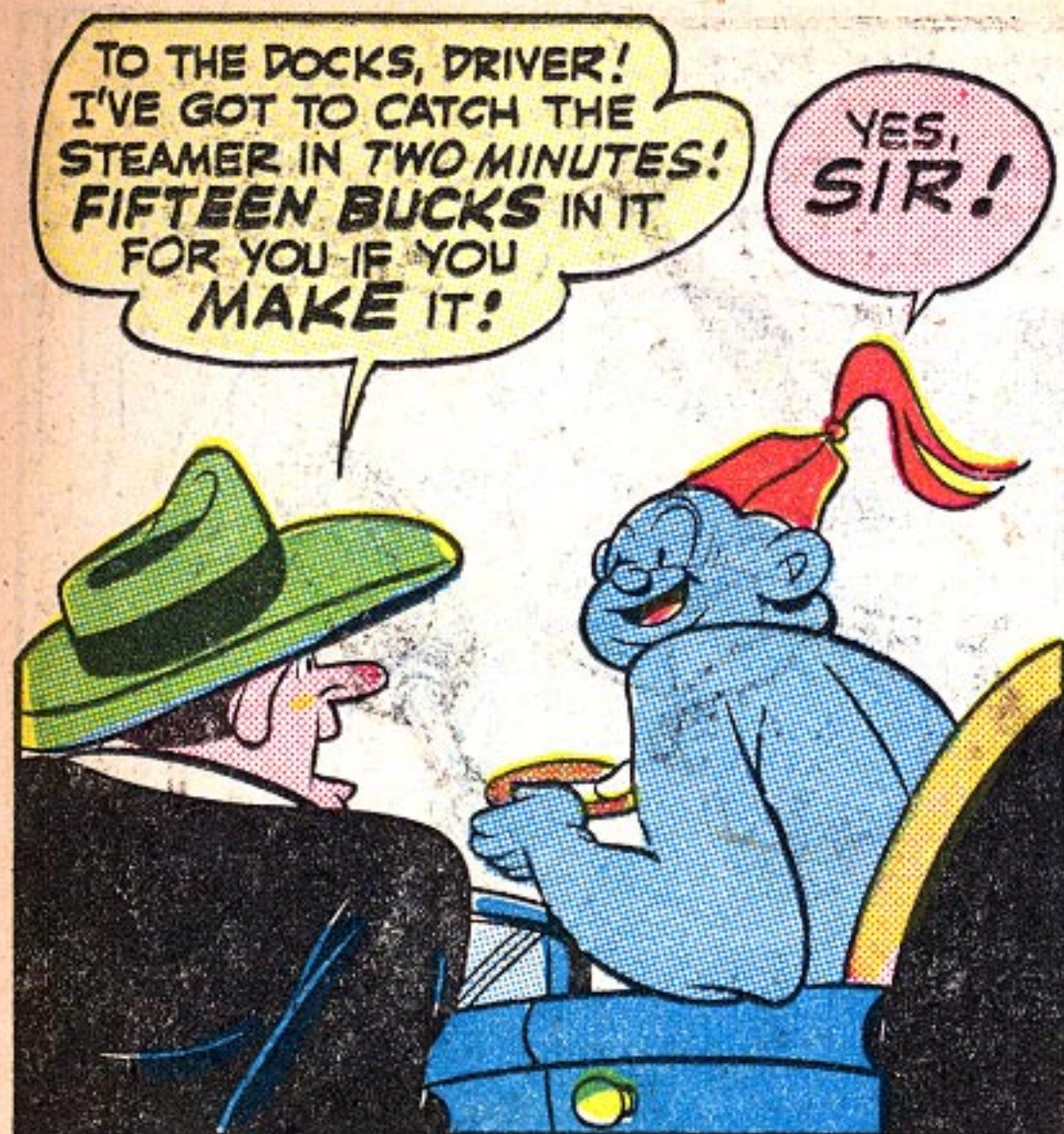


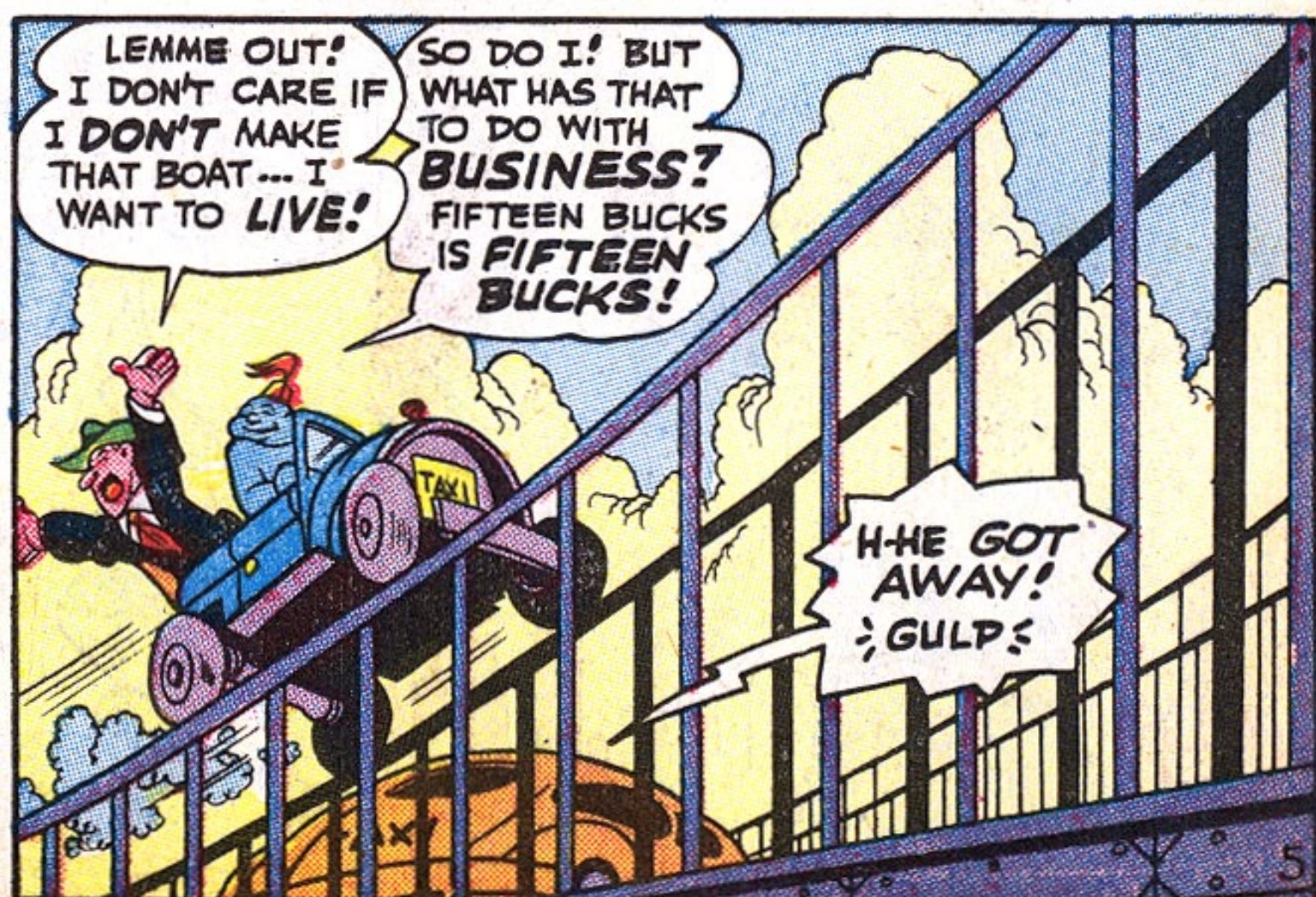
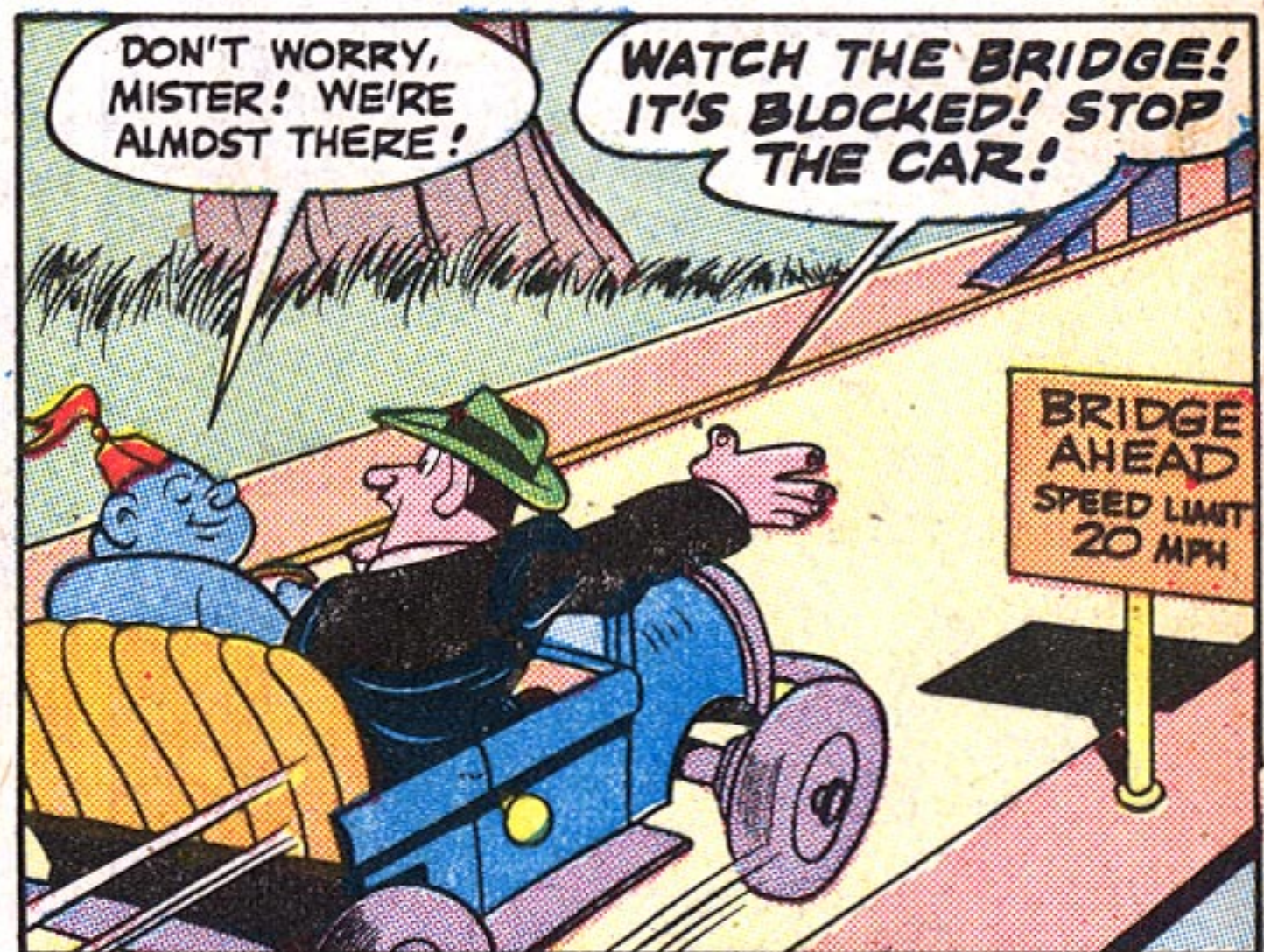
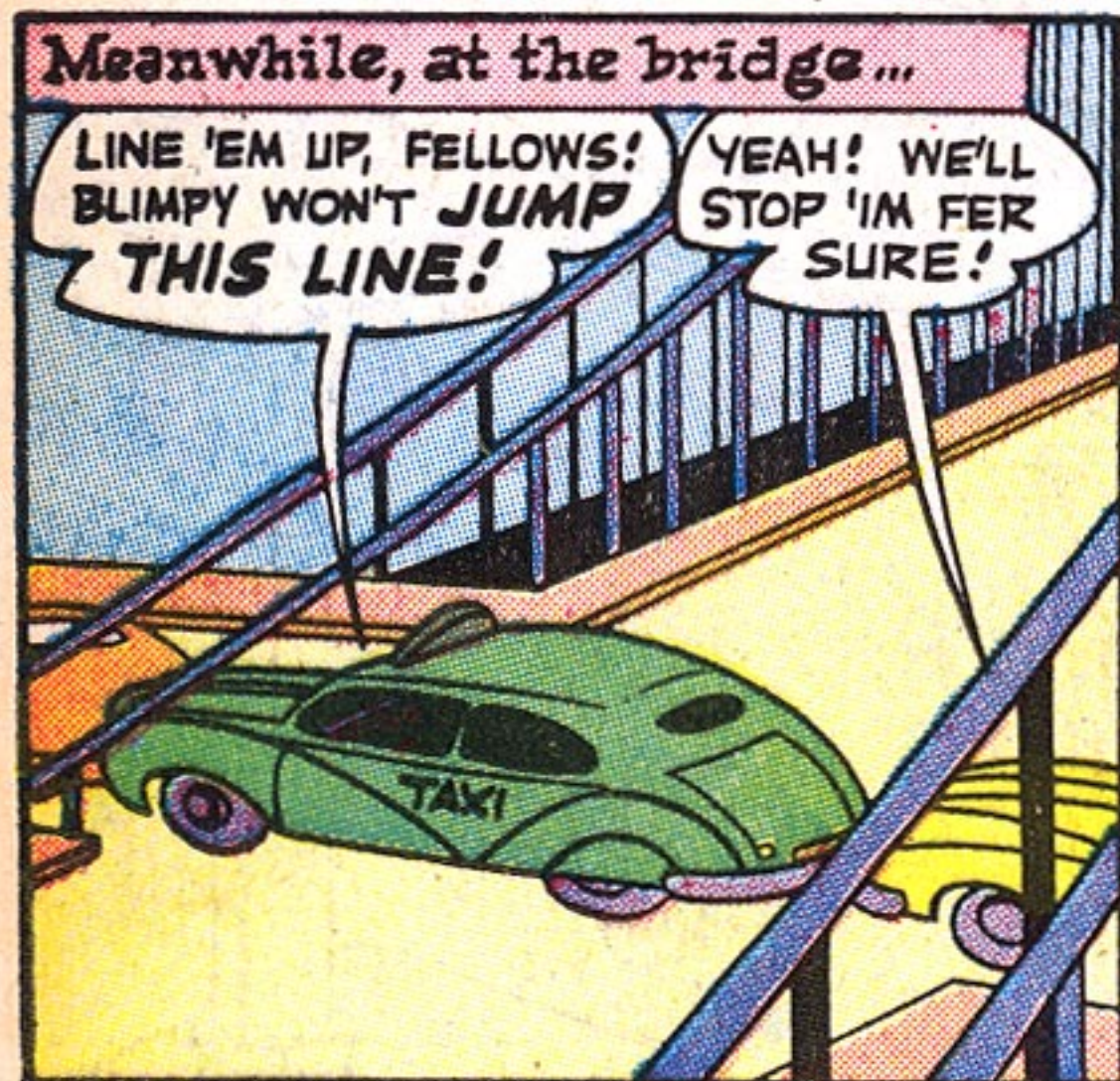
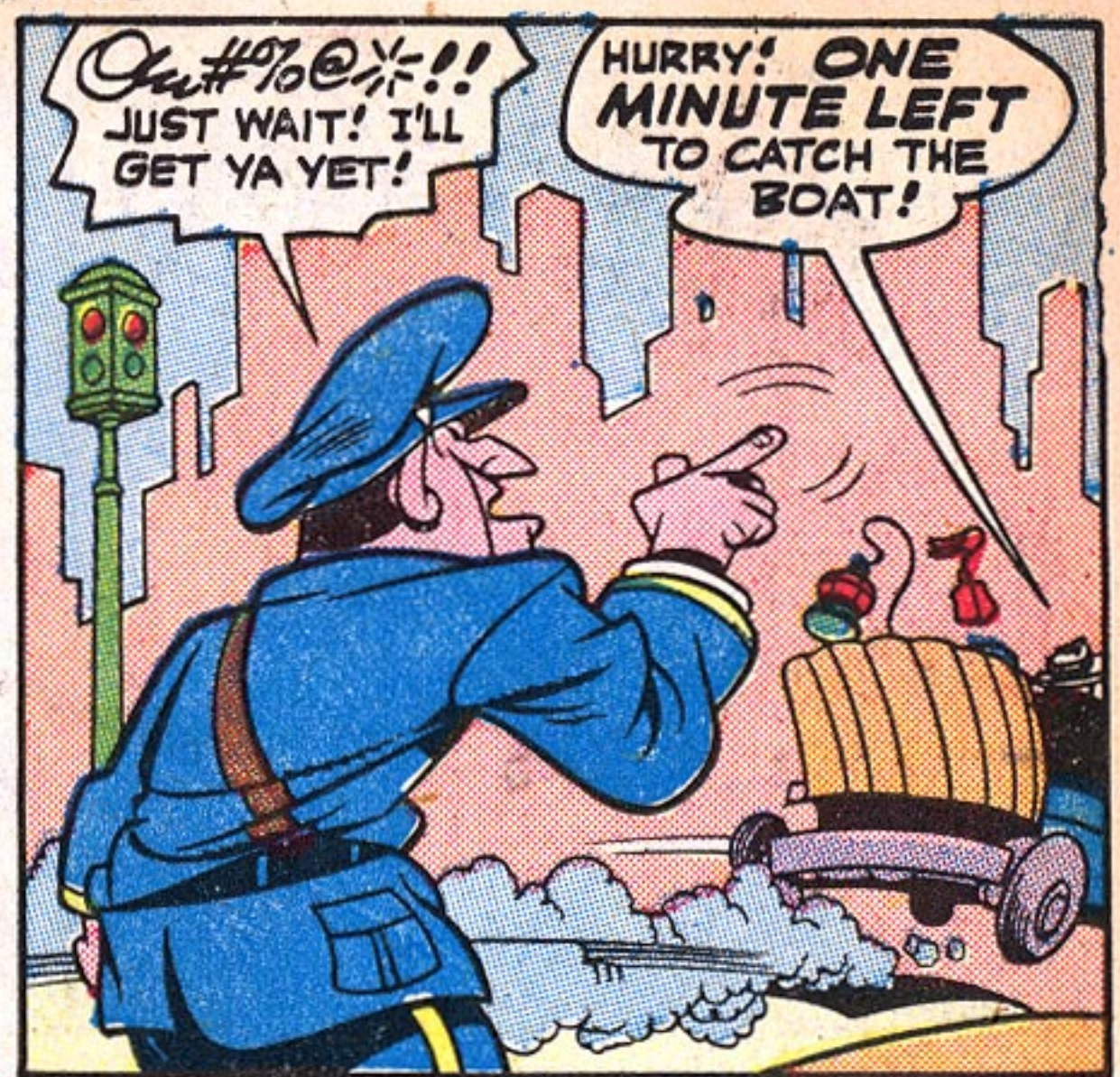
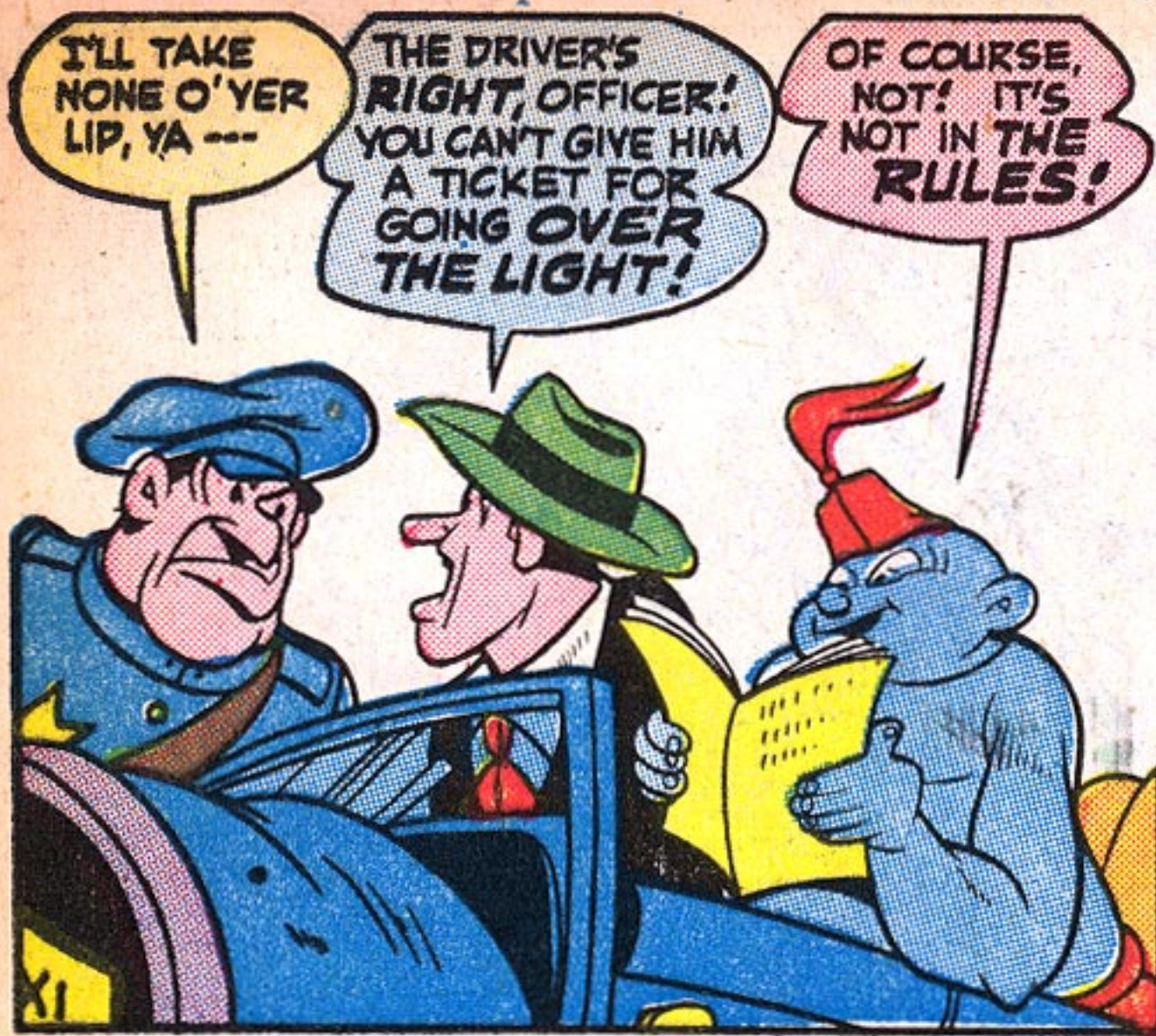
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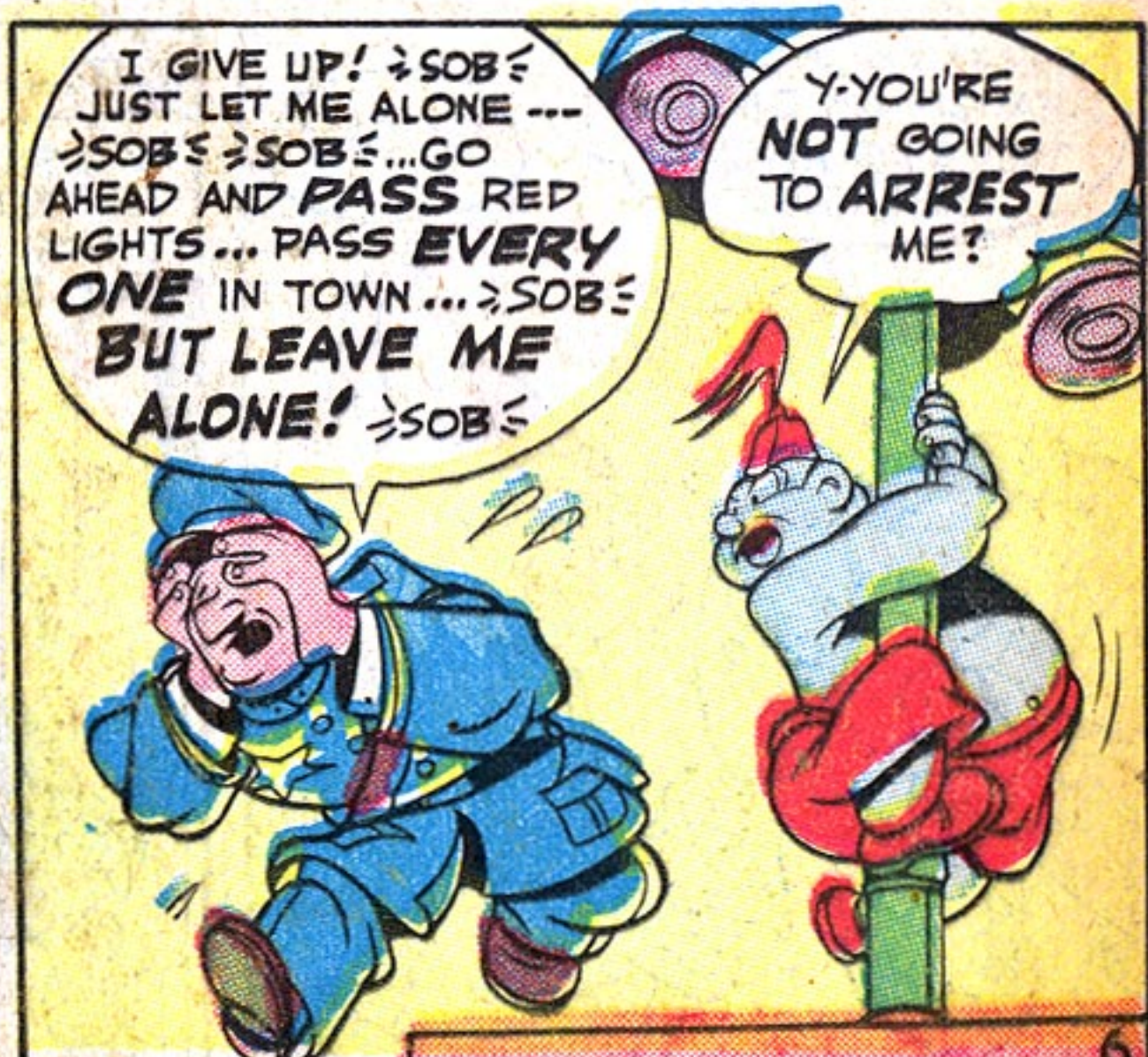
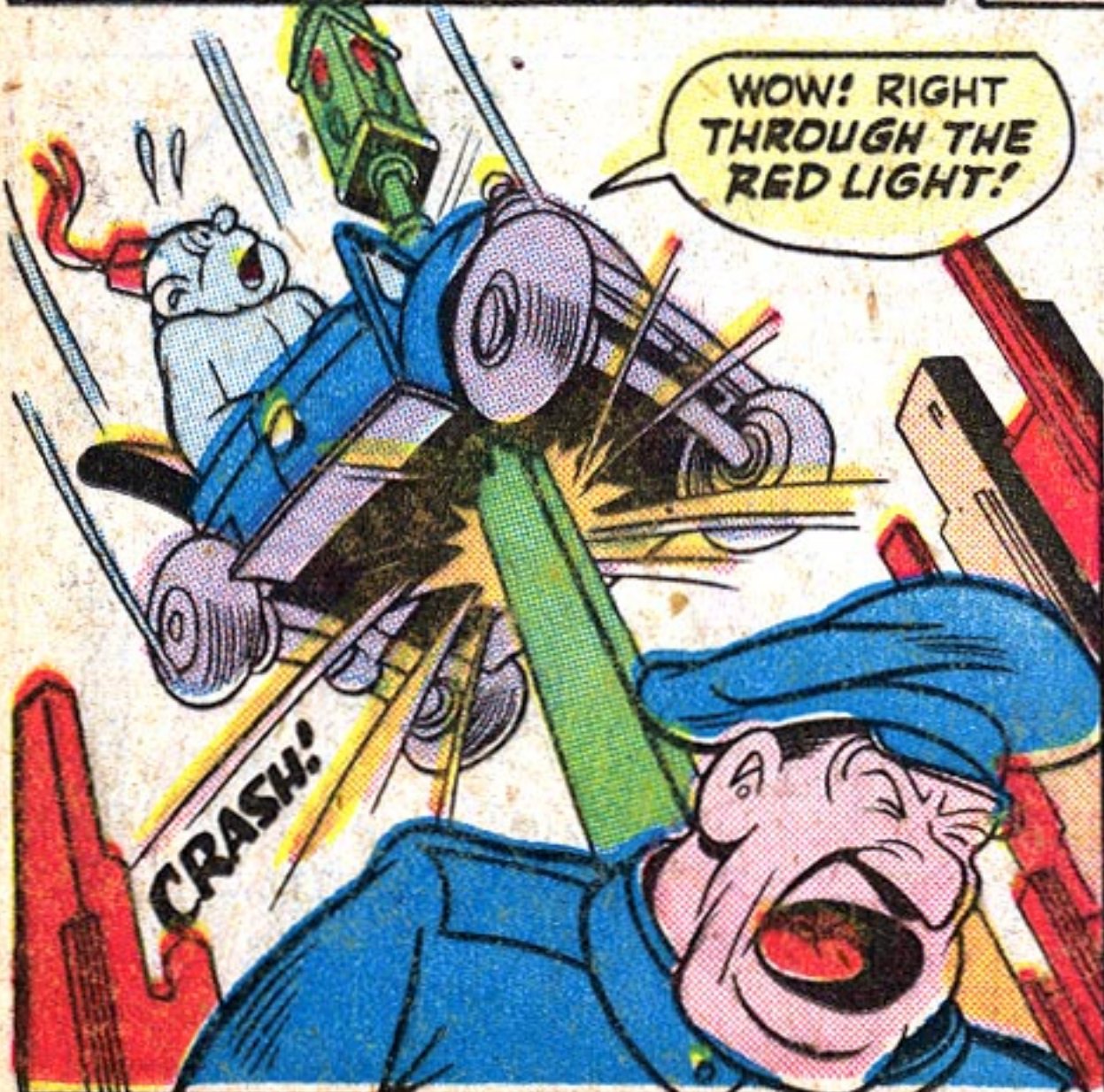
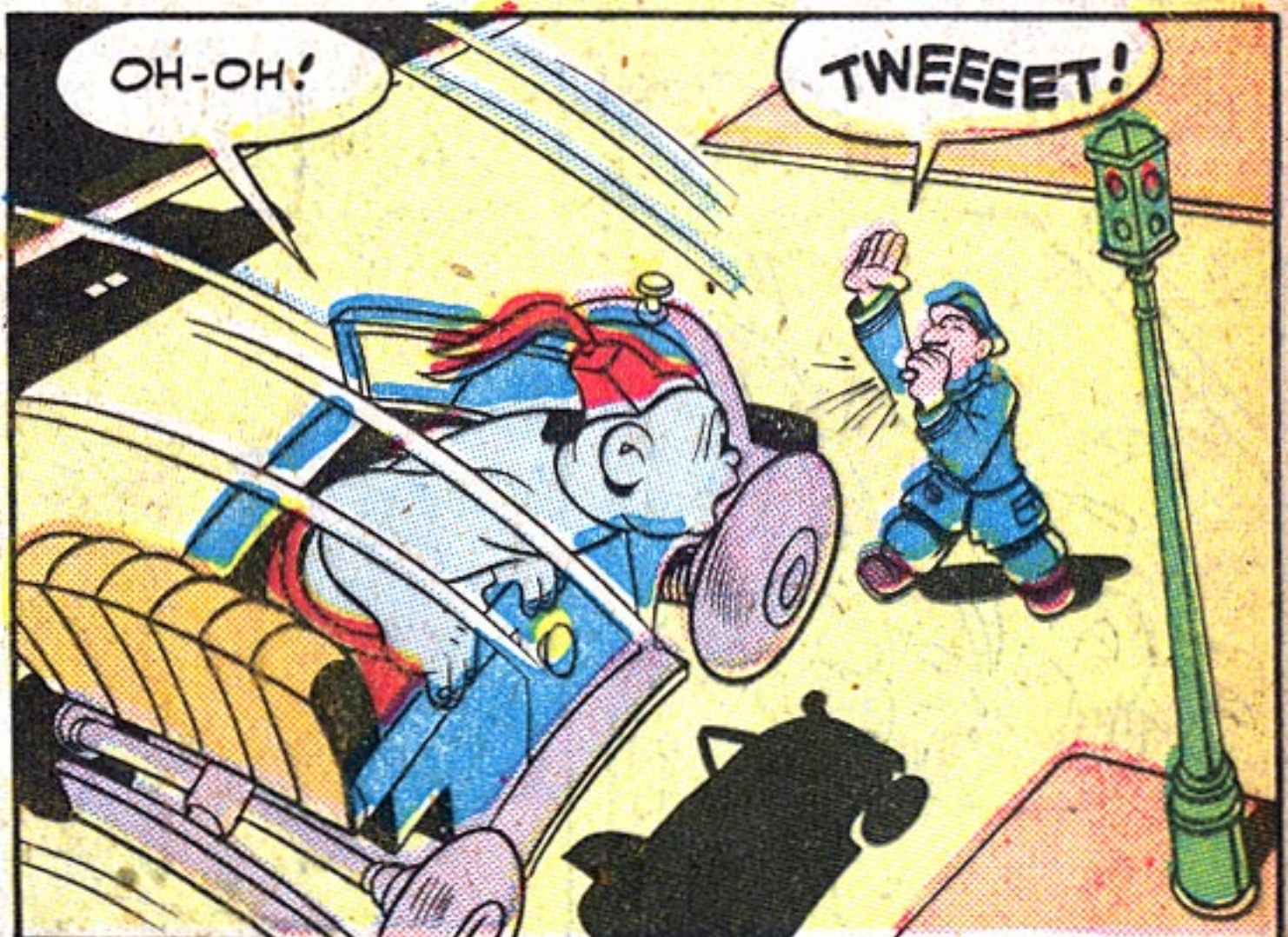
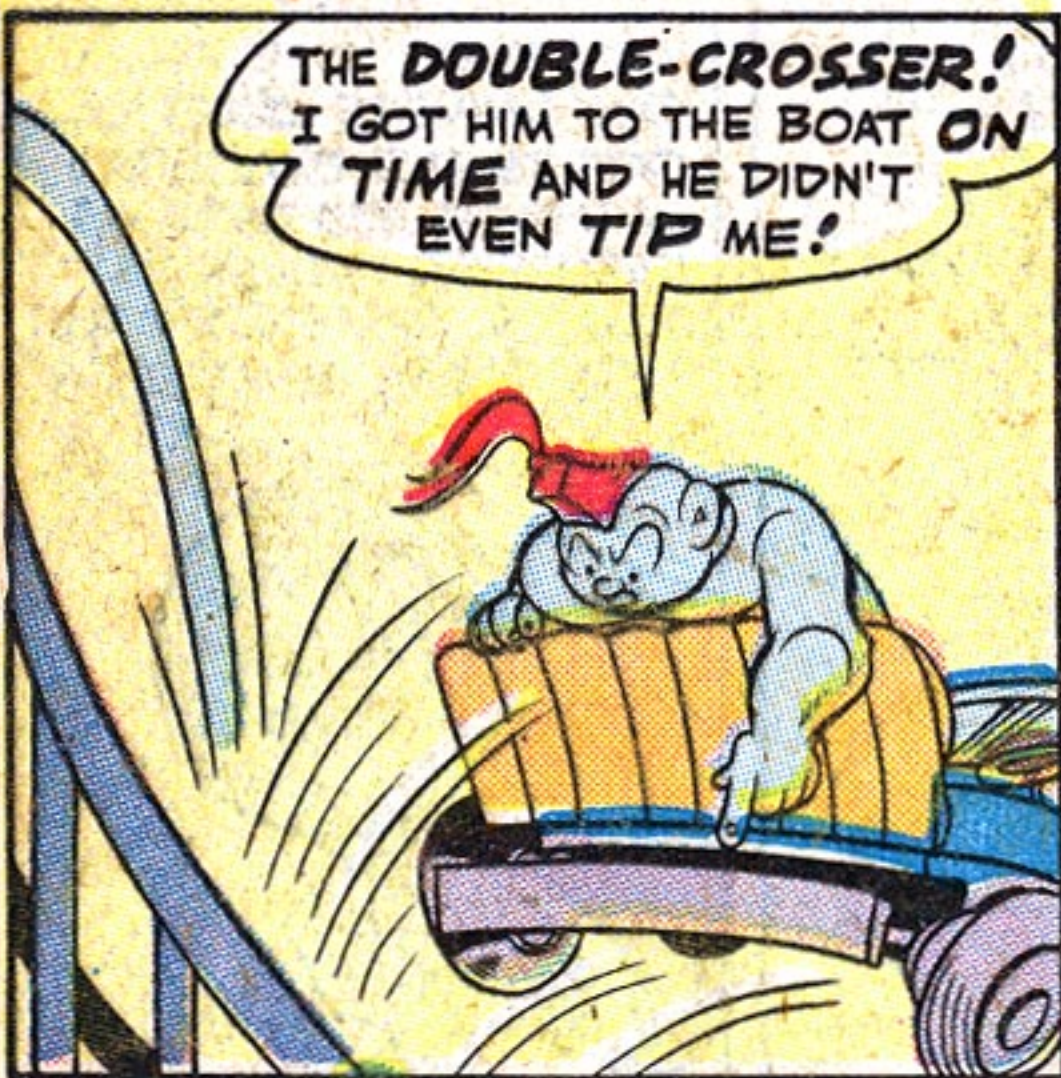
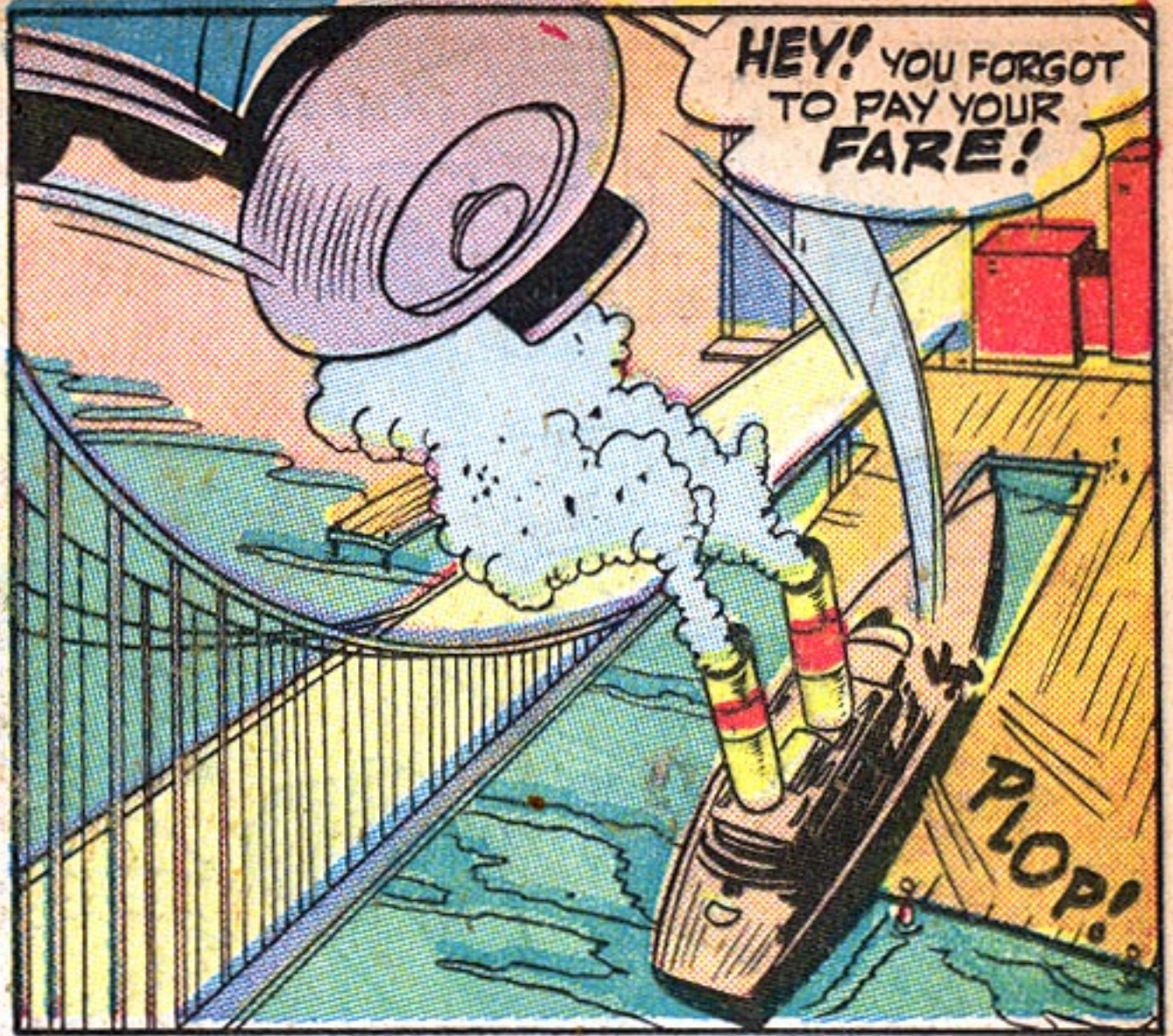
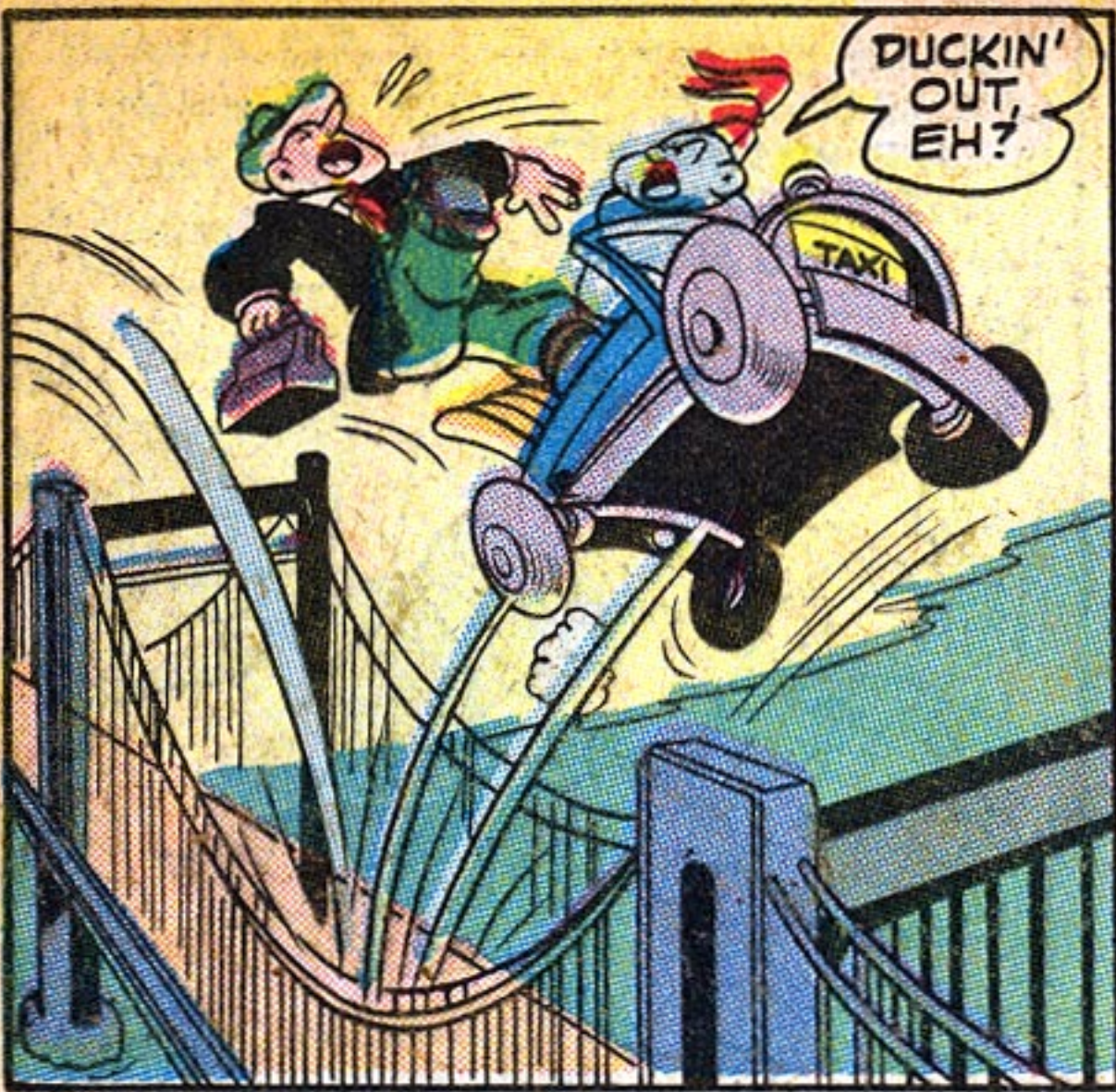


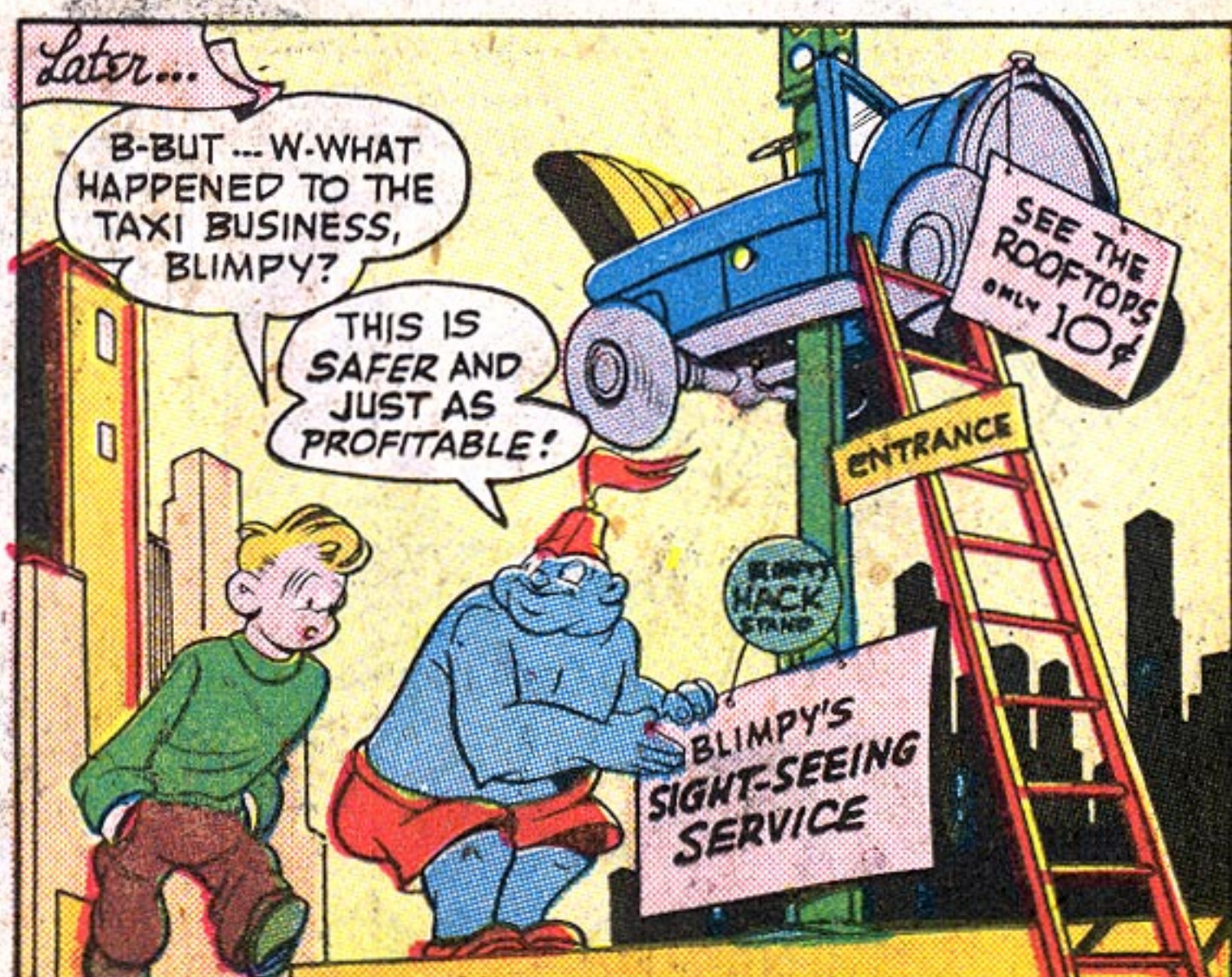
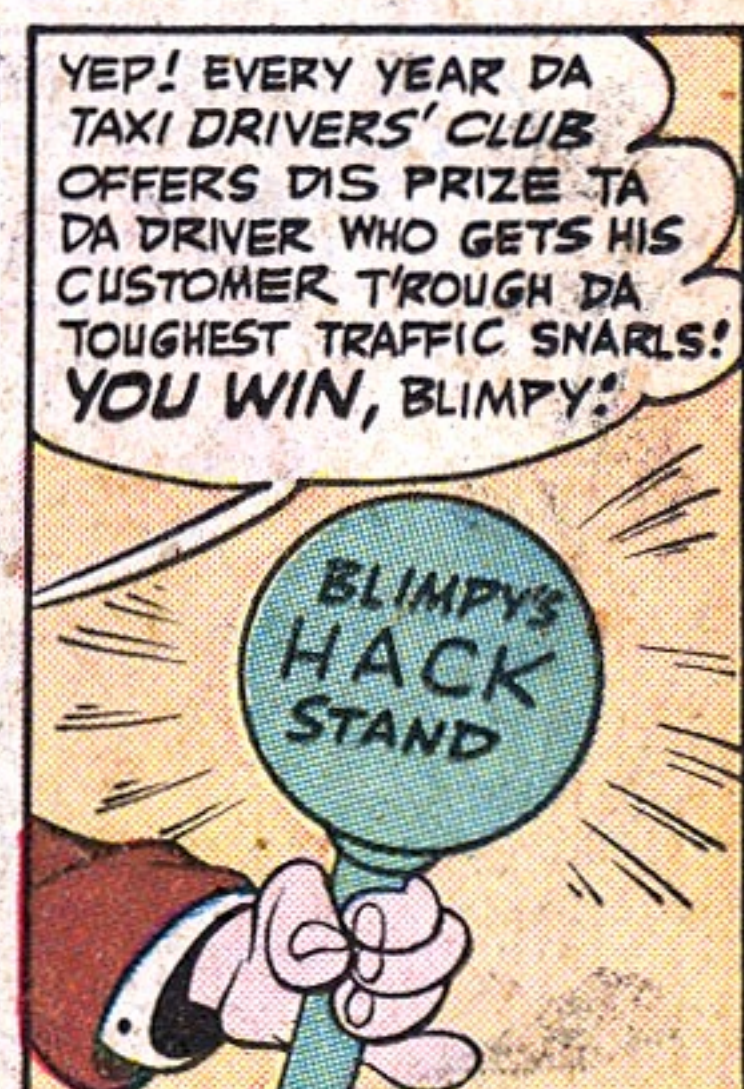
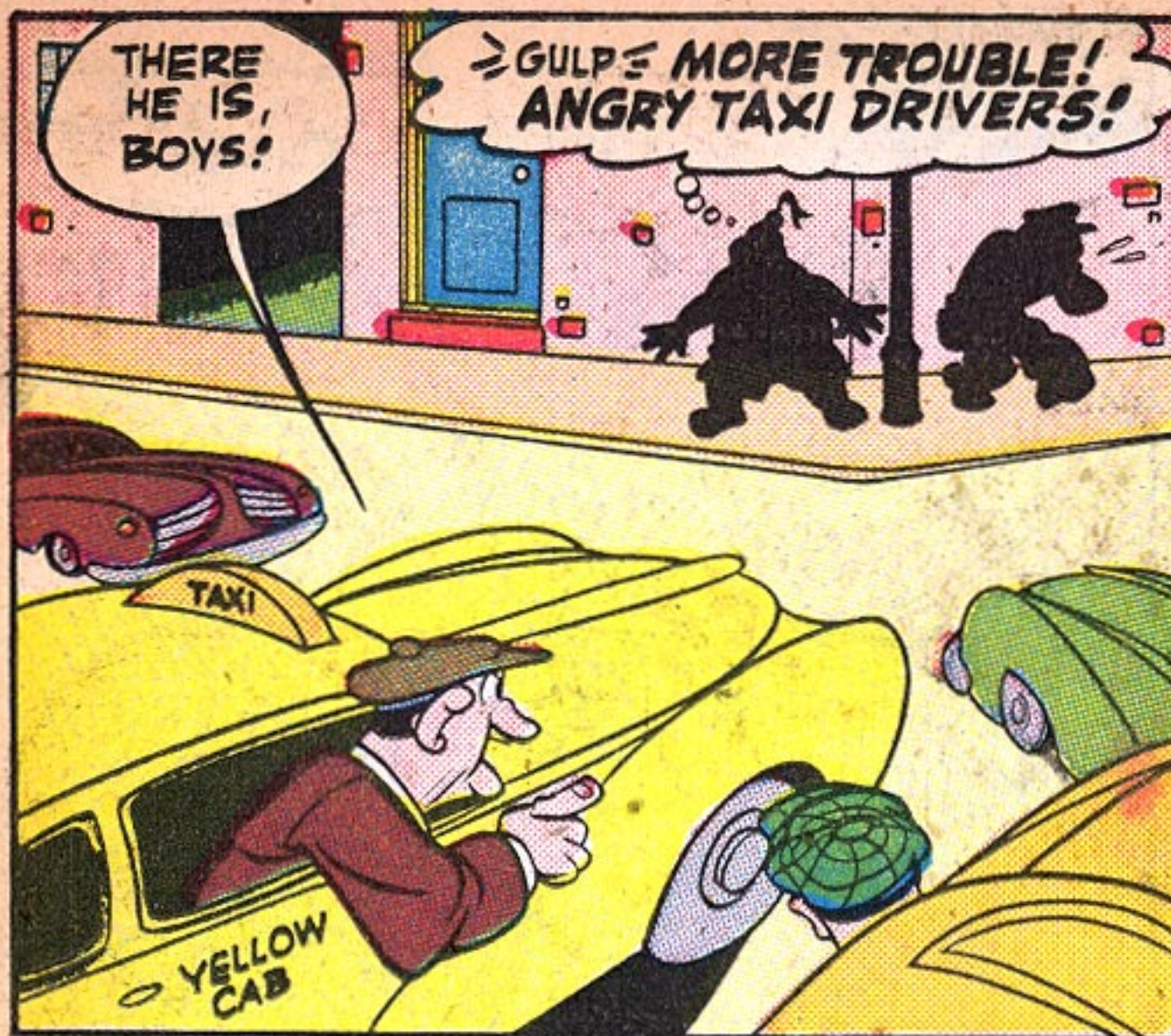










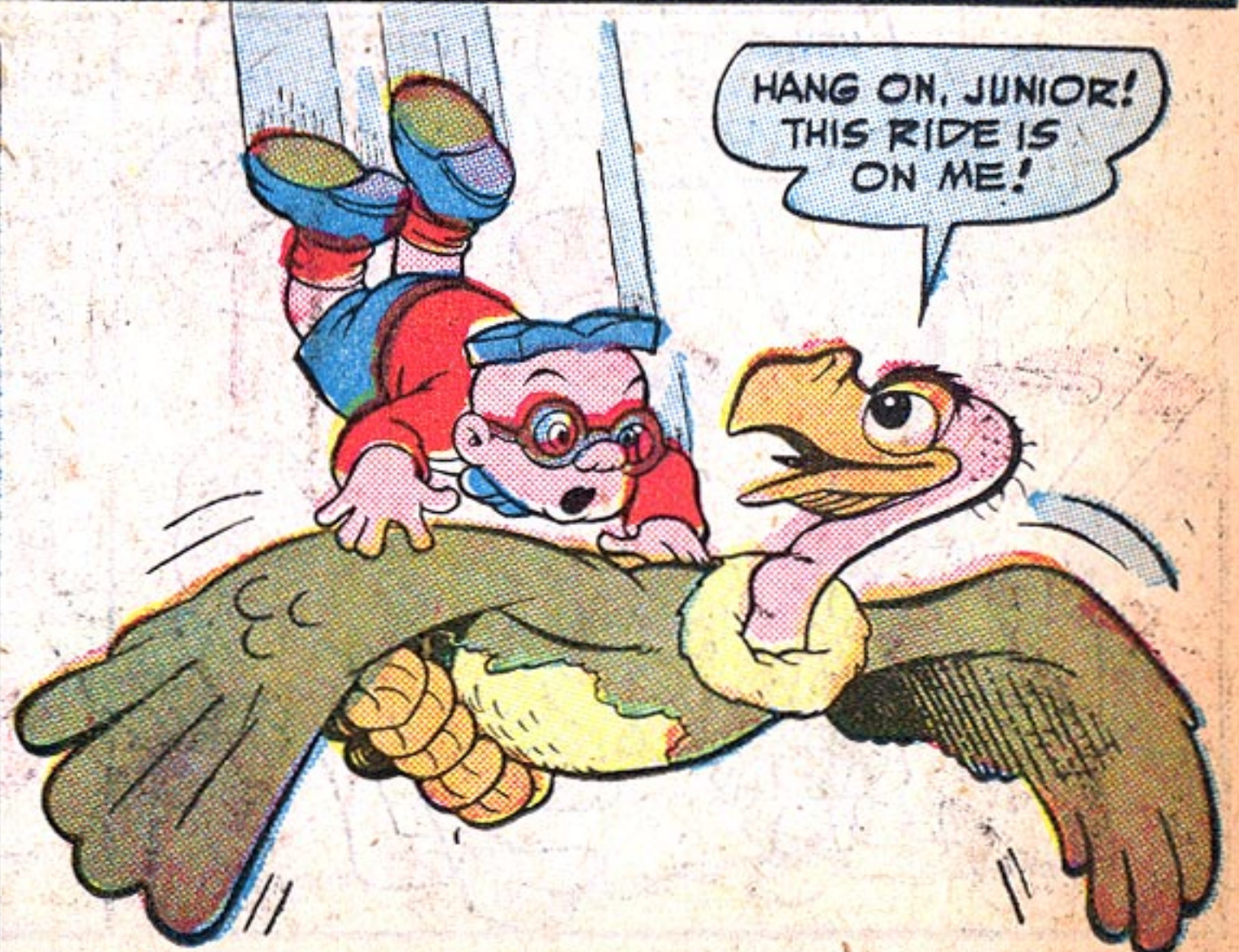


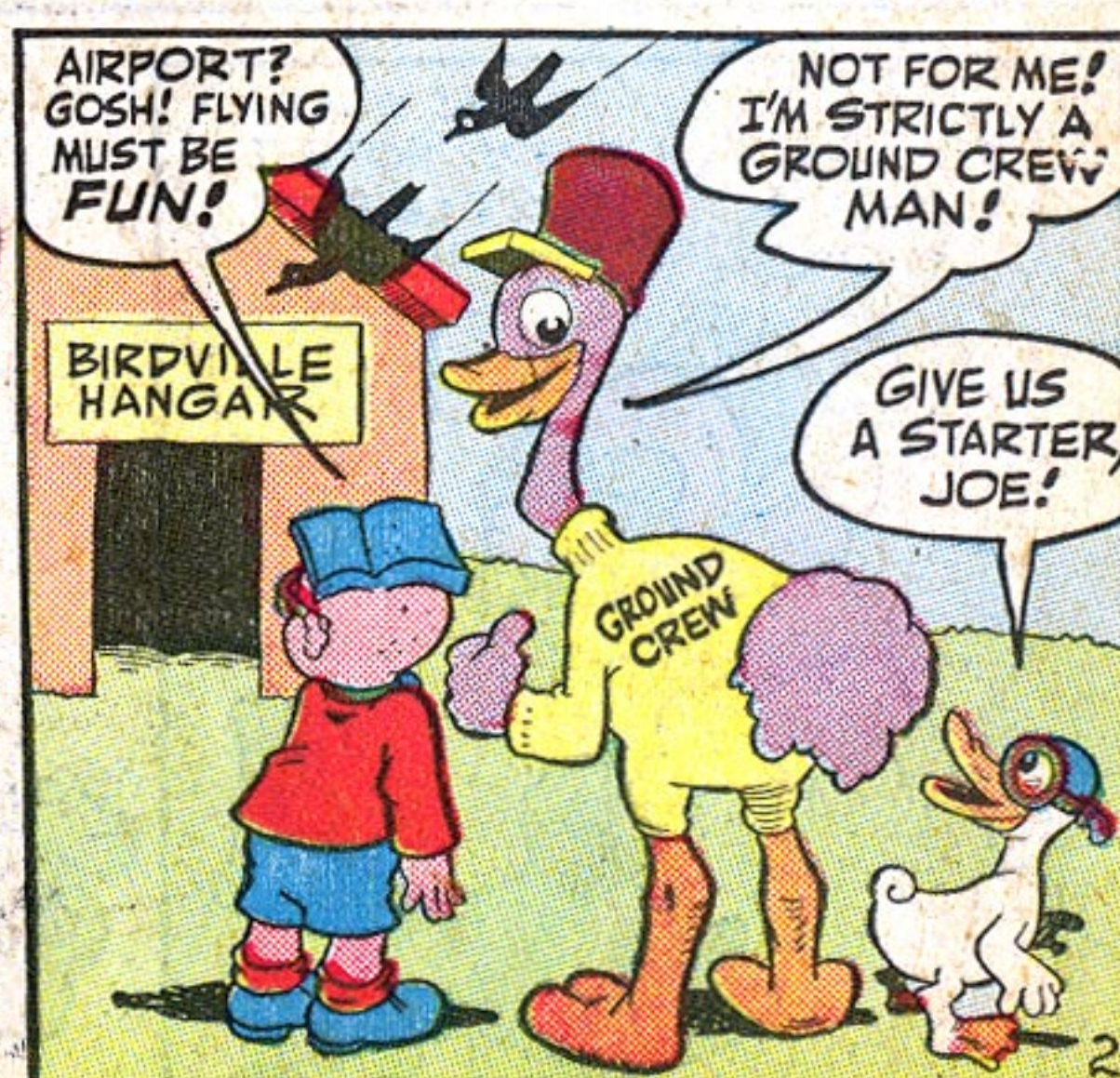
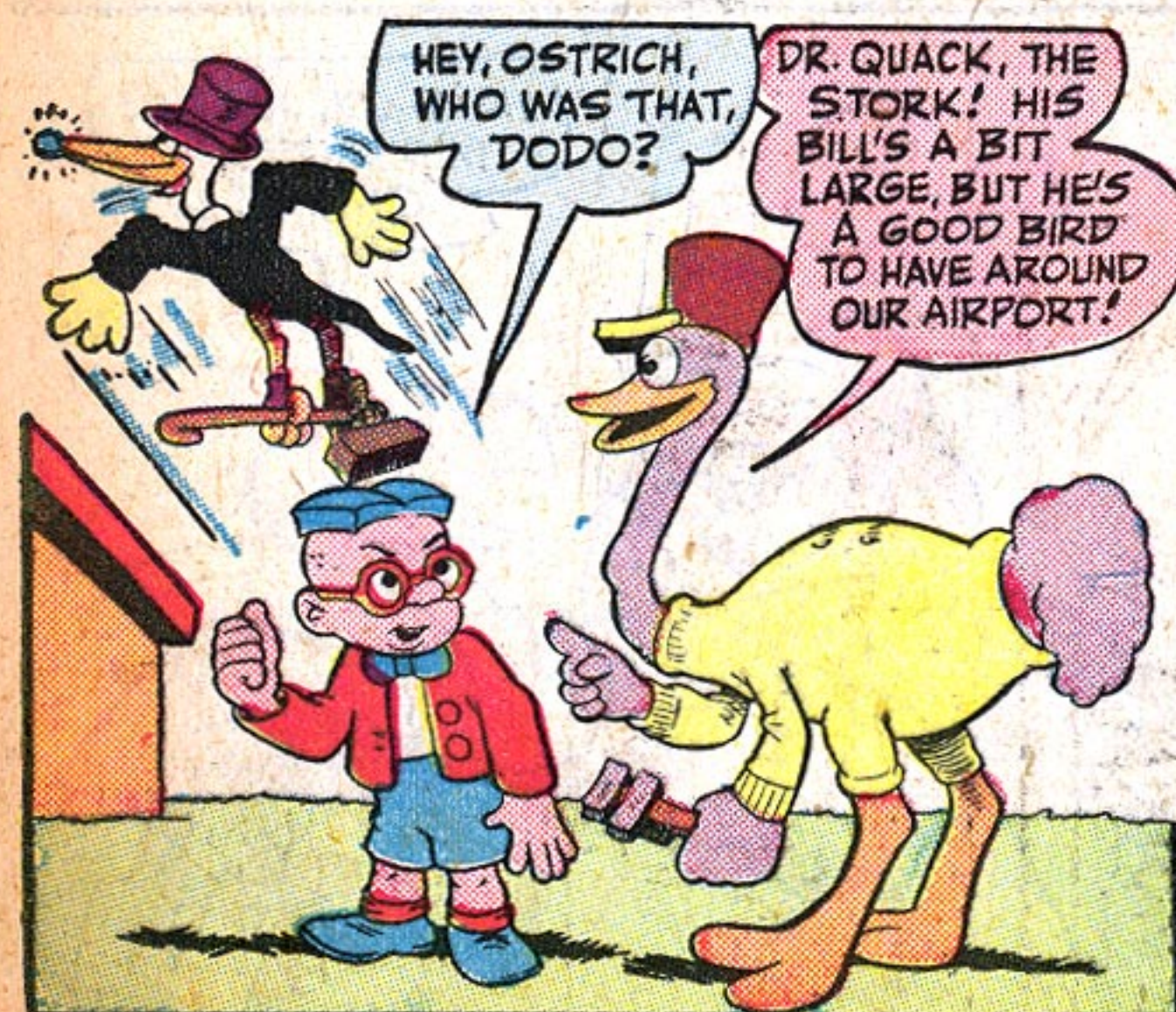
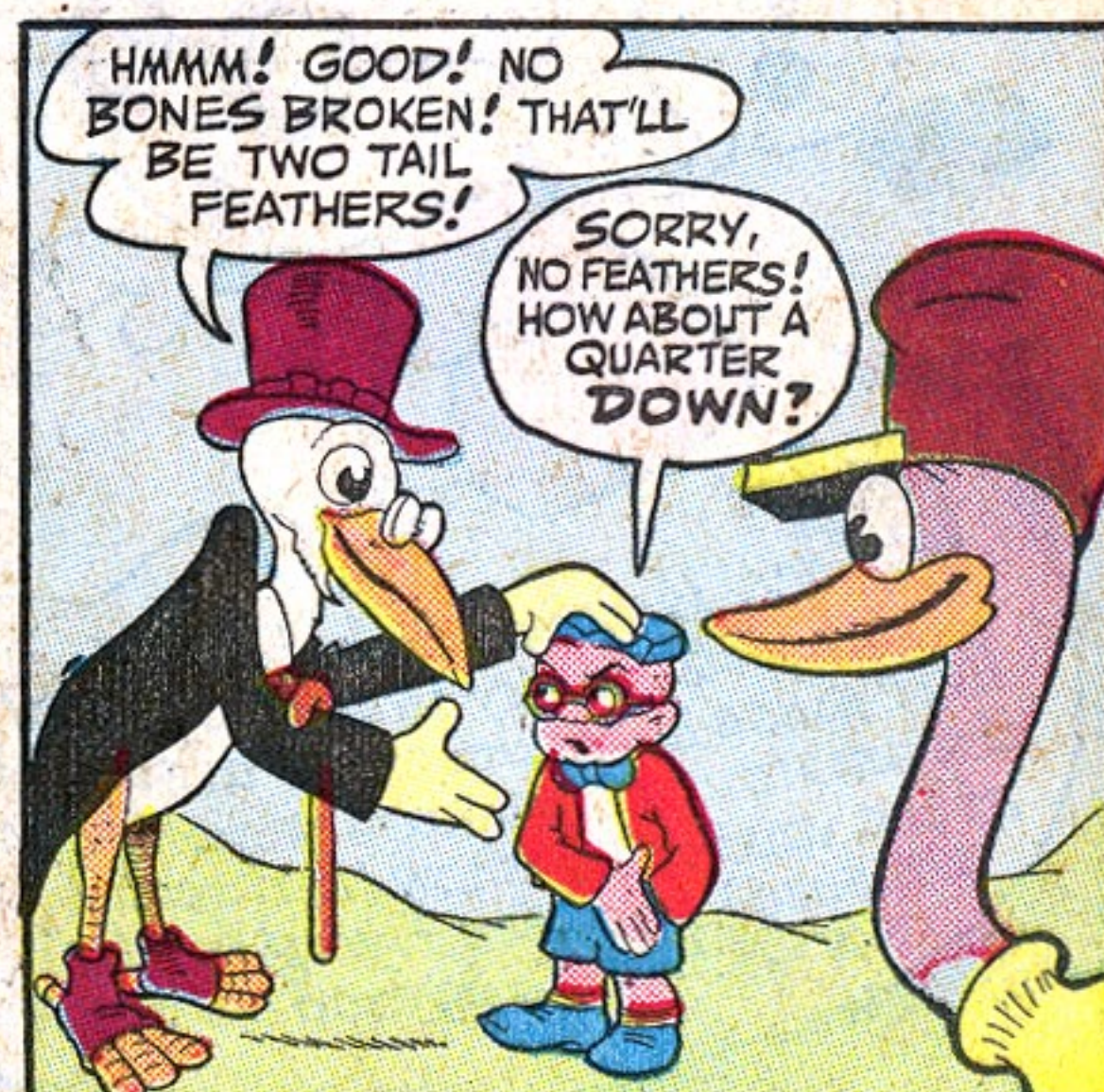
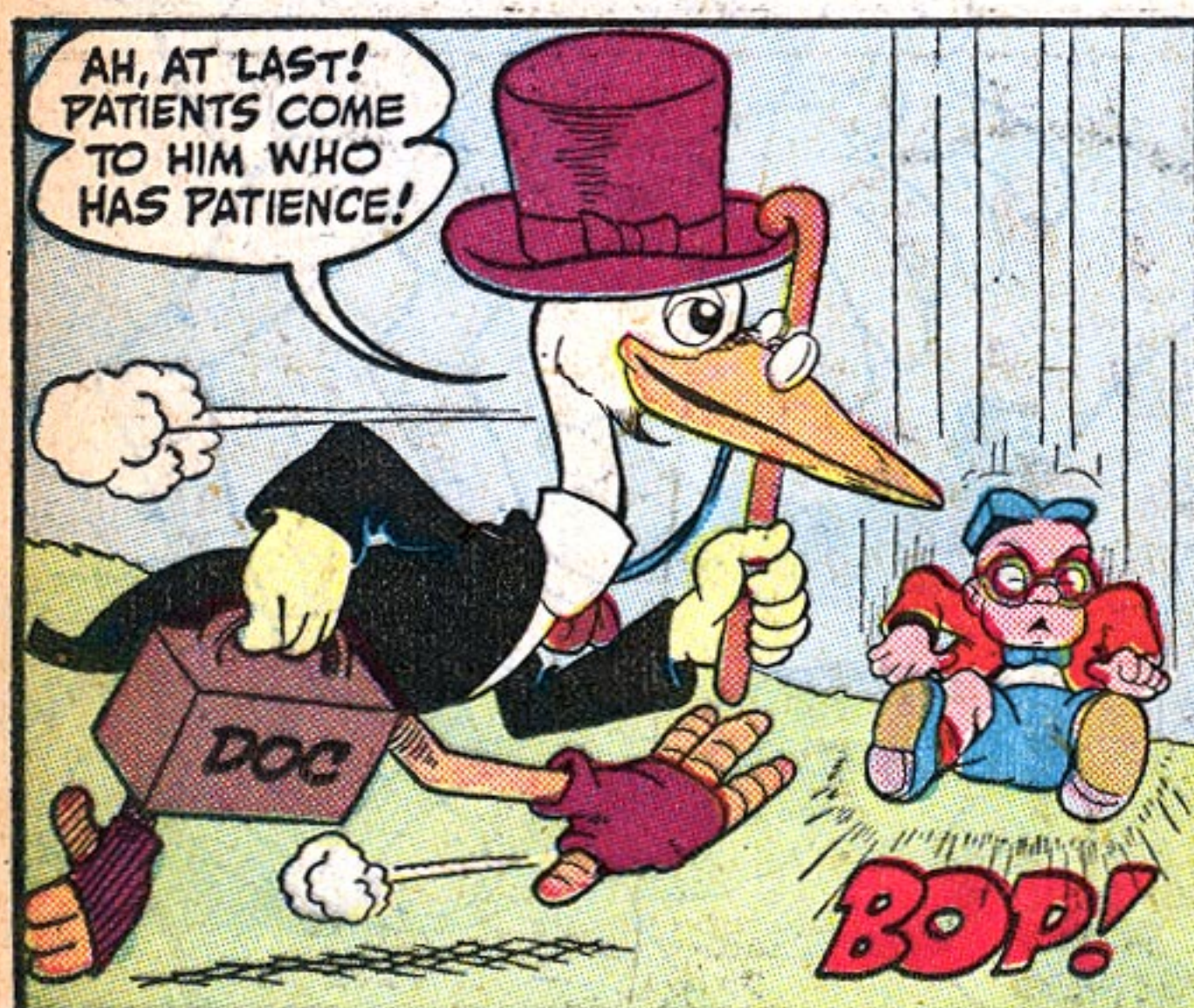
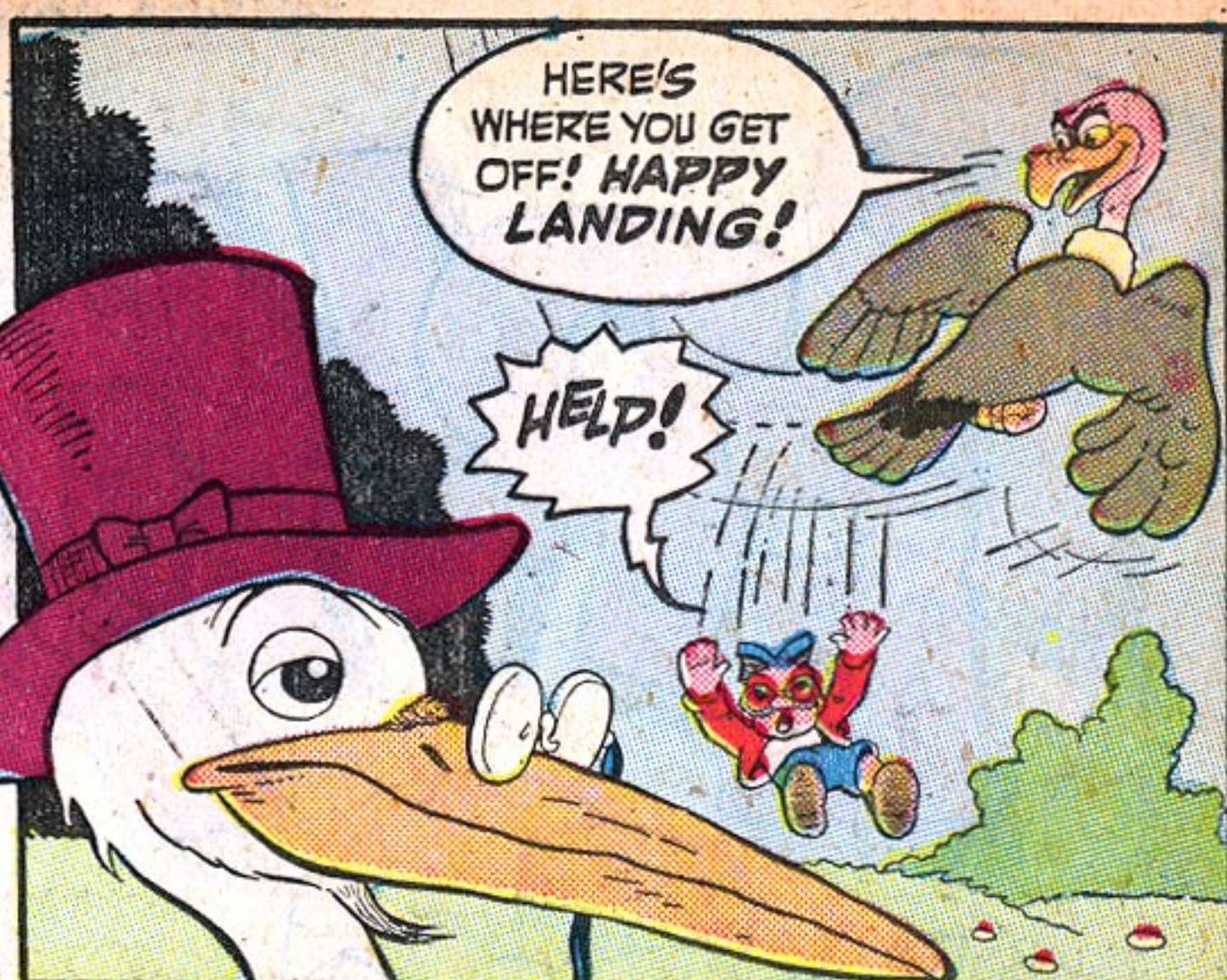
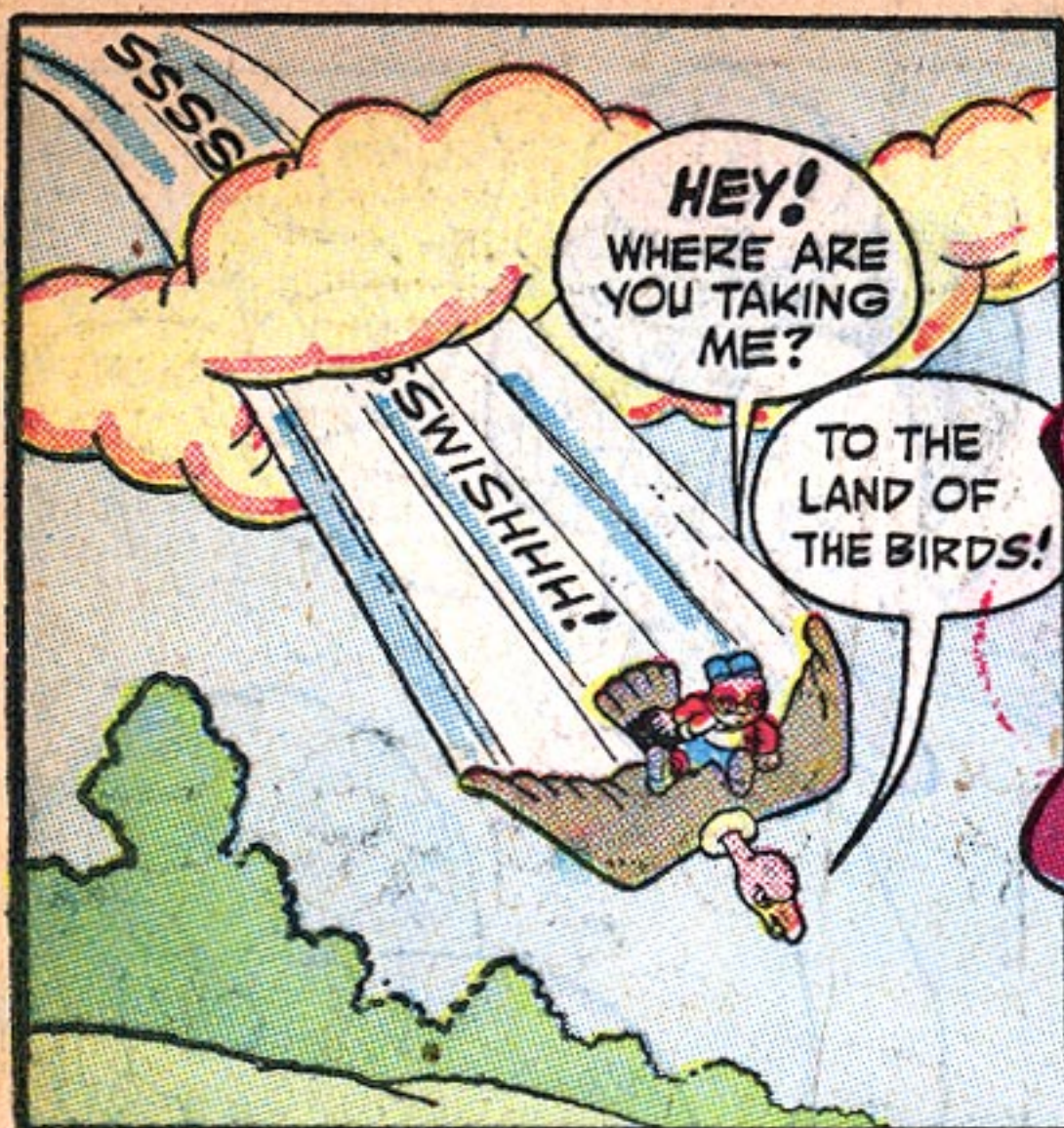
PERKY

OH, GOODY!
IT'S A
BOY!

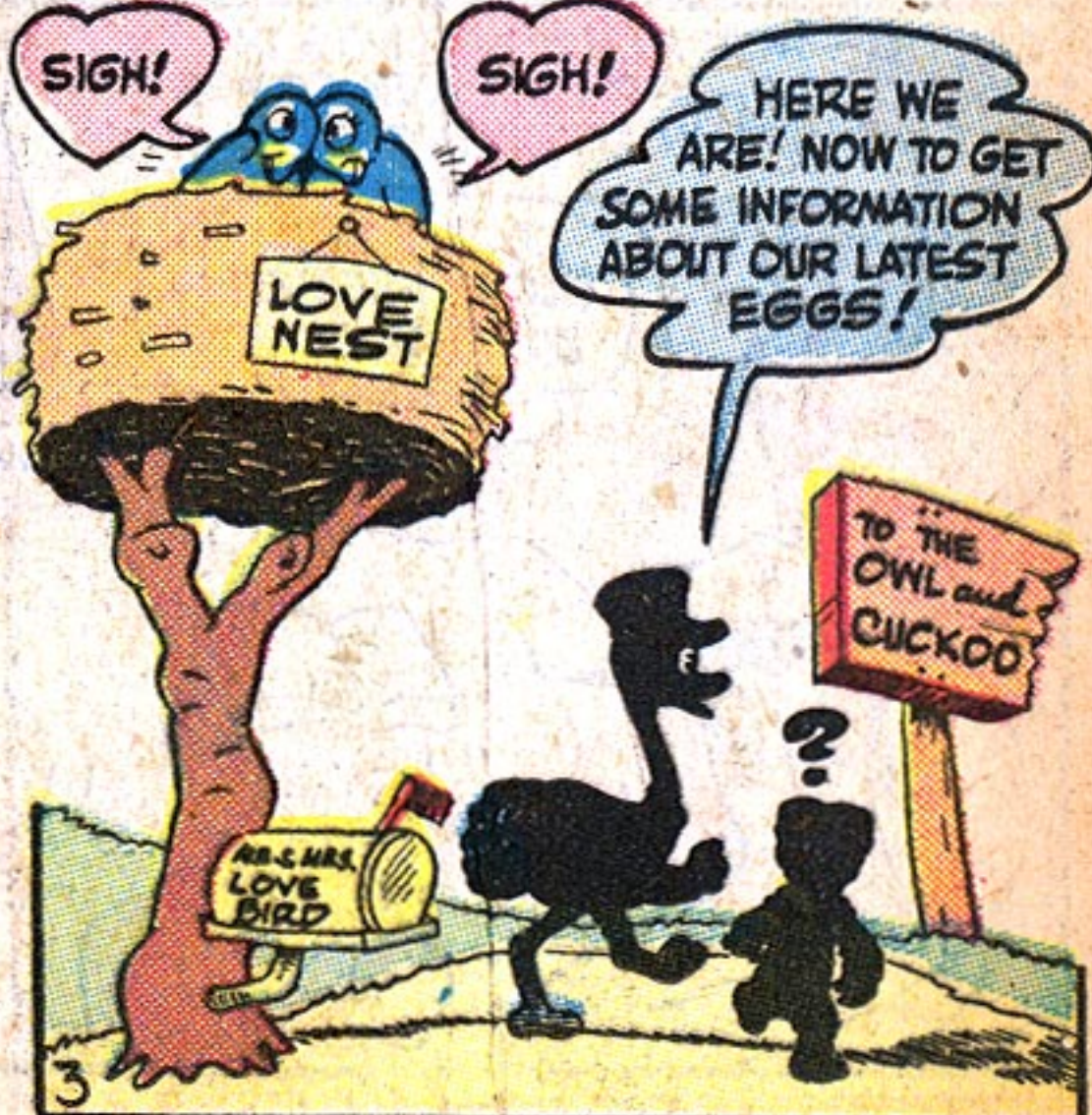
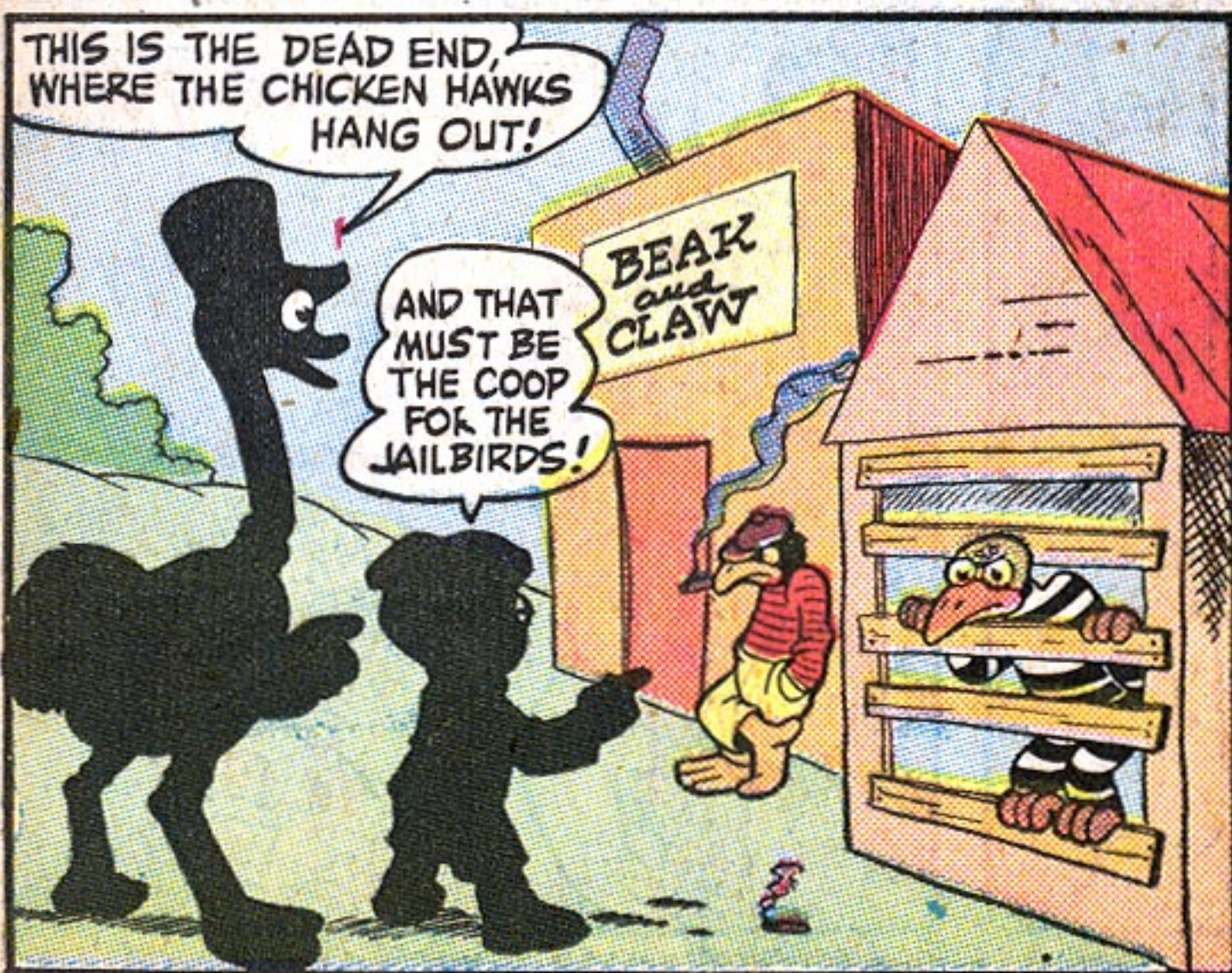
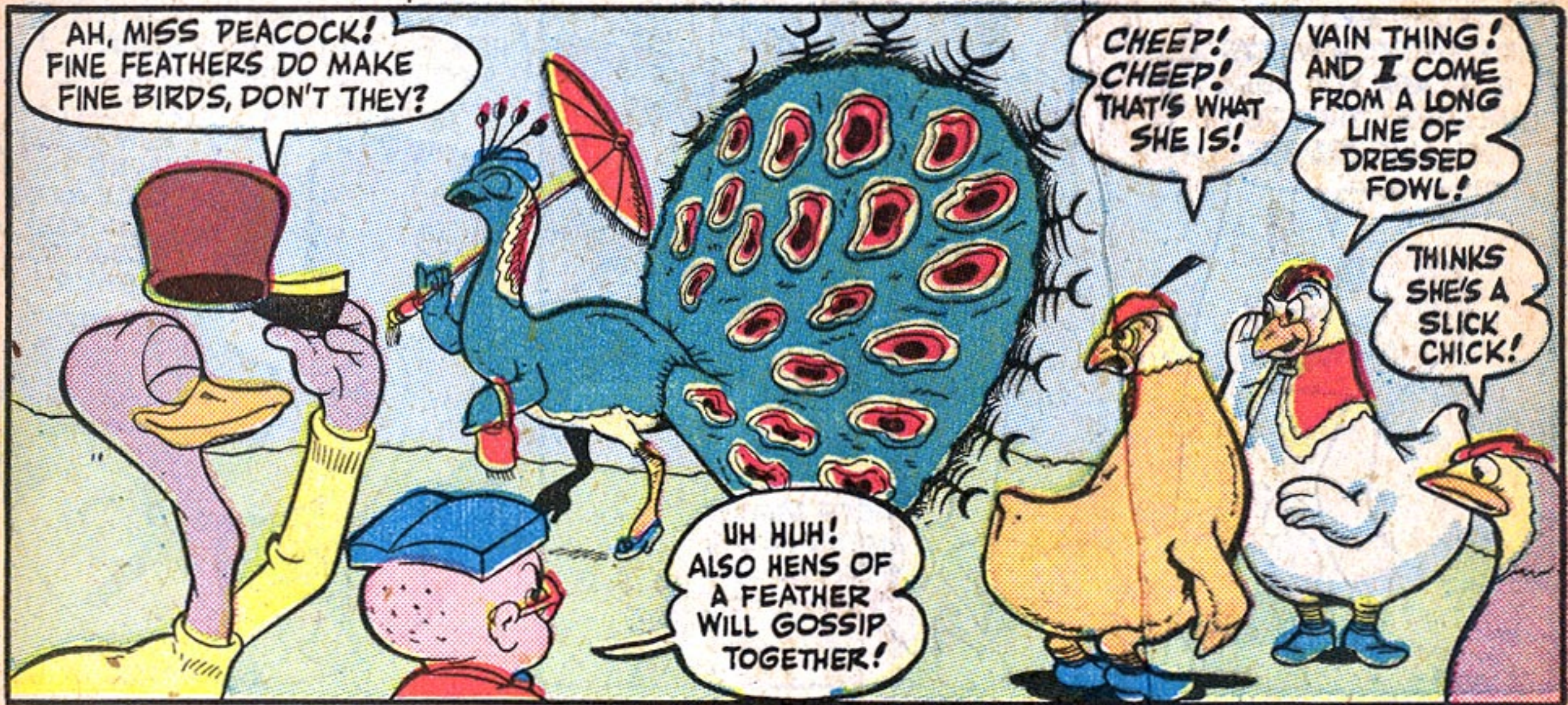
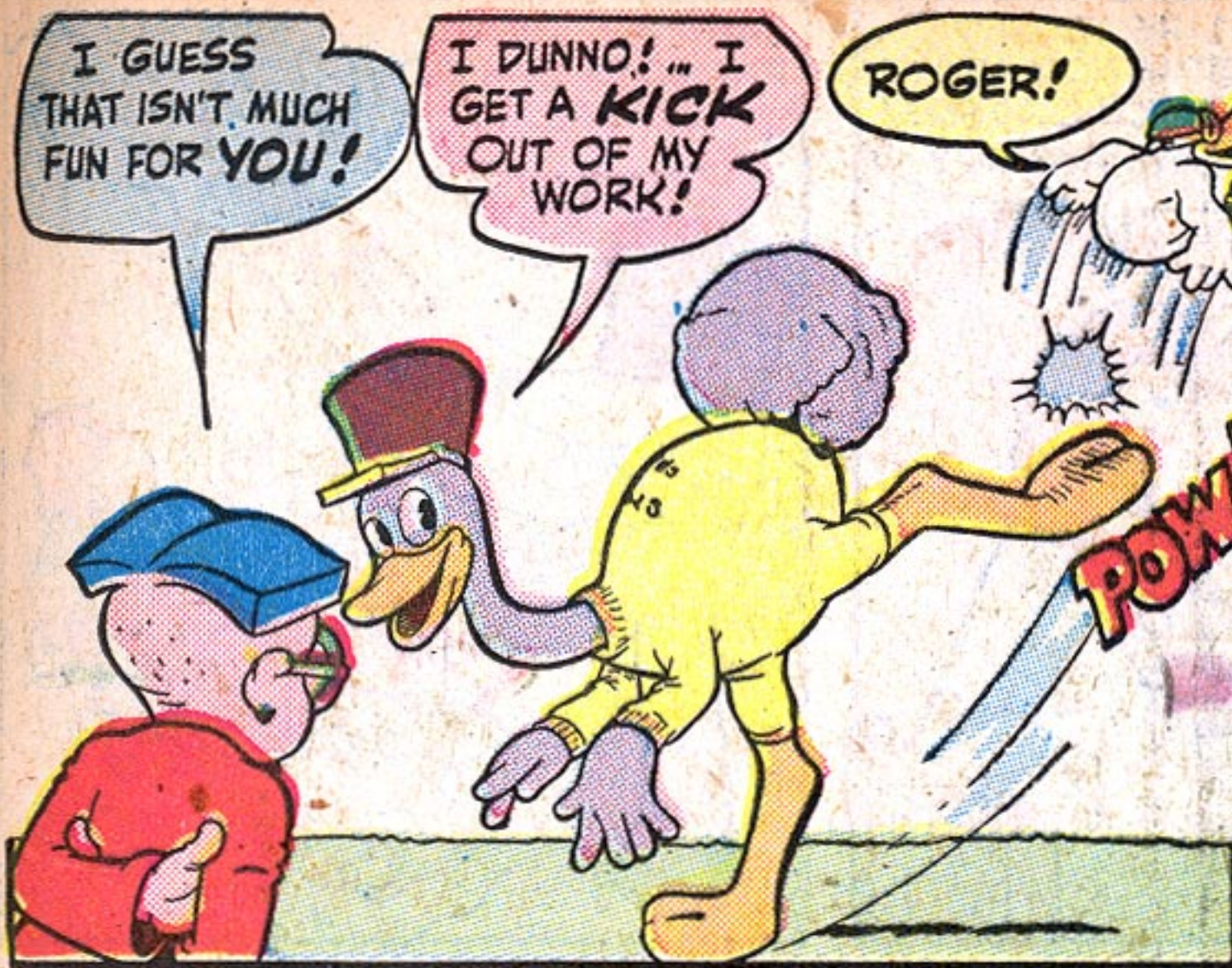
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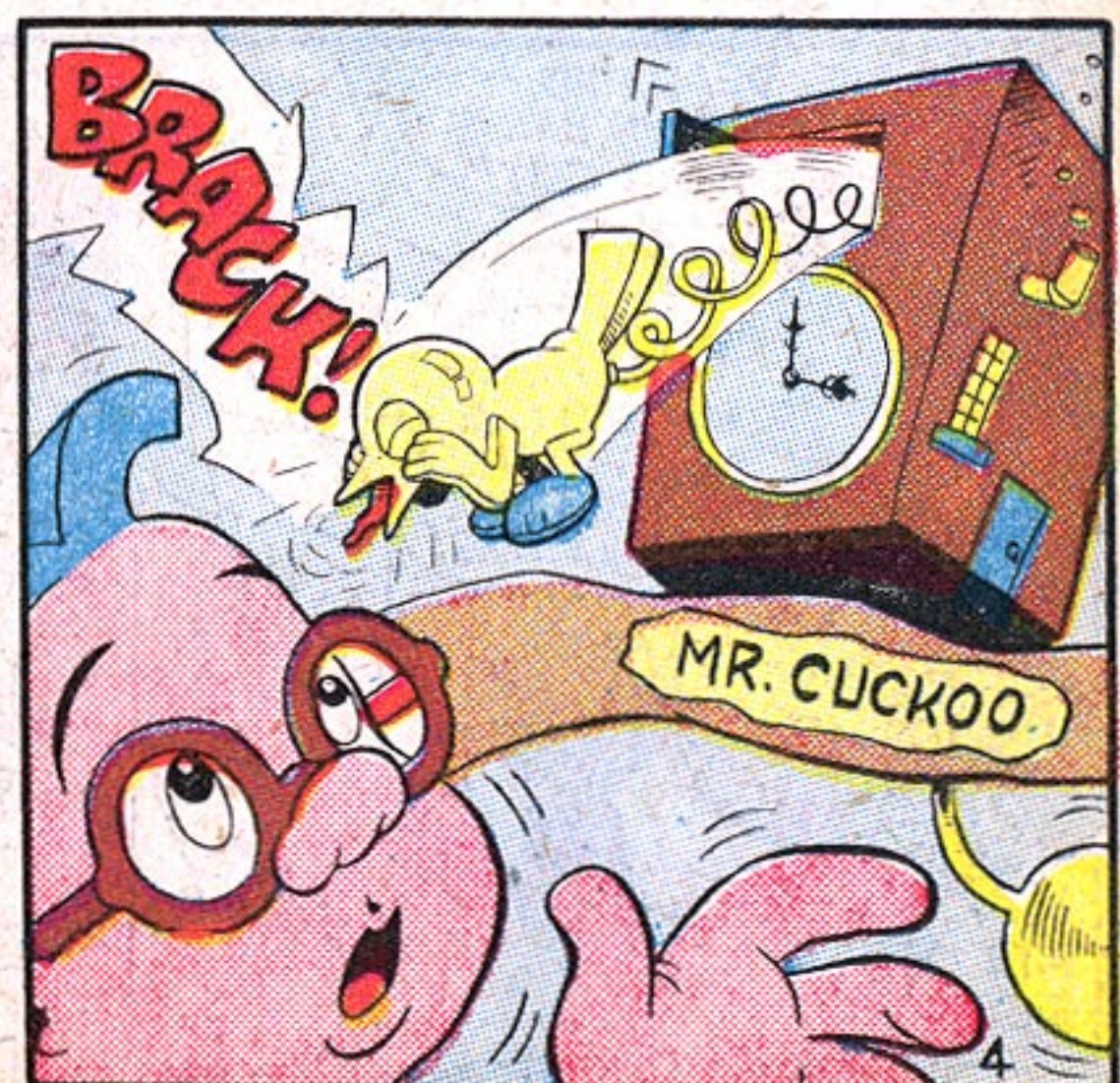
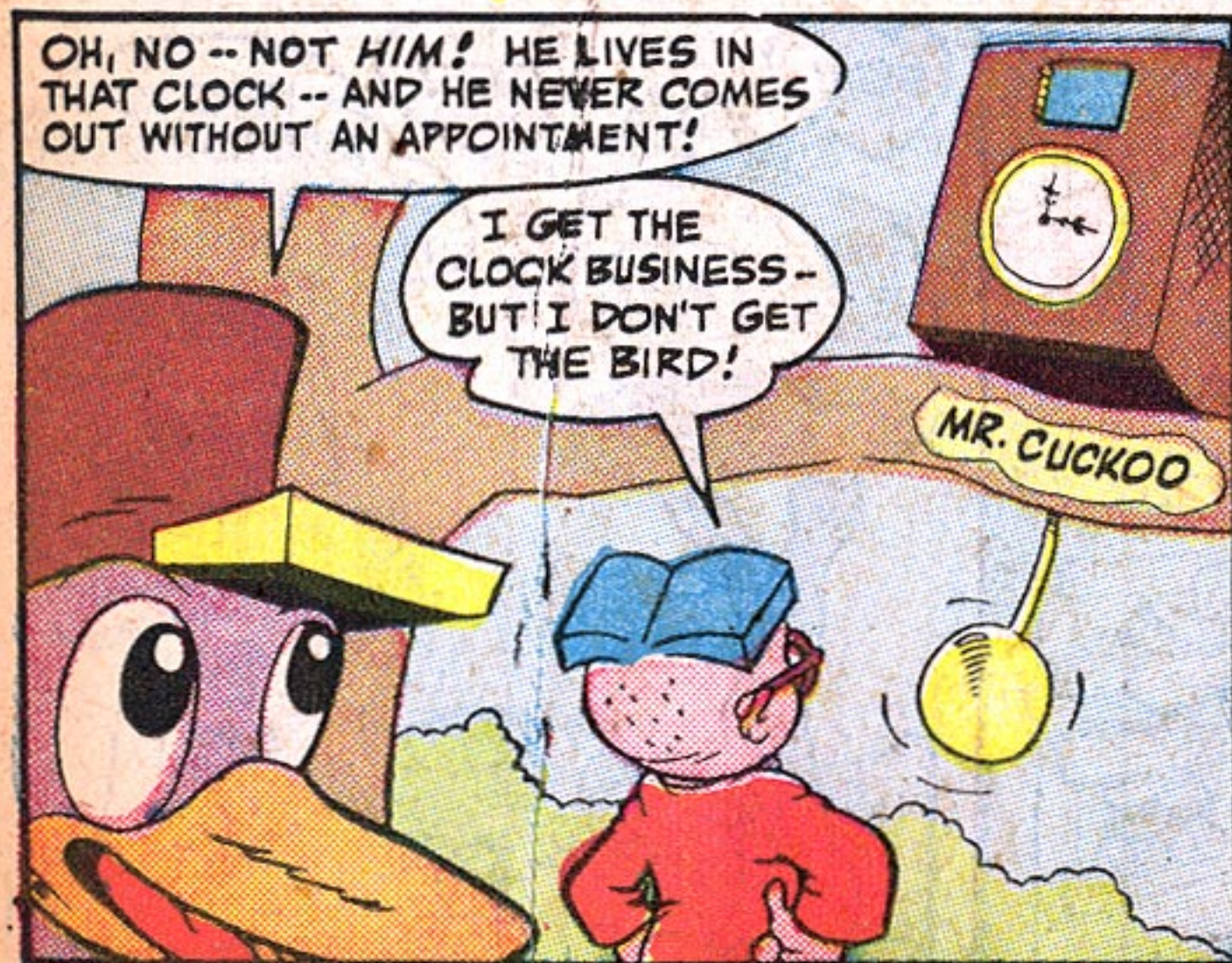
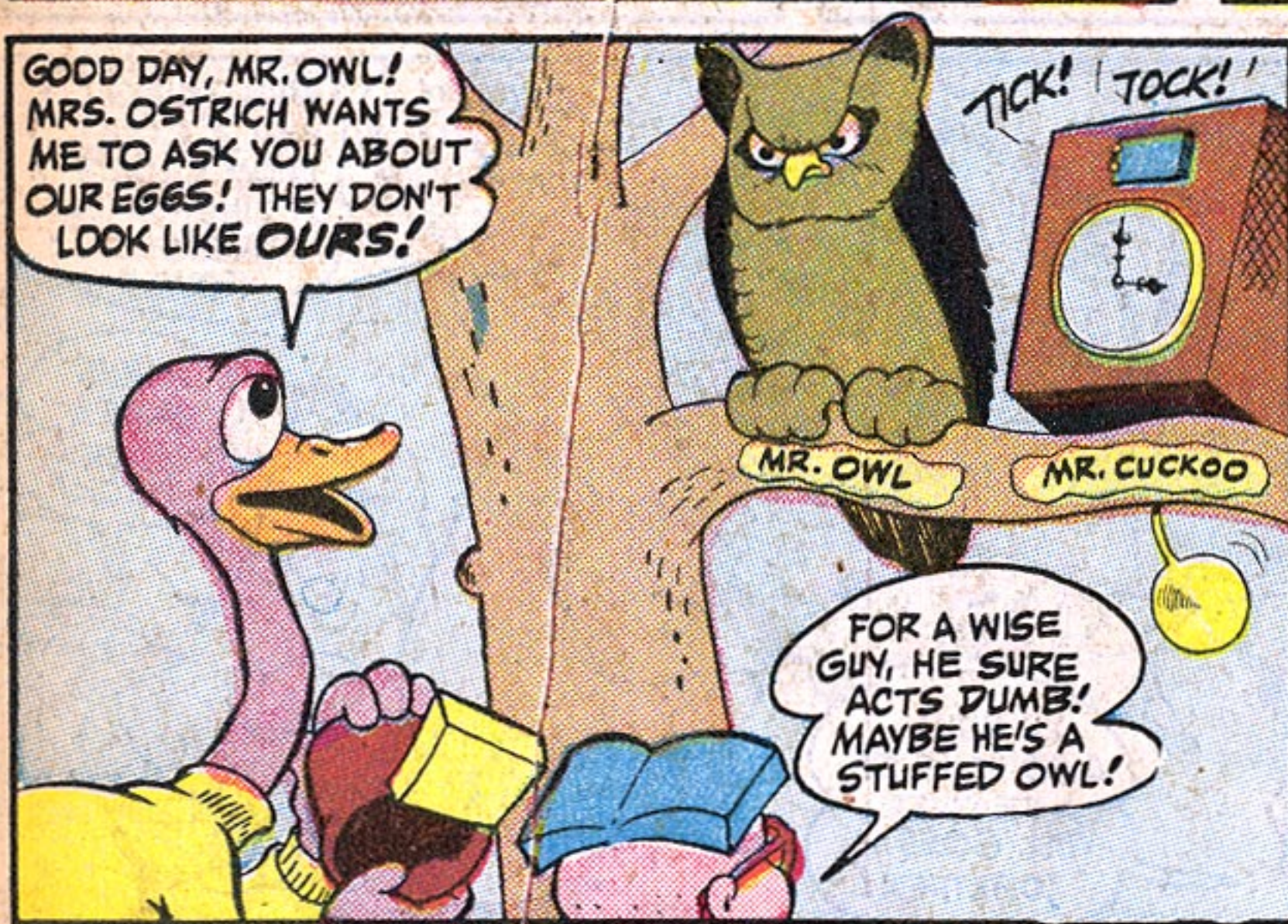
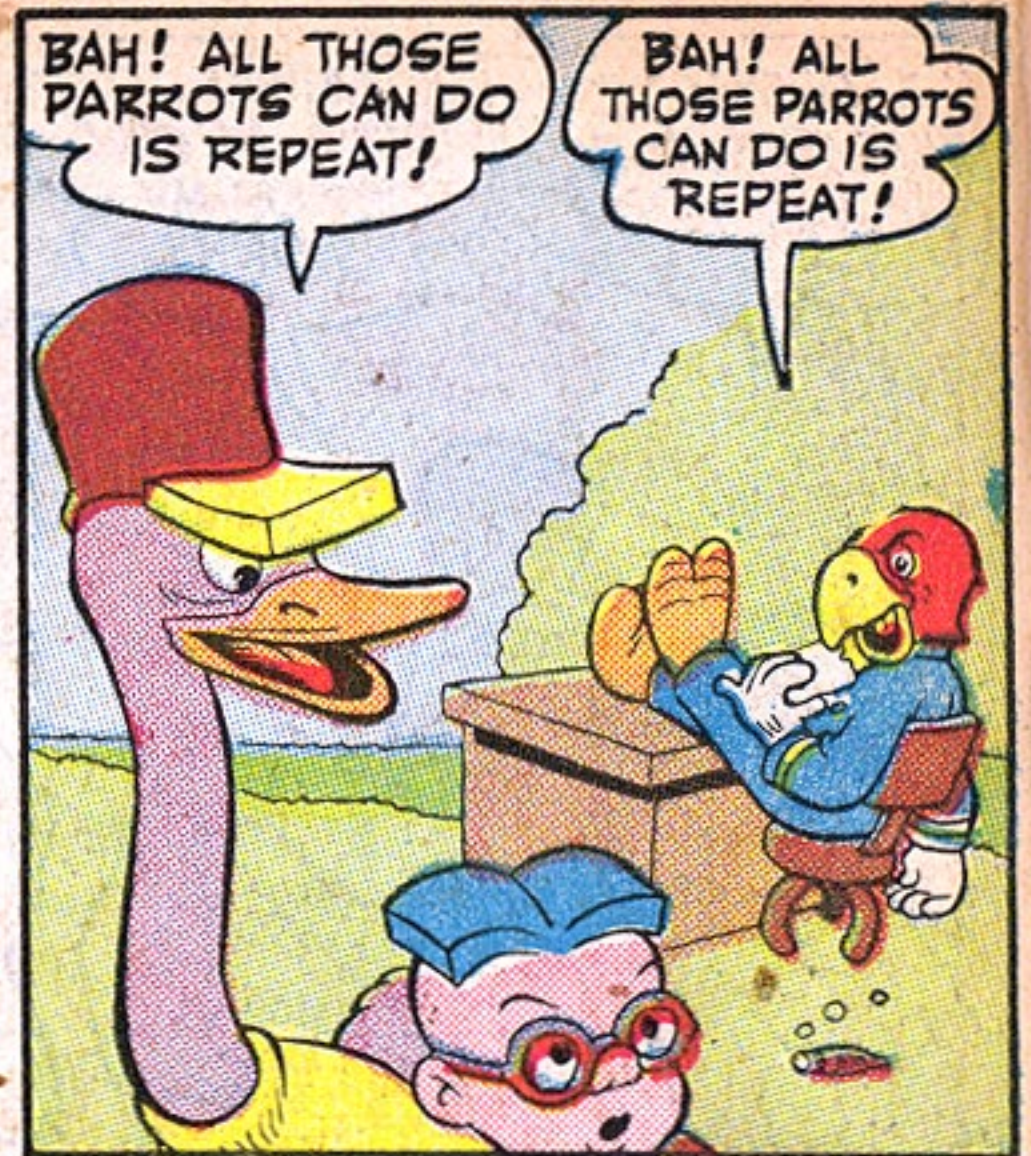
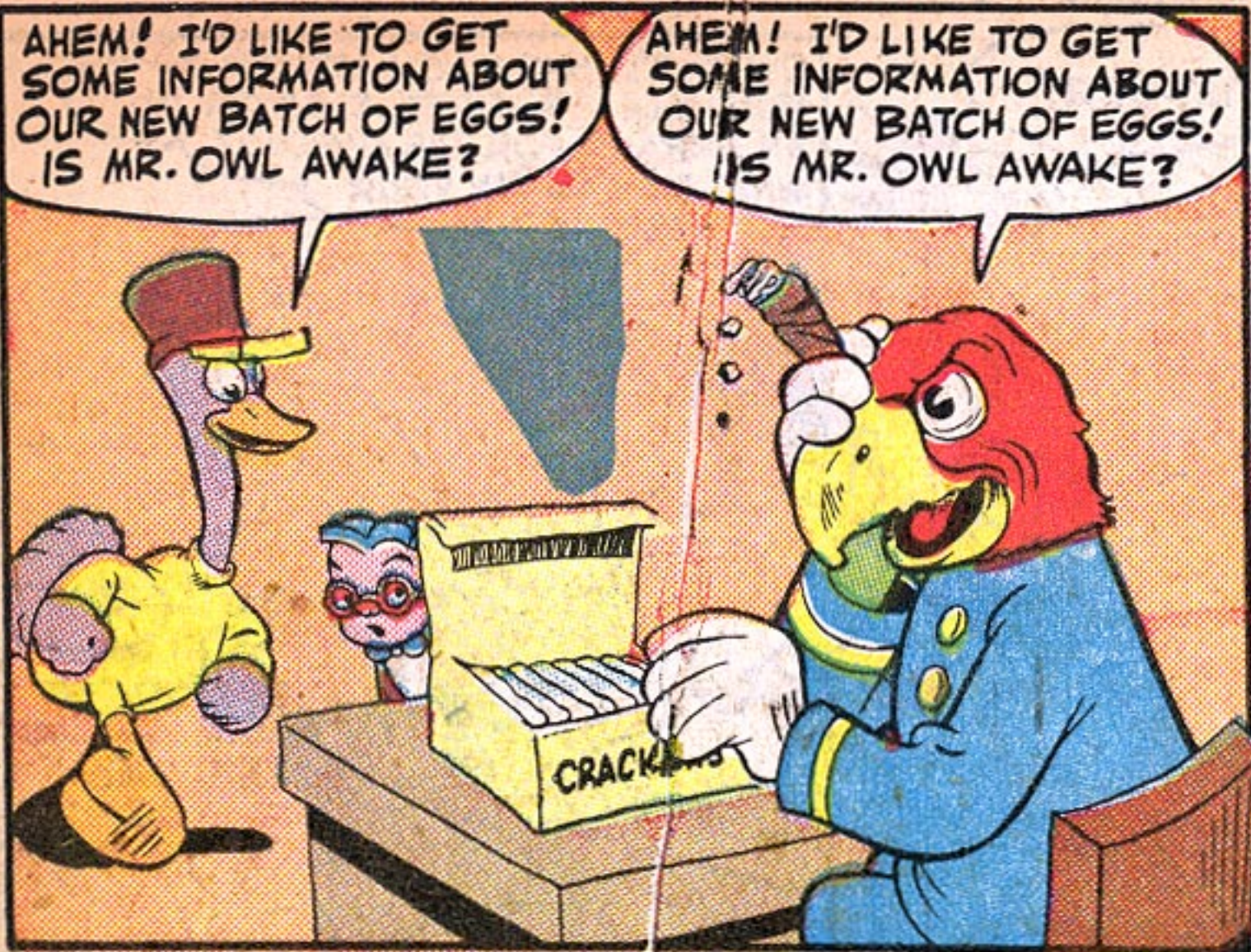
When it comes to hatching new plots, Perky is our boy, too! Ever since he volunteered to step into the amateur magician's vanishing box at the vaudeville show (and really vanished), he's been flying off to worlds that lie beyond our own!

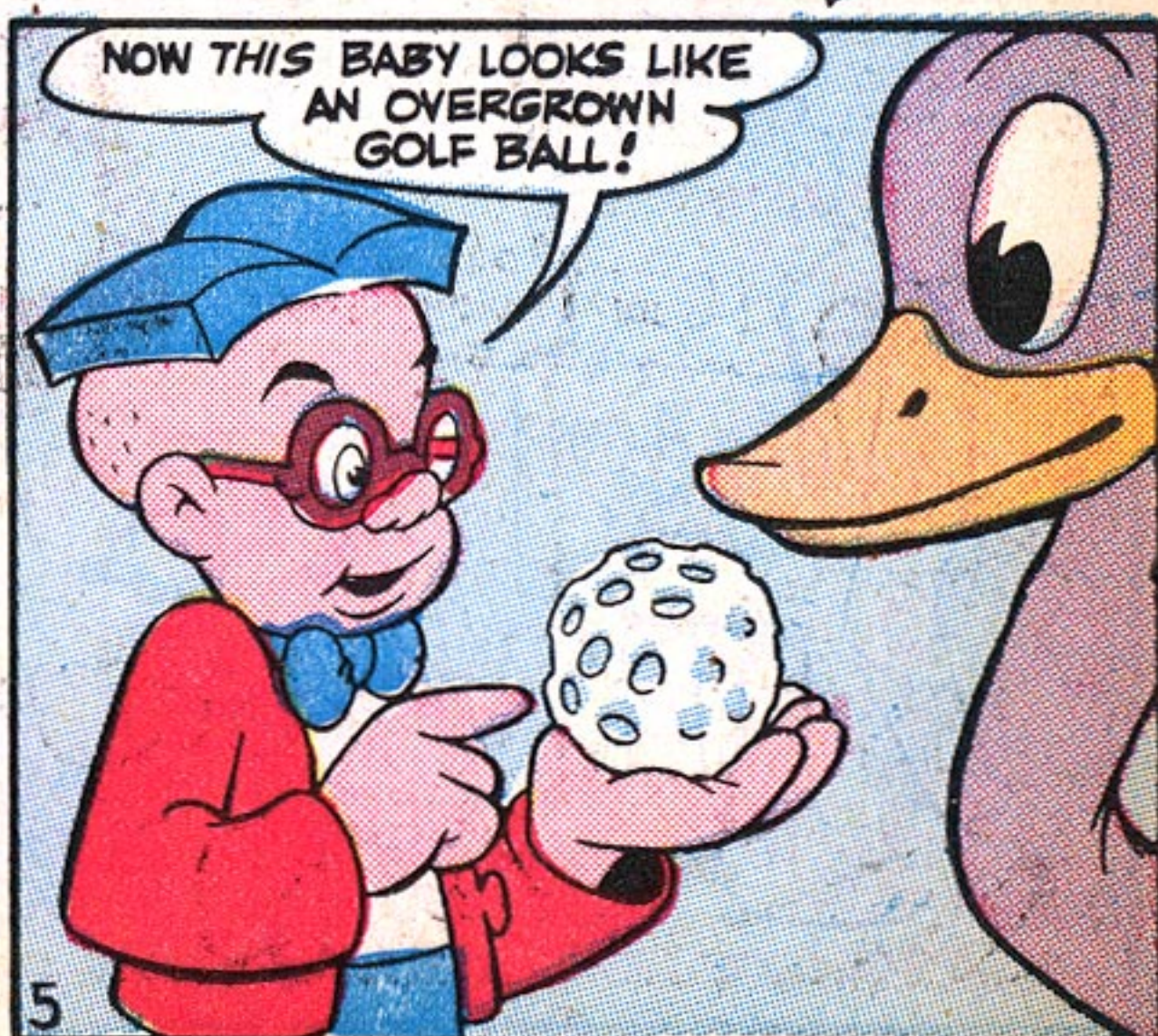
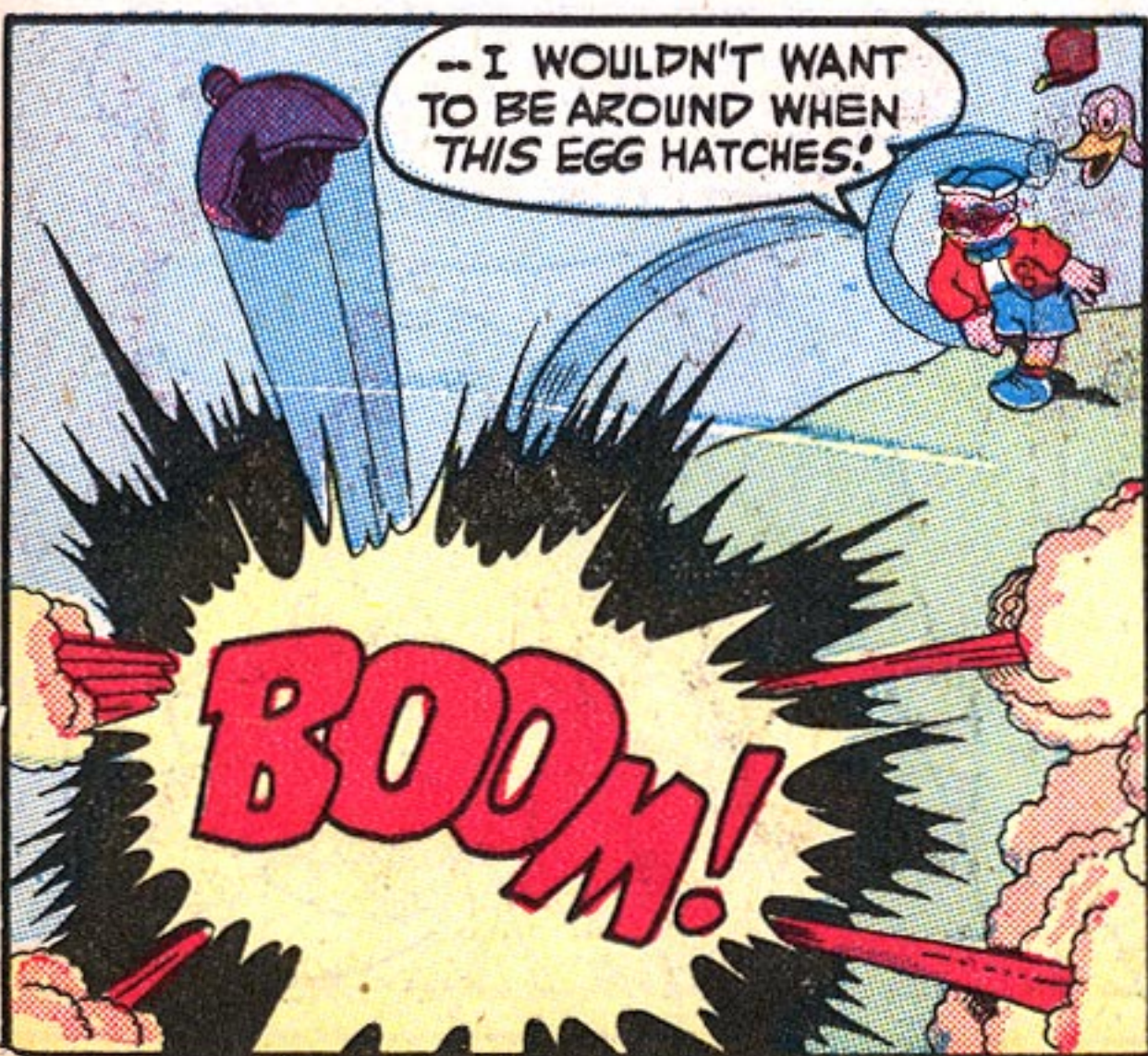
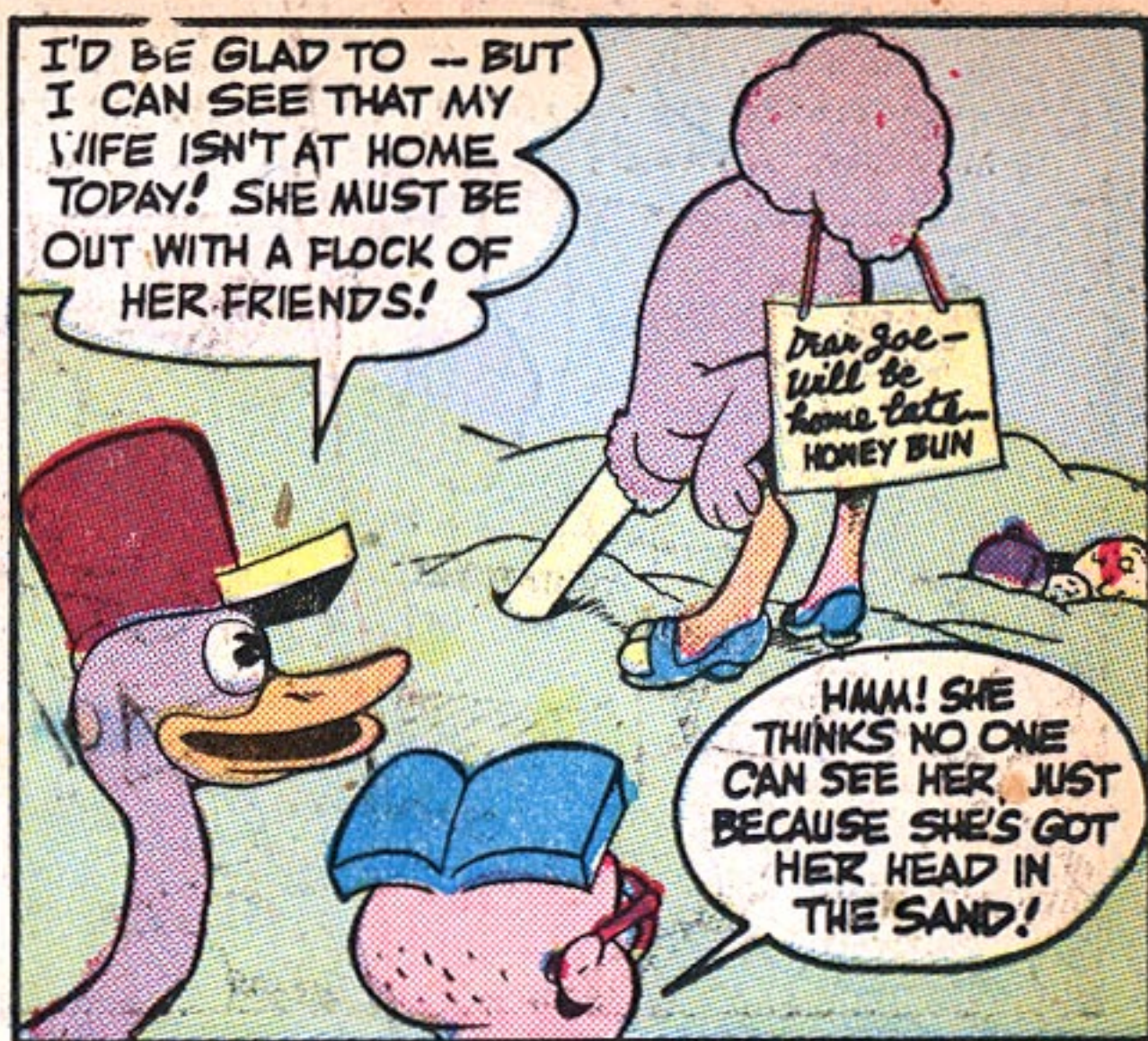


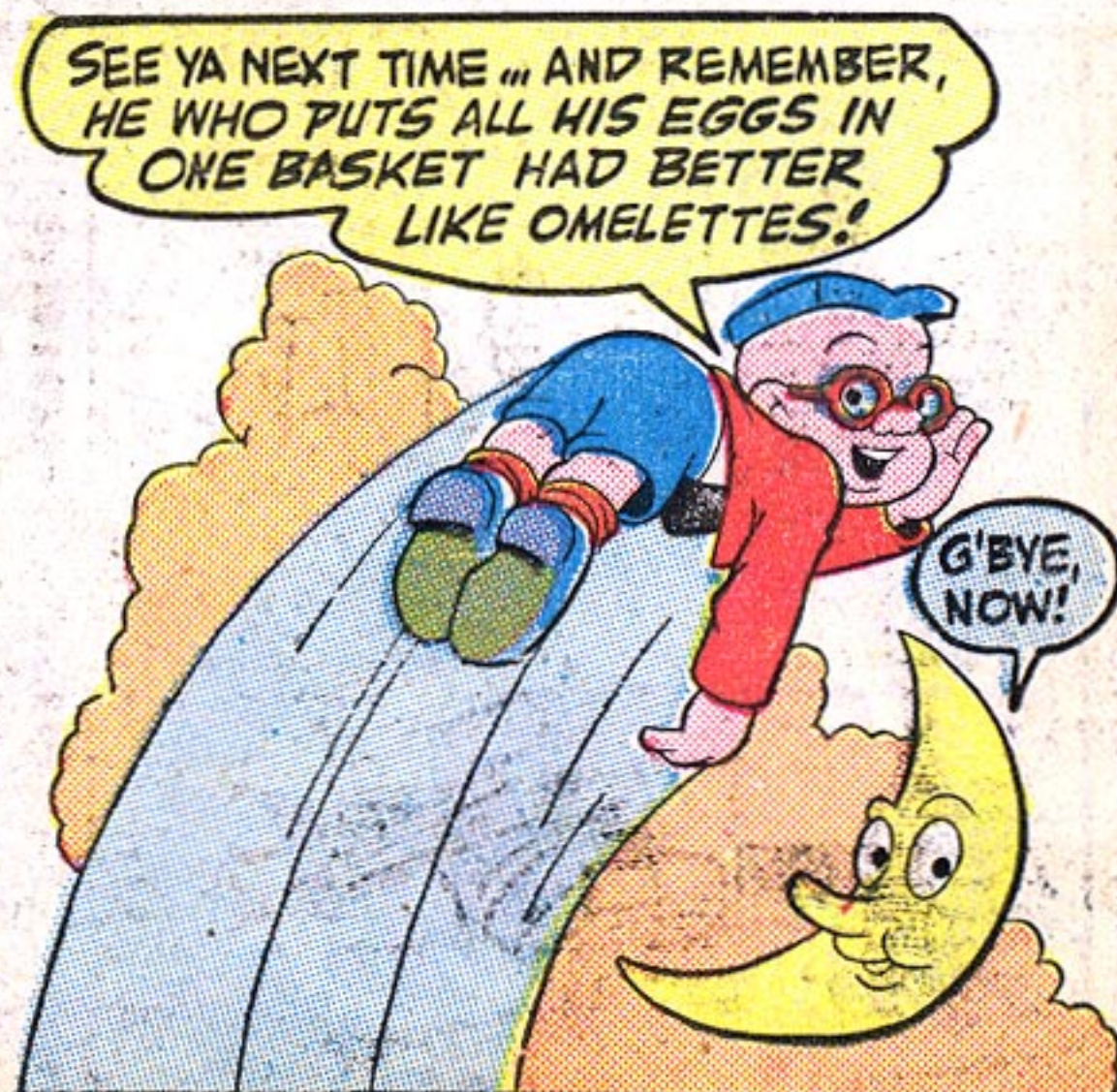
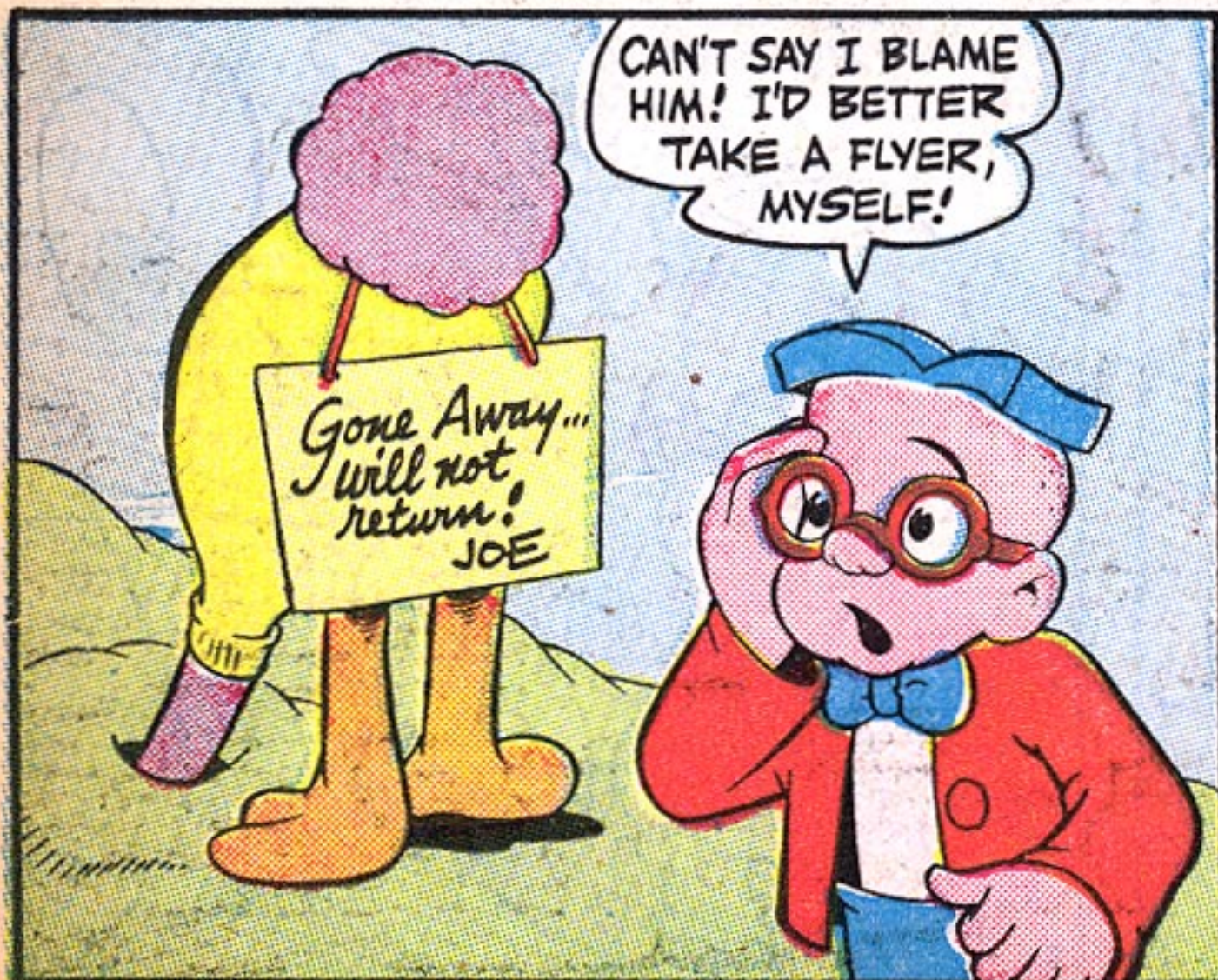
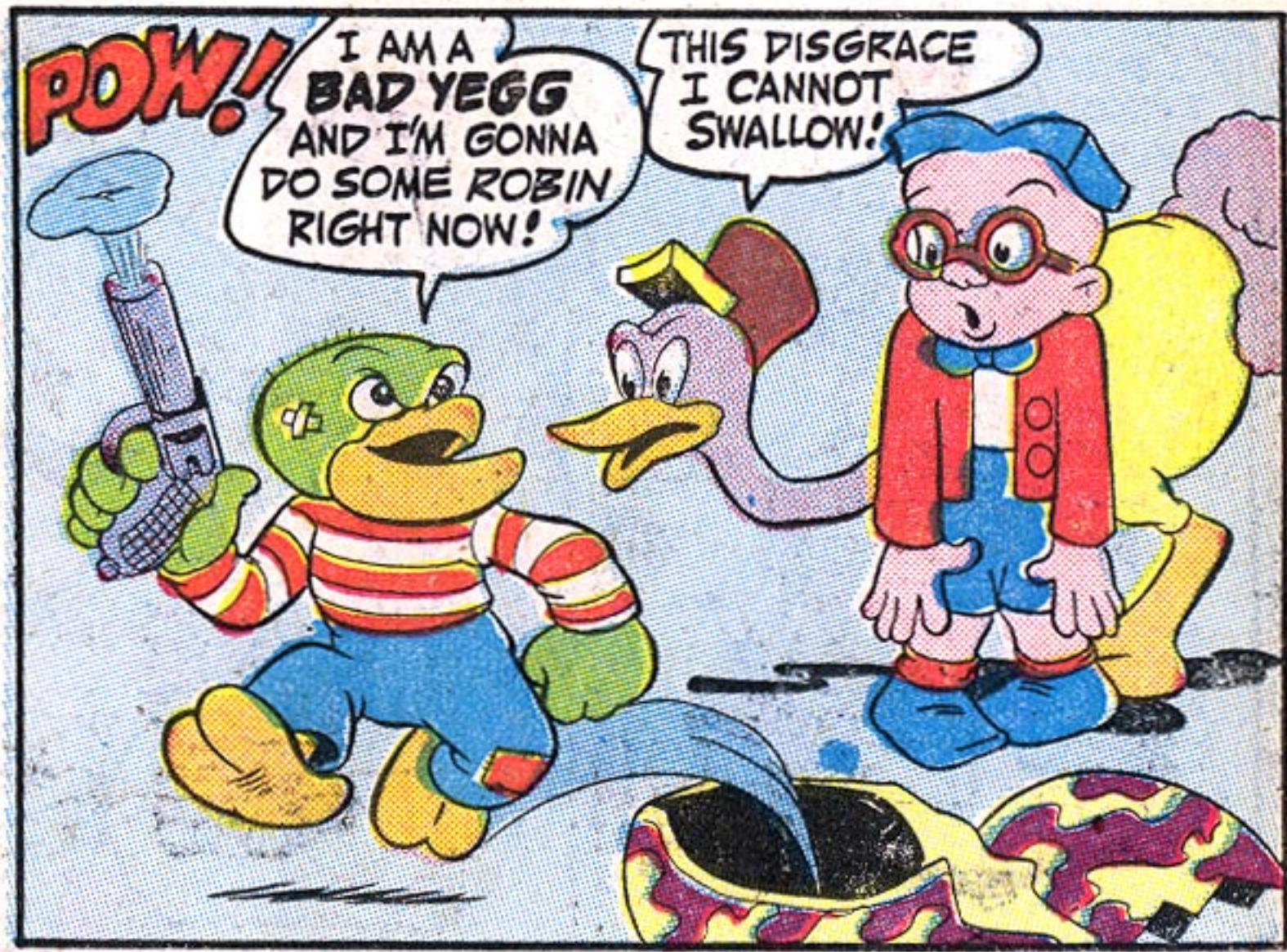
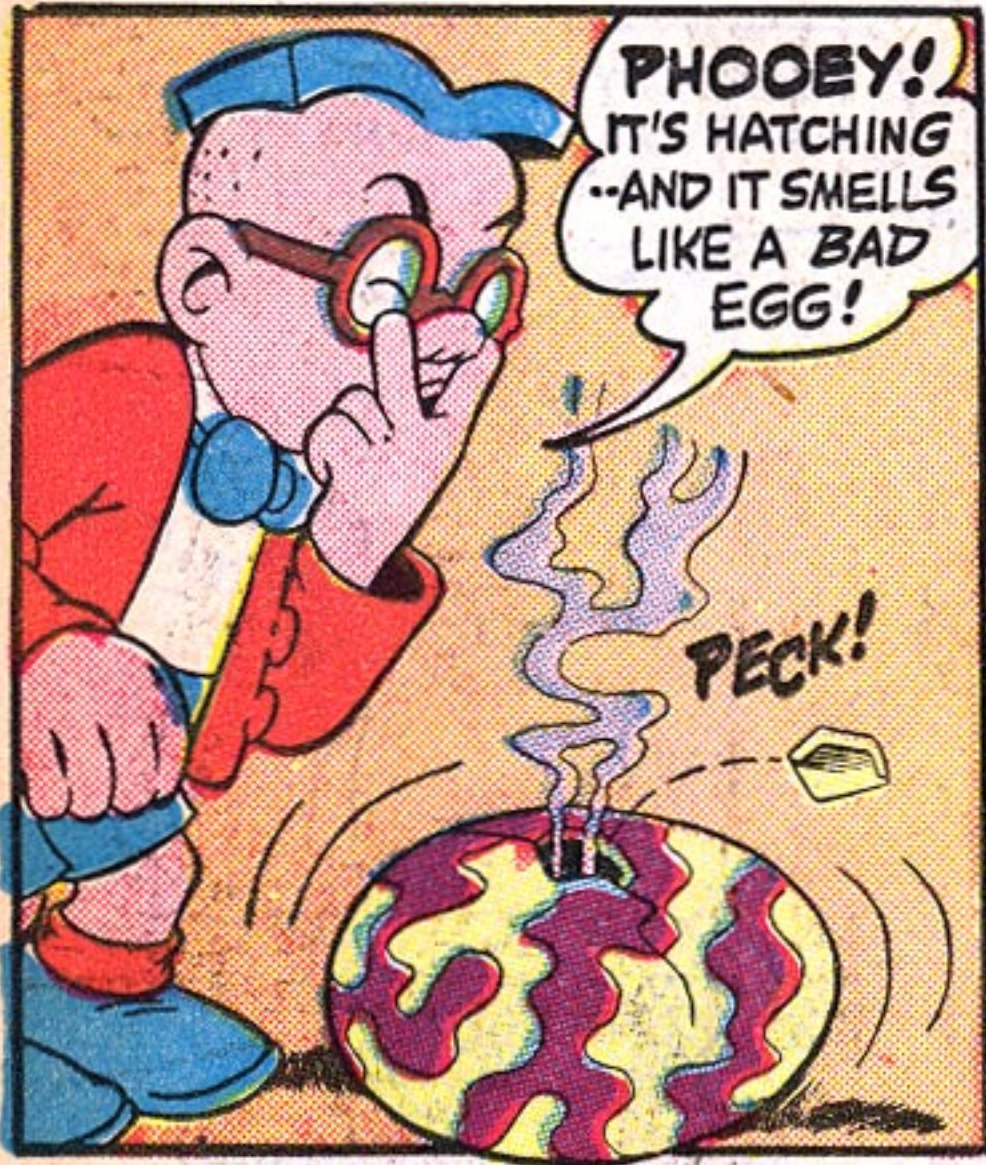
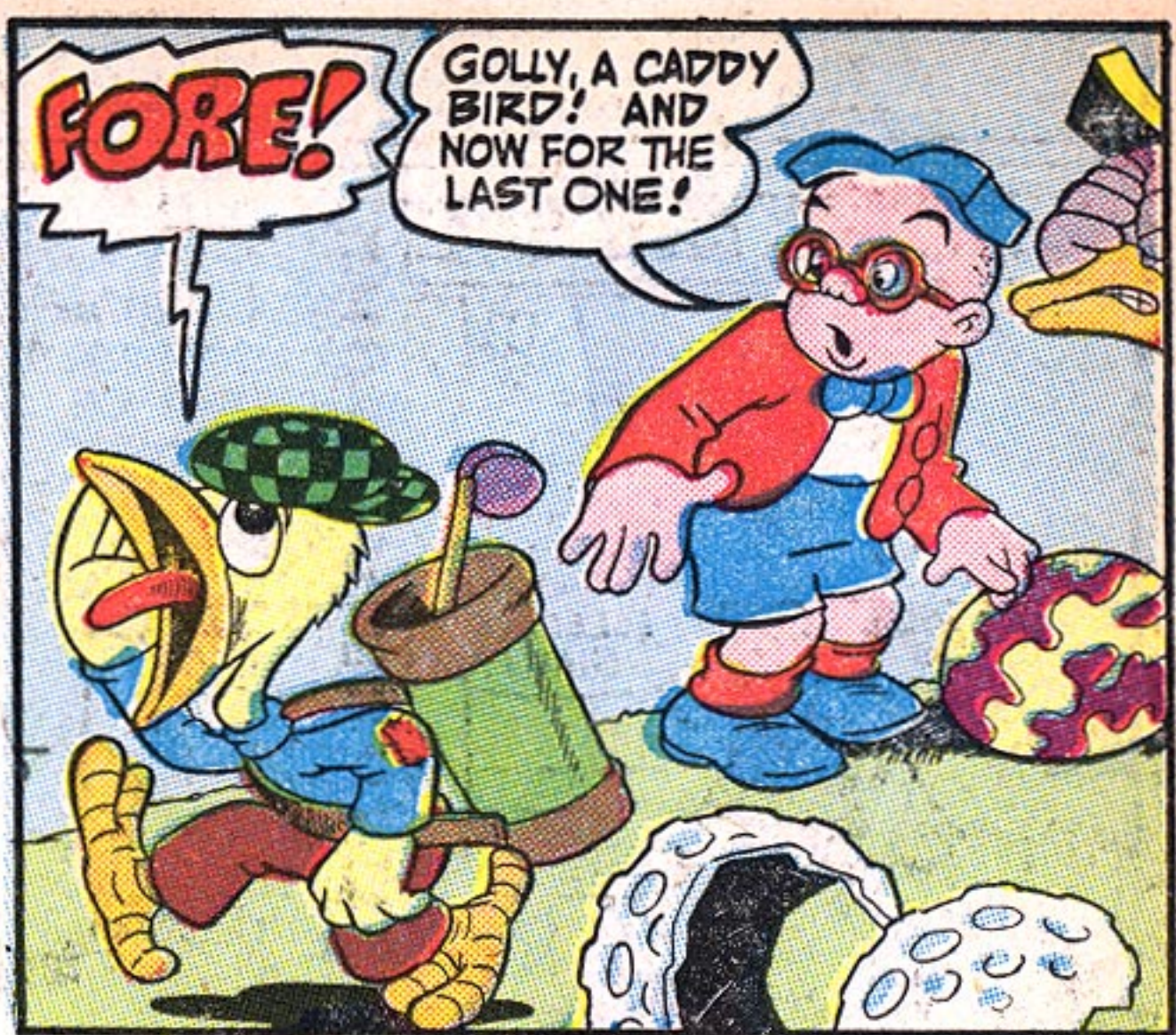
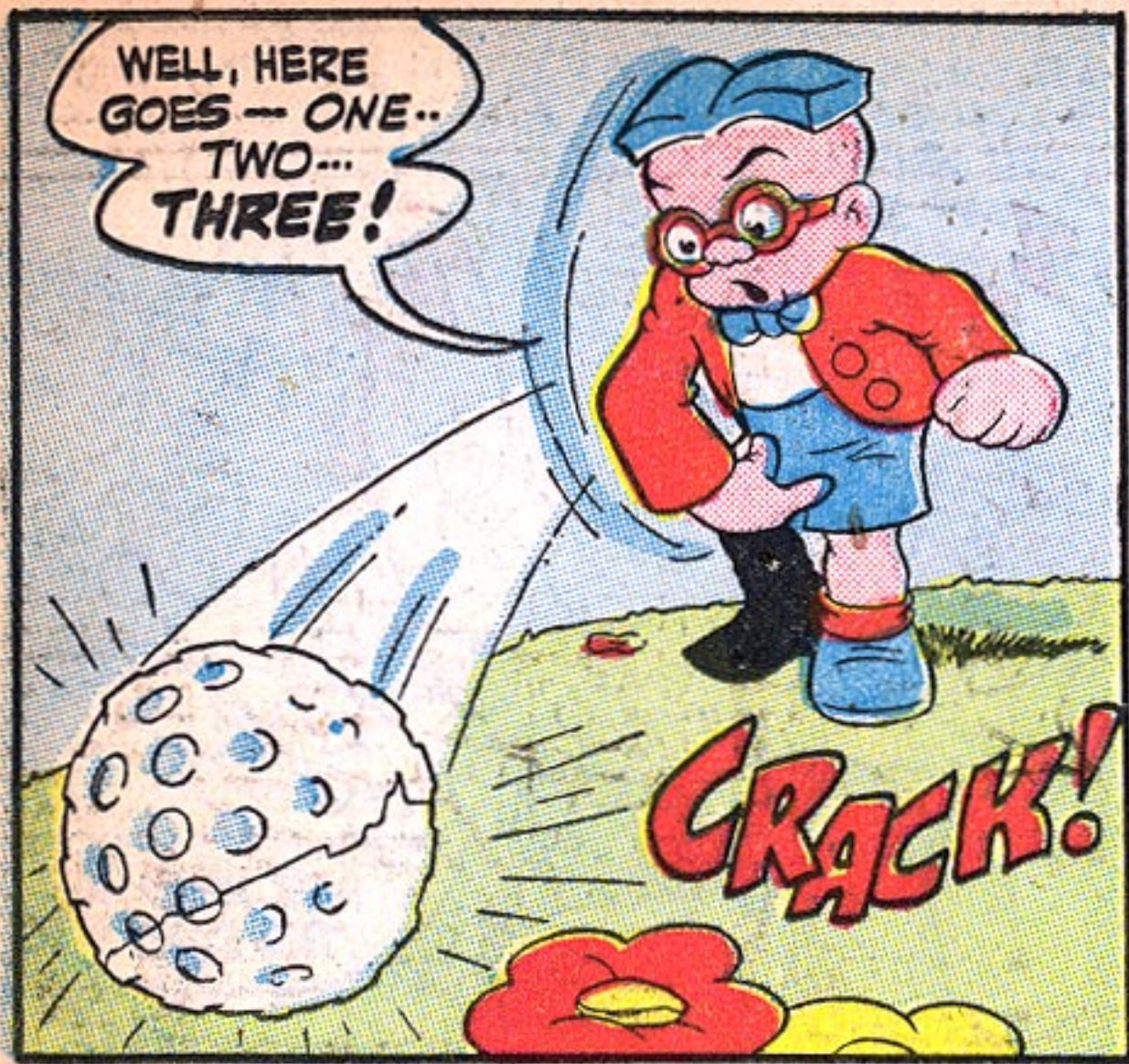


FEATURE COMICS



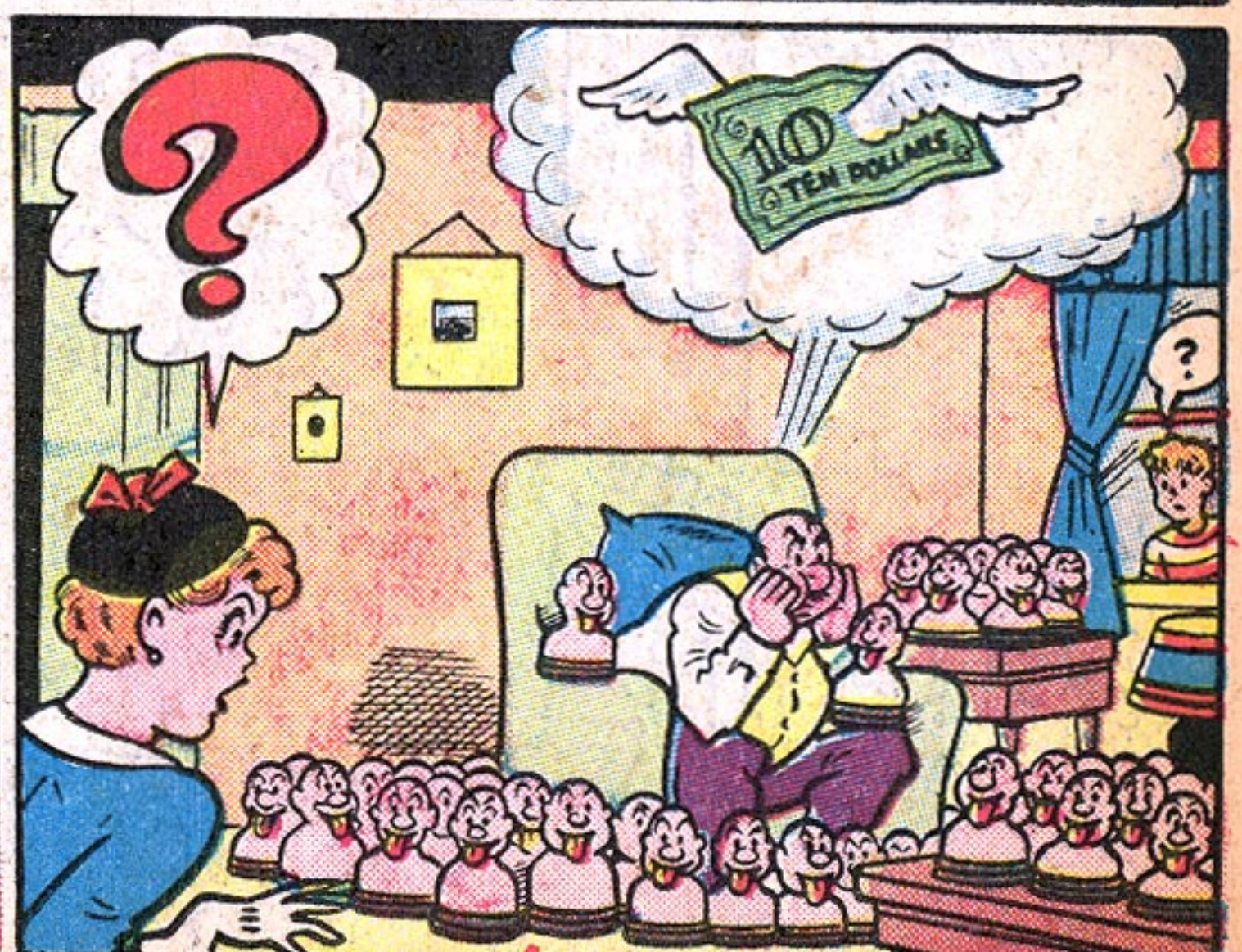
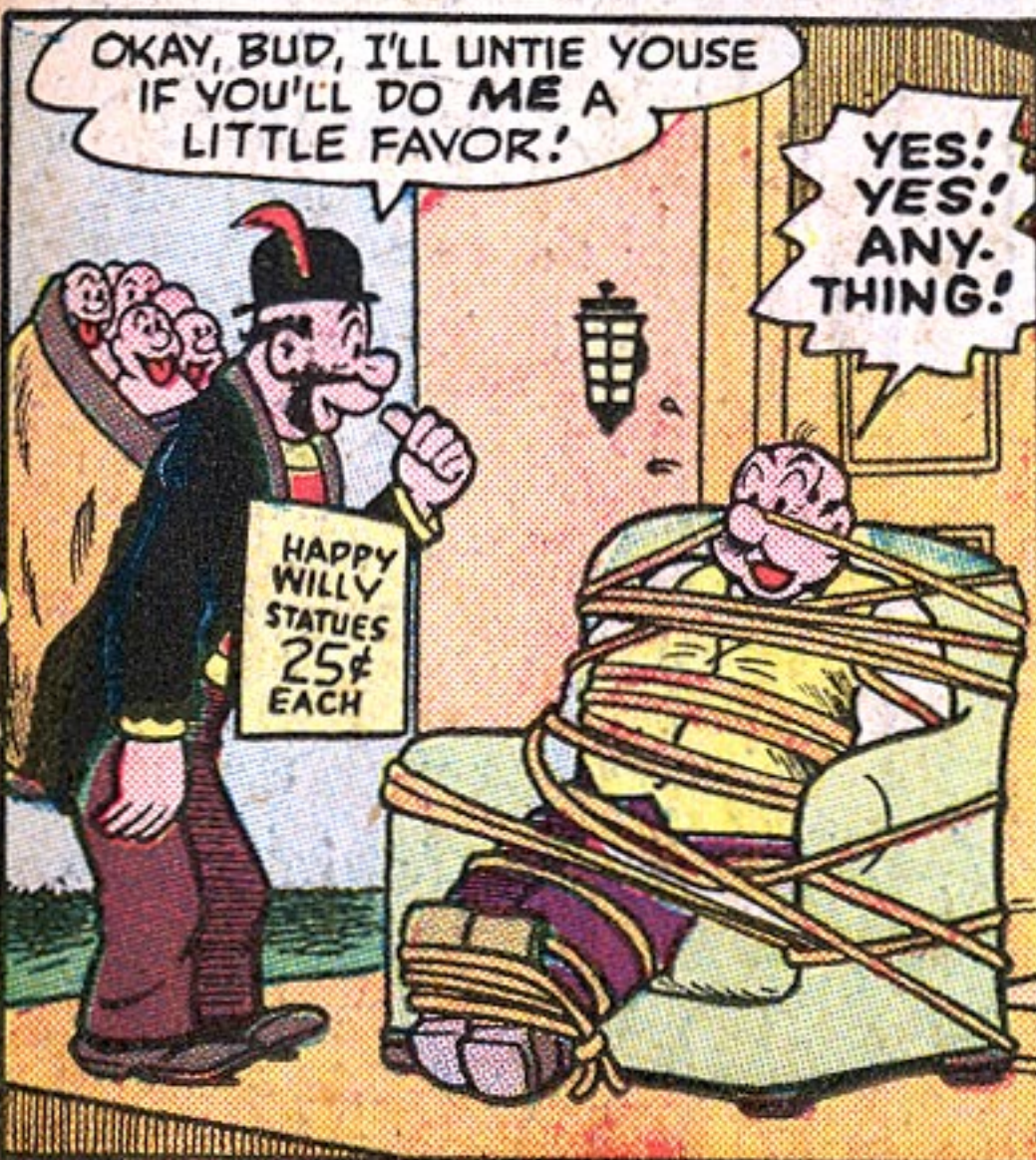
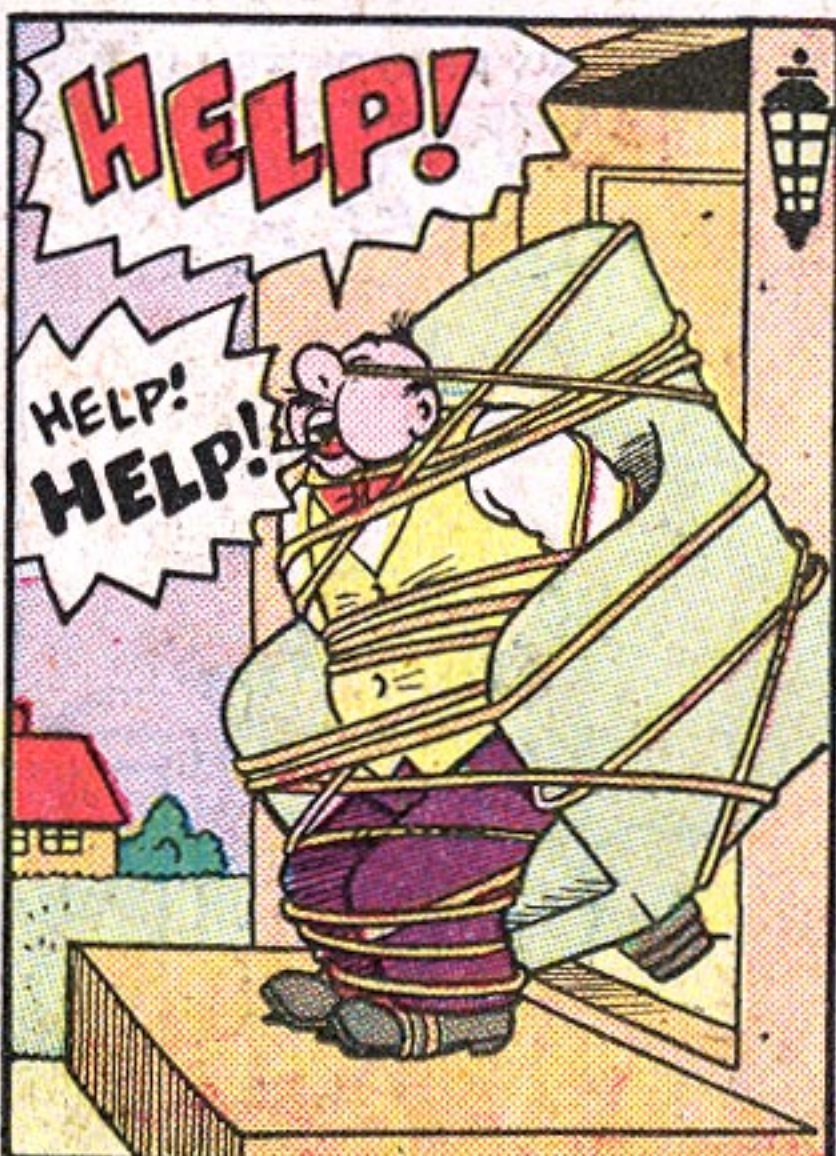
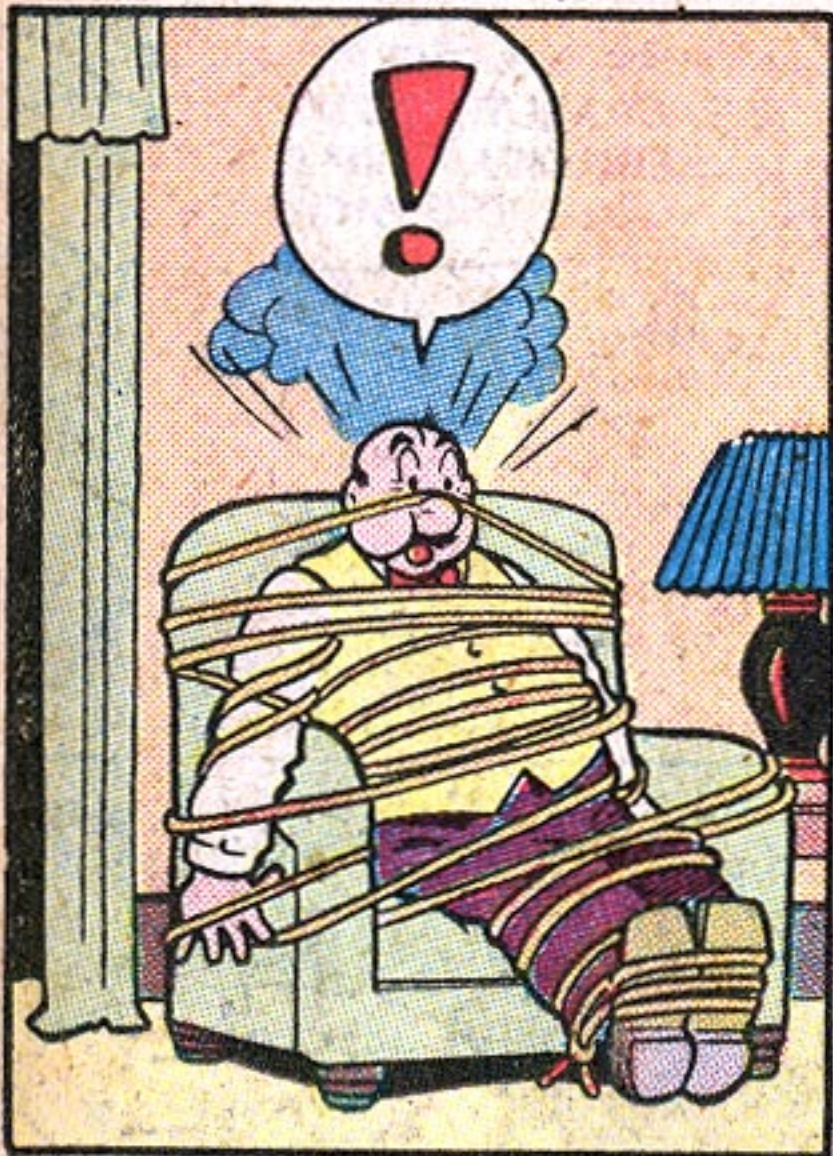
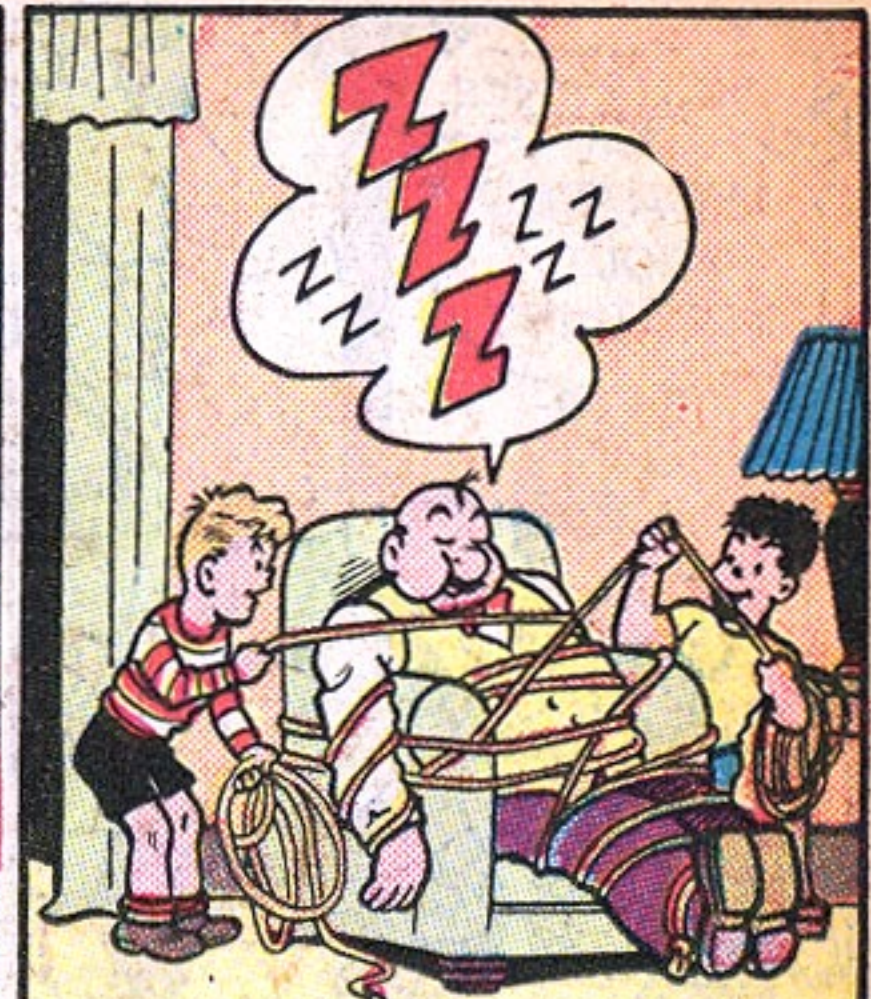
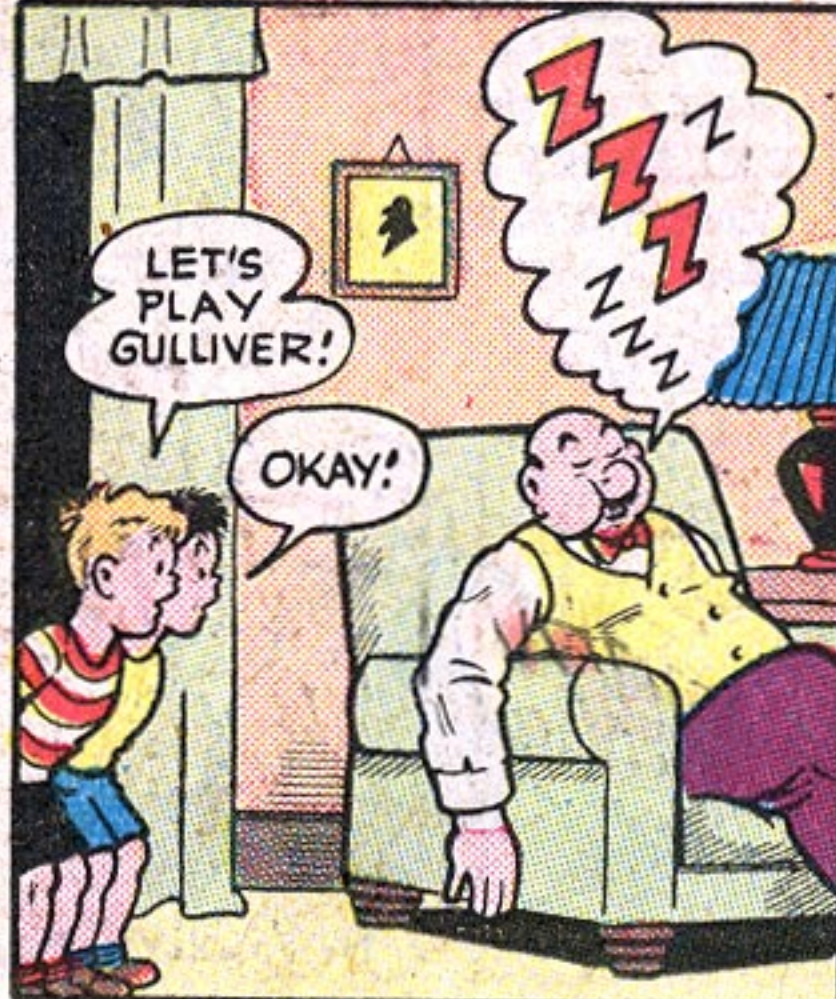
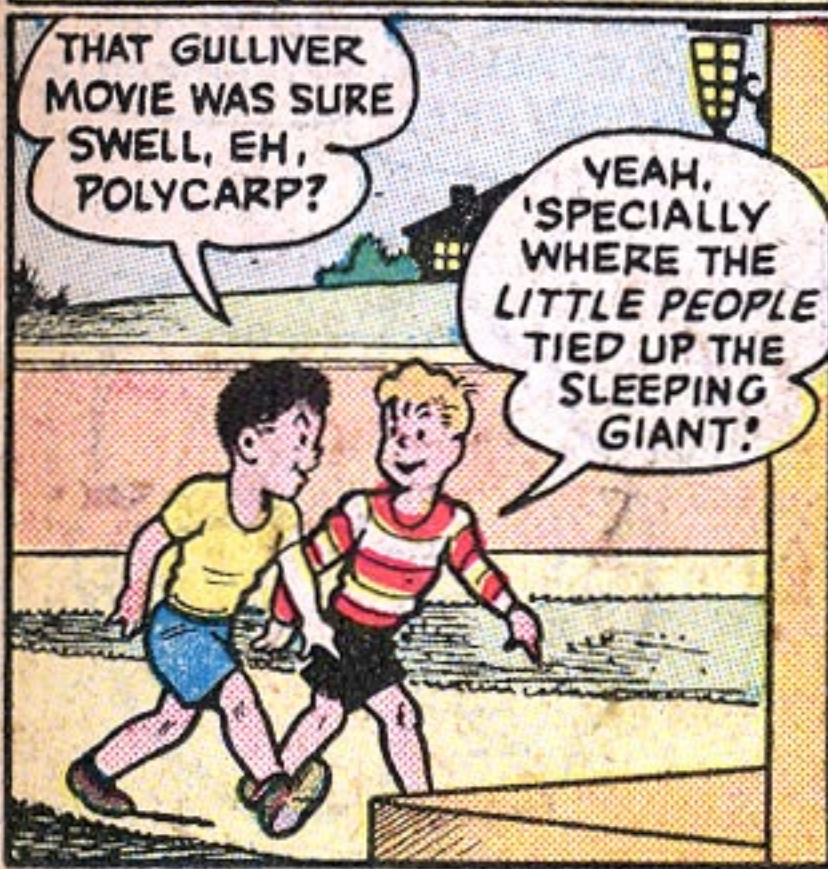




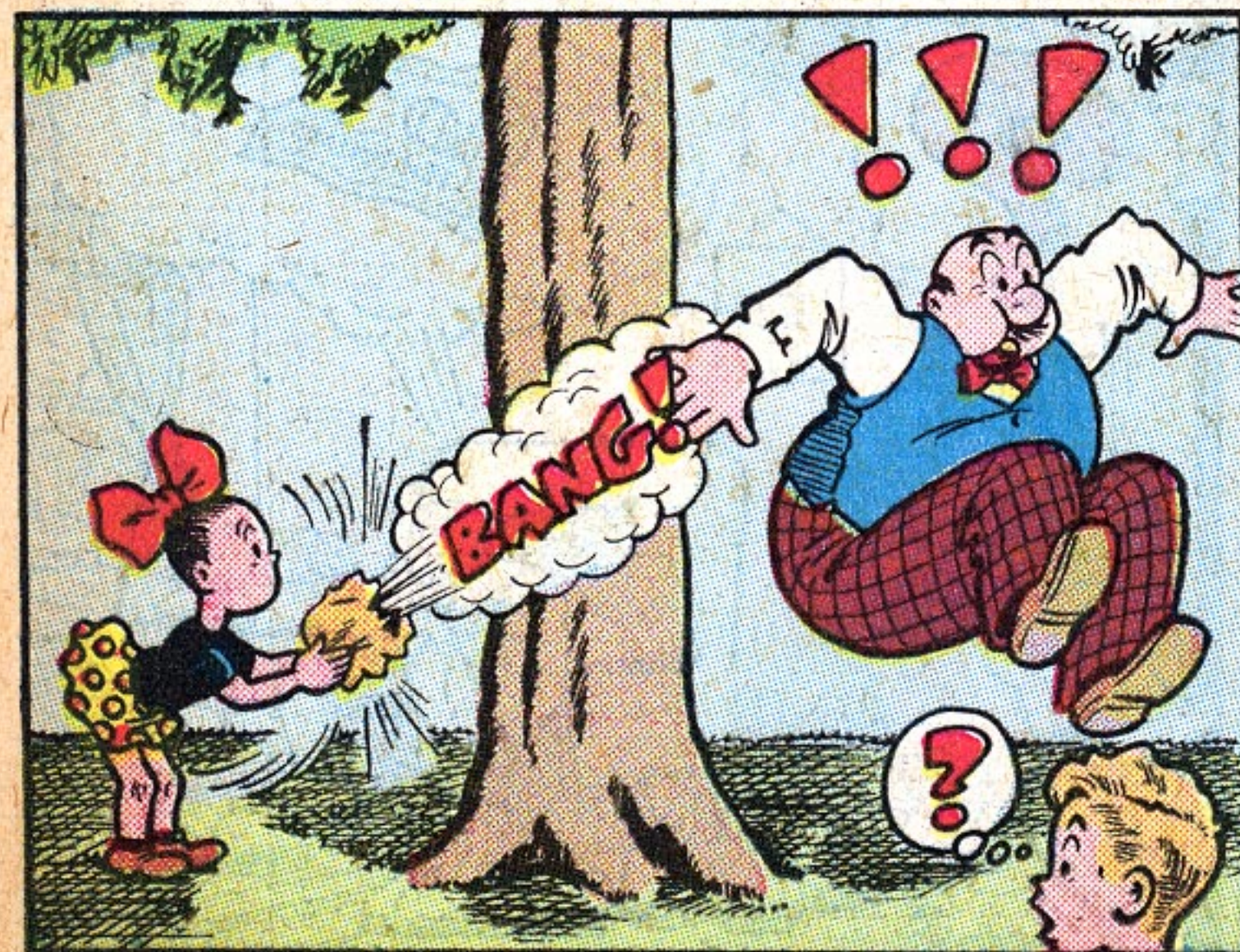
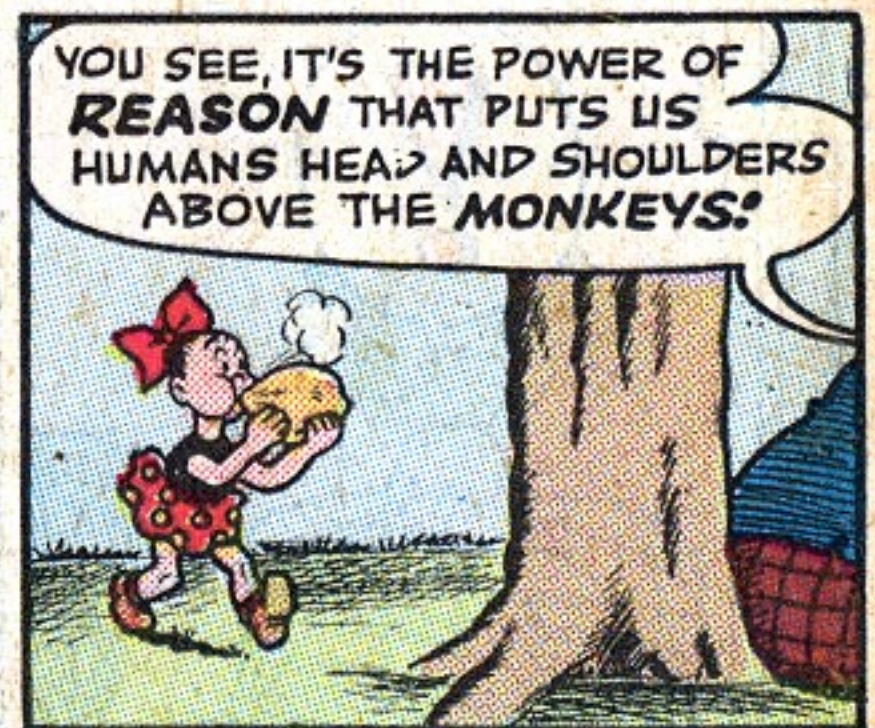
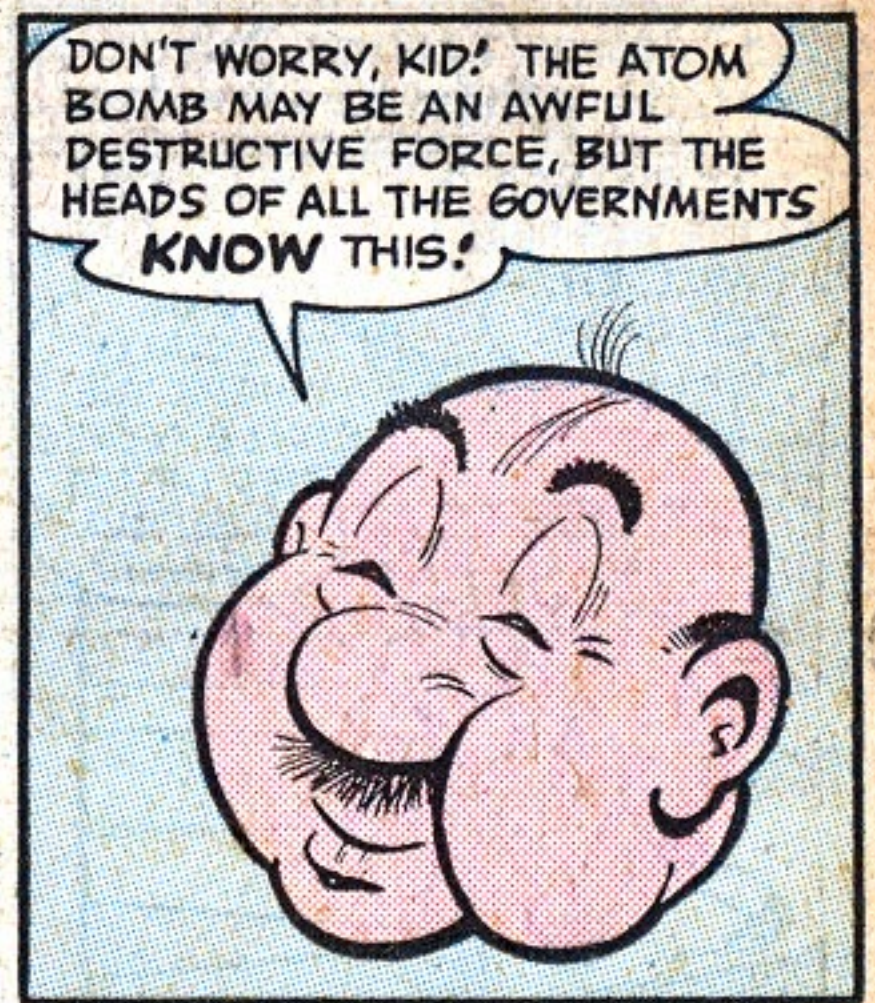


LALA PALOOZA

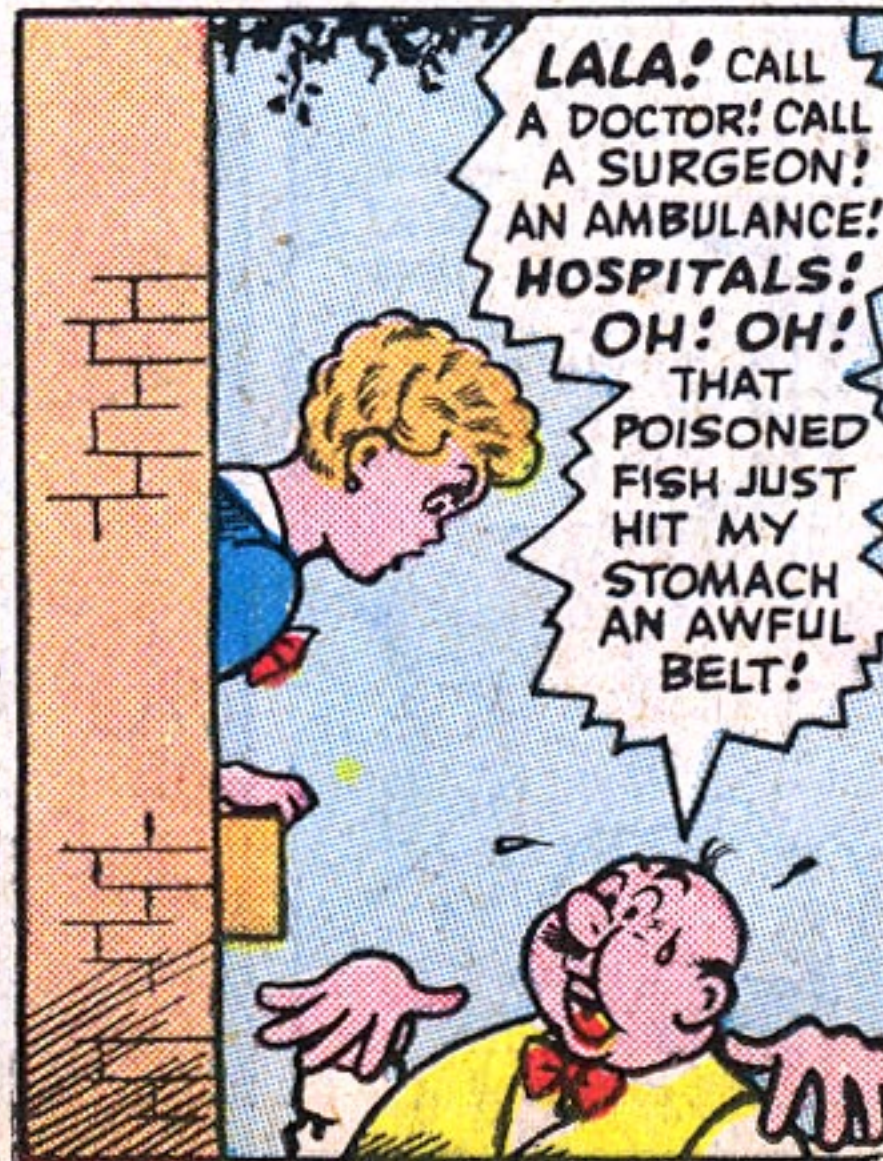
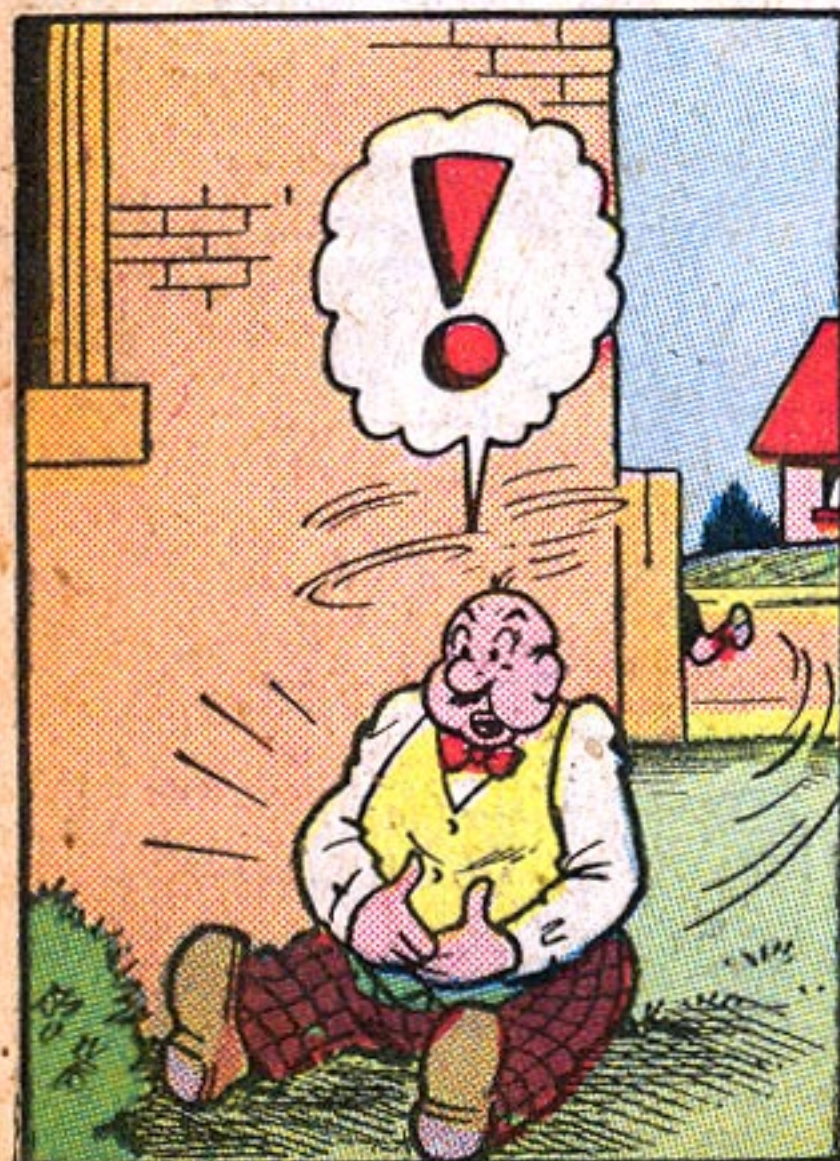
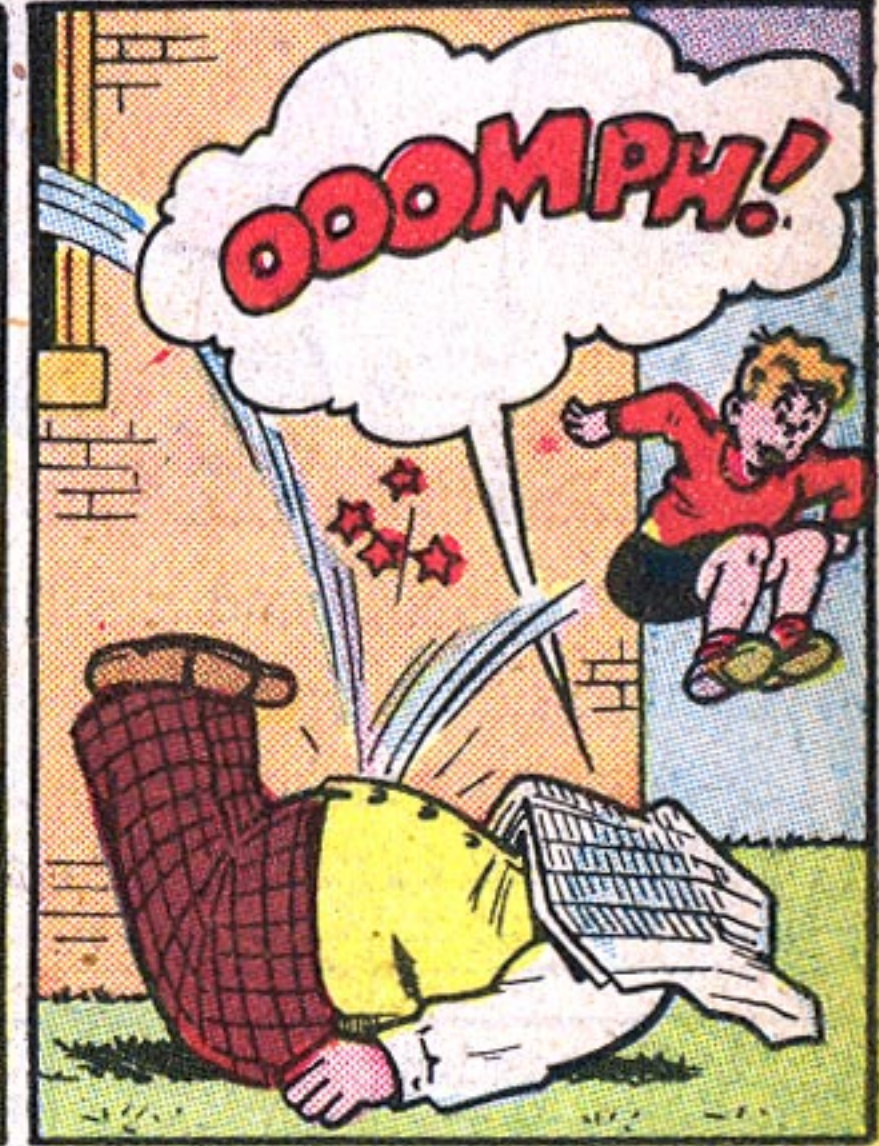
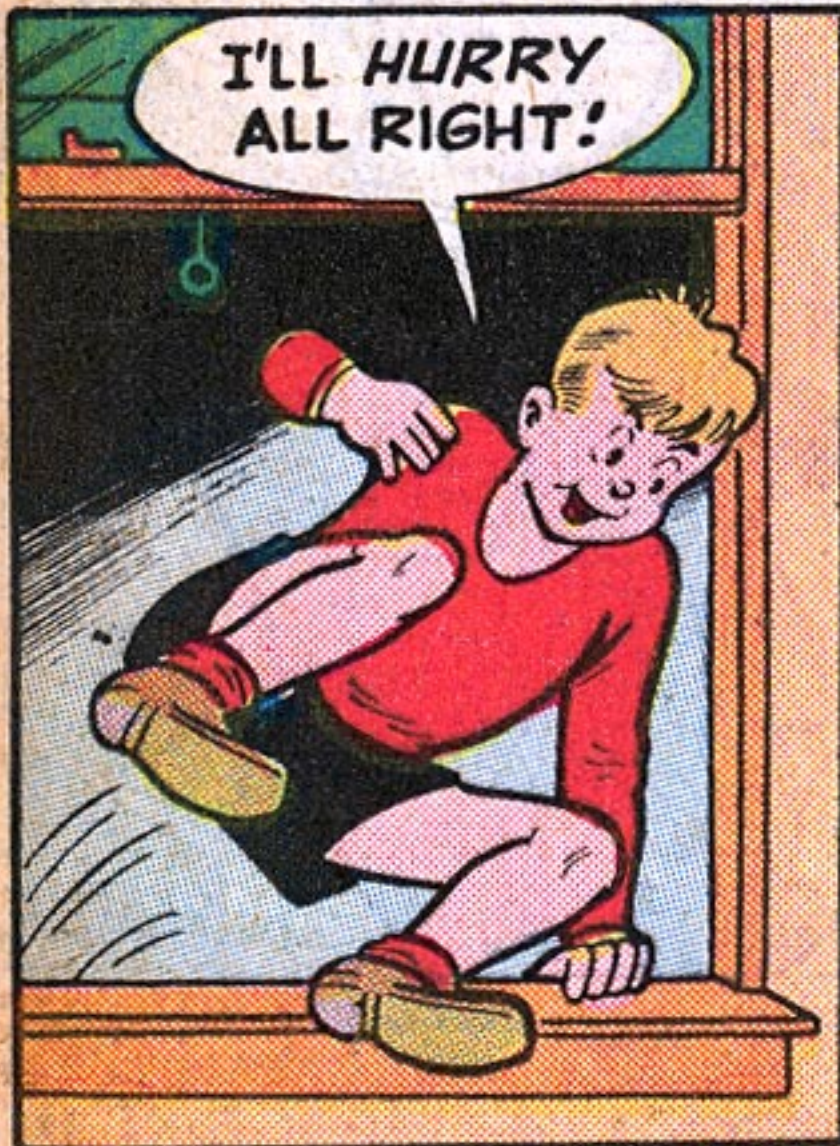
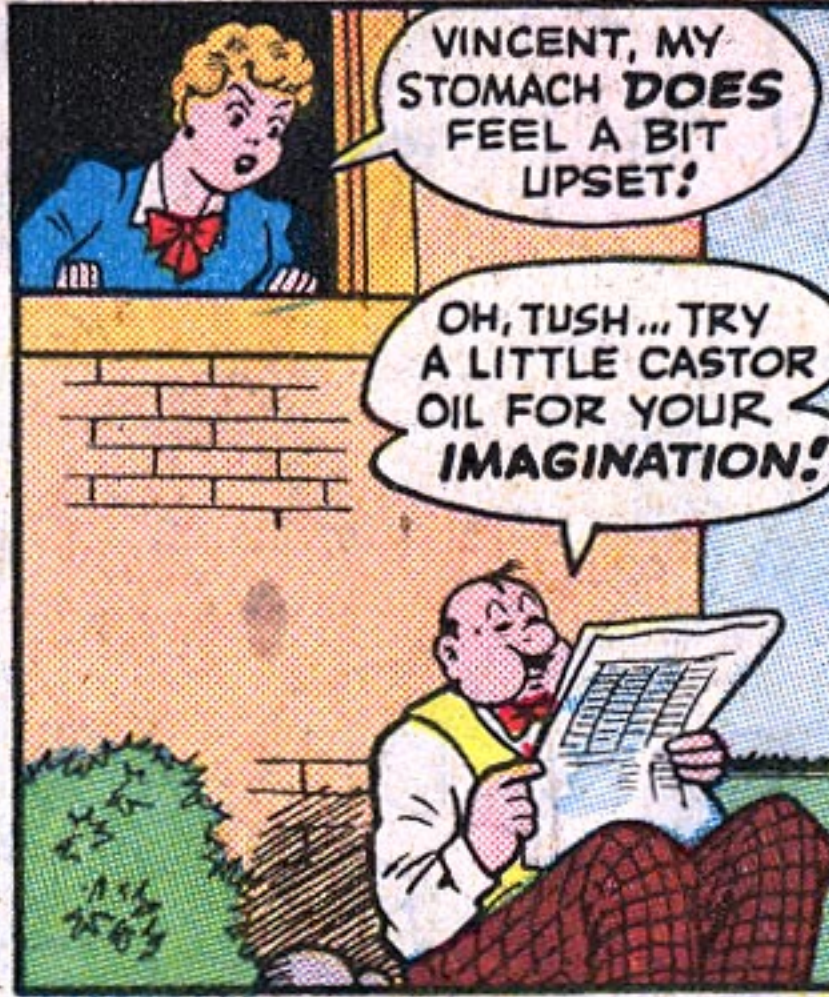
The Paloozas' nephew, Polycarp, is visiting them for a few days...



LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA



SWING SISSON



Swing Sisson and his band didn't mind playing a night club deep in a pirate's cave... but when the pirates returned, Swing figured that was carrying **ATMOSPHERE** a little too far!

Swing Sisson's band is on its way to a new engagement....

WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS GROMAN'S GROTTTO, SWING? I NEVER HEARD OF IT!

IT'S BRAND NEW, BONNIE-- AND QUITE A SPOT, THEY TELL ME!



IT'S BUILT IN AN OLD PIRATE'S CAVE FACING THE OCEAN! THE CAVE RUNS FAR BACK -- SO FAR IT'S NEVER BEEN ALL EXPLORED!

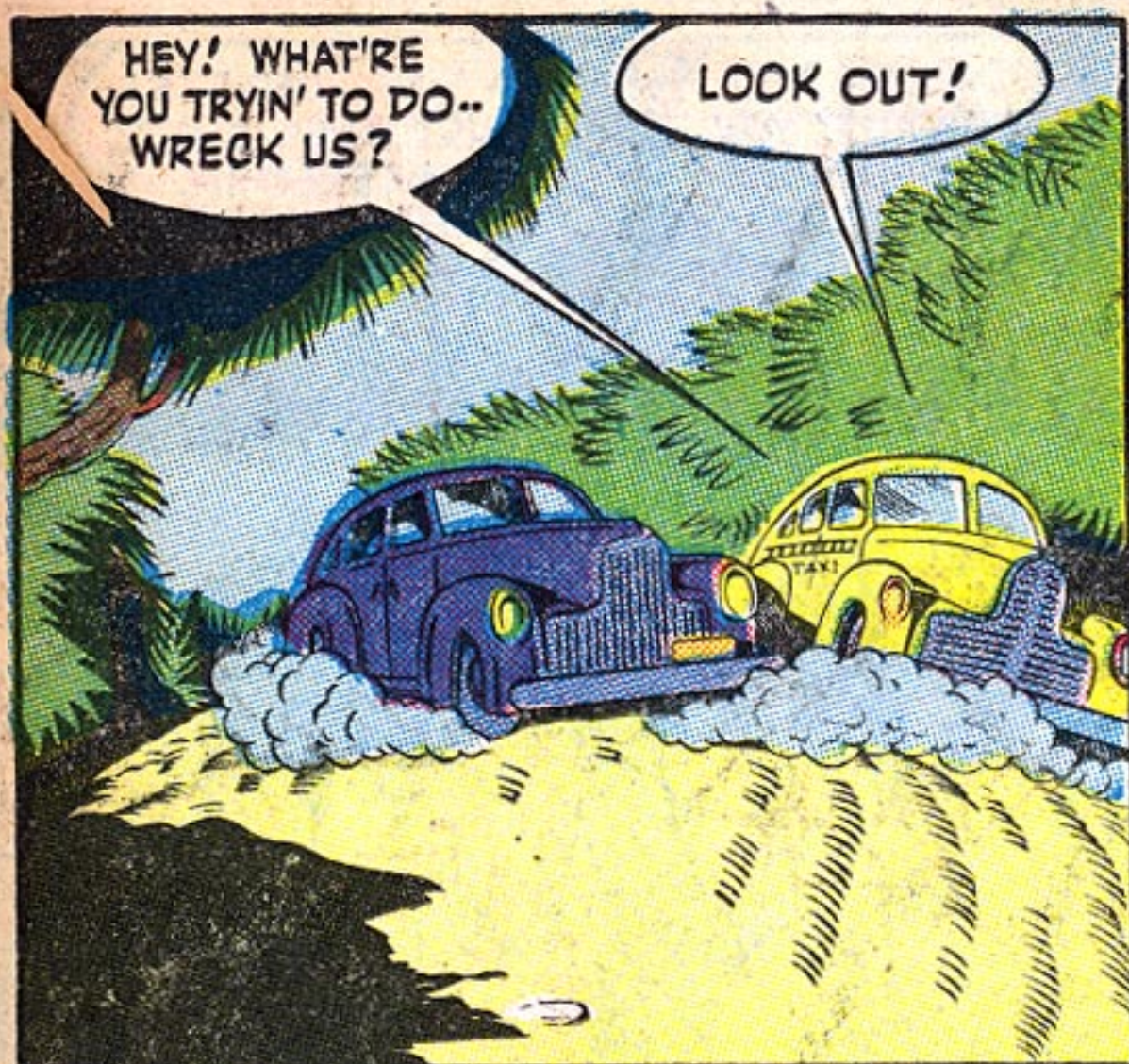
BRRRR! SOUNDS CREEPY-- BUT FOR THE MONEY THEY'RE PAYING US, I GUESS WE CAN STAND IT!



THERE THEY GO, MISTER MANNING! THAT'S SISSON, ALL RIGHT!

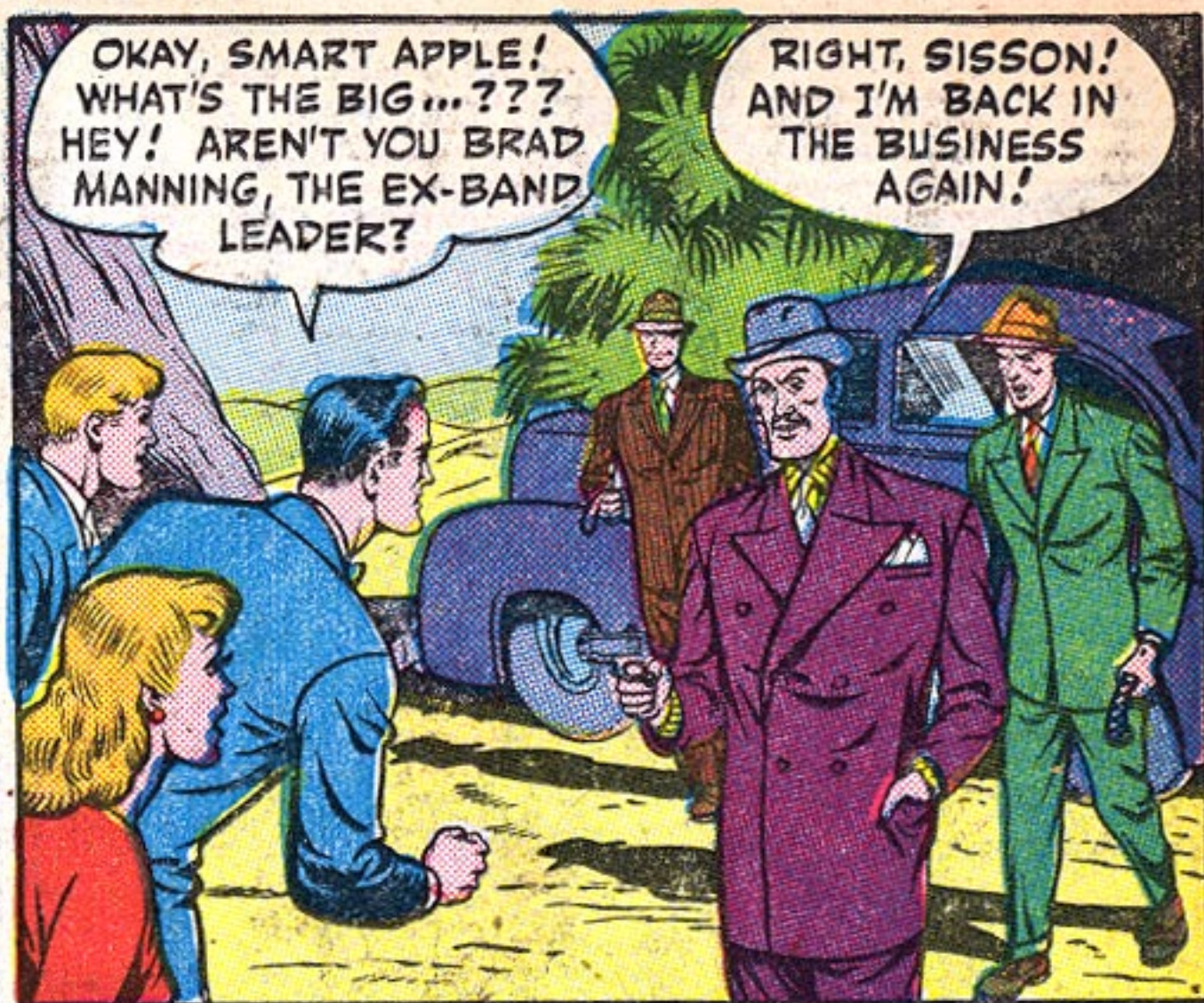
THEN WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GET GOING!





HEY! WHAT'RE YOU TRYIN' TO DO-- WRECK US?

LOOK OUT!



OKAY, SMART APPLE! WHAT'S THE BIG...??? HEY! AREN'T YOU BRAD MANNING, THE EX-BAND LEADER?

RIGHT, SISSON! AND I'M BACK IN THE BUSINESS AGAIN!



I WAS ALL SET TO PLAY AT THE GROTTO UNTIL GROMAN DECIDED TO HIRE **YOUR** BAND INSTEAD!

SO WHAT? IT'S HIS PRIVILEGE TO HIRE THE BAND HE WANTS! DID YOU RUN US OFF THE ROAD JUST TO TELL US THAT?



NO, SWING! TO GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE TO JUMP THE JOB AND SCRAM! I WANT THAT JOB!

NOW HE'S TALKING A LANGUAGE I CAN UNDERSTAND! HE MEANS HE WANTS TO PLAY KNUCKLE-JAW, SWING!



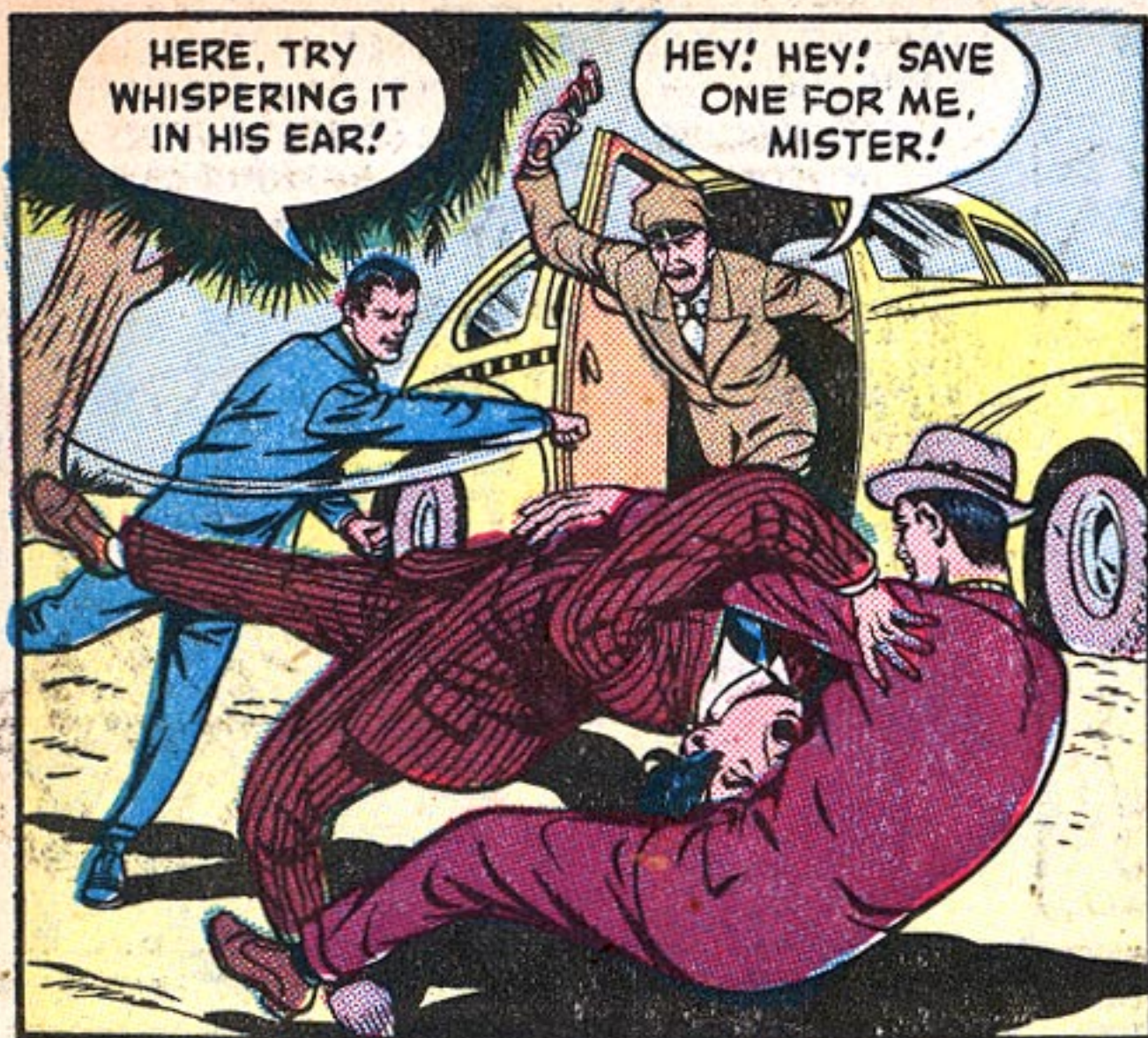
DON'T SWING THAT BLACKJACK UNDER MY NOSE, DOPEY!

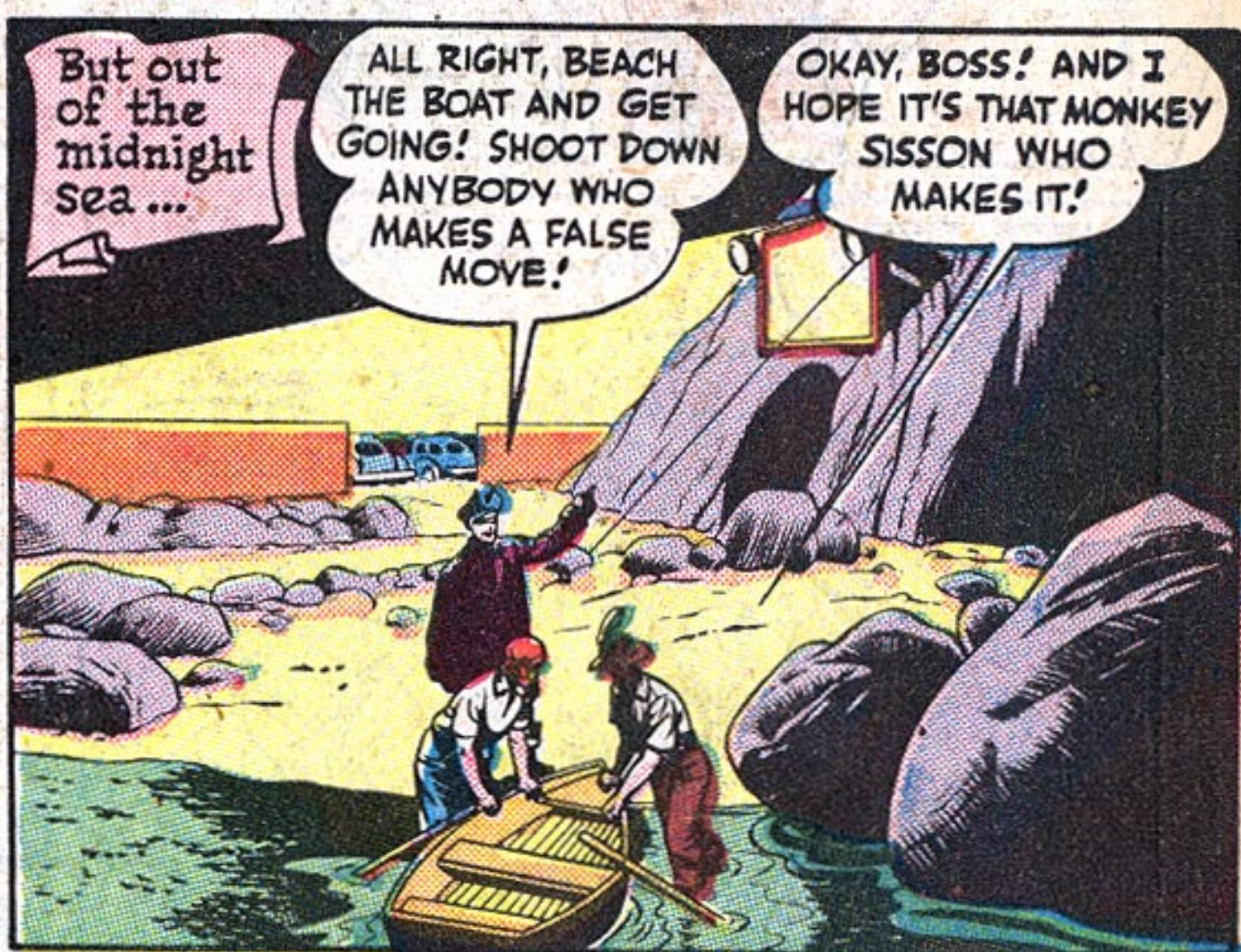
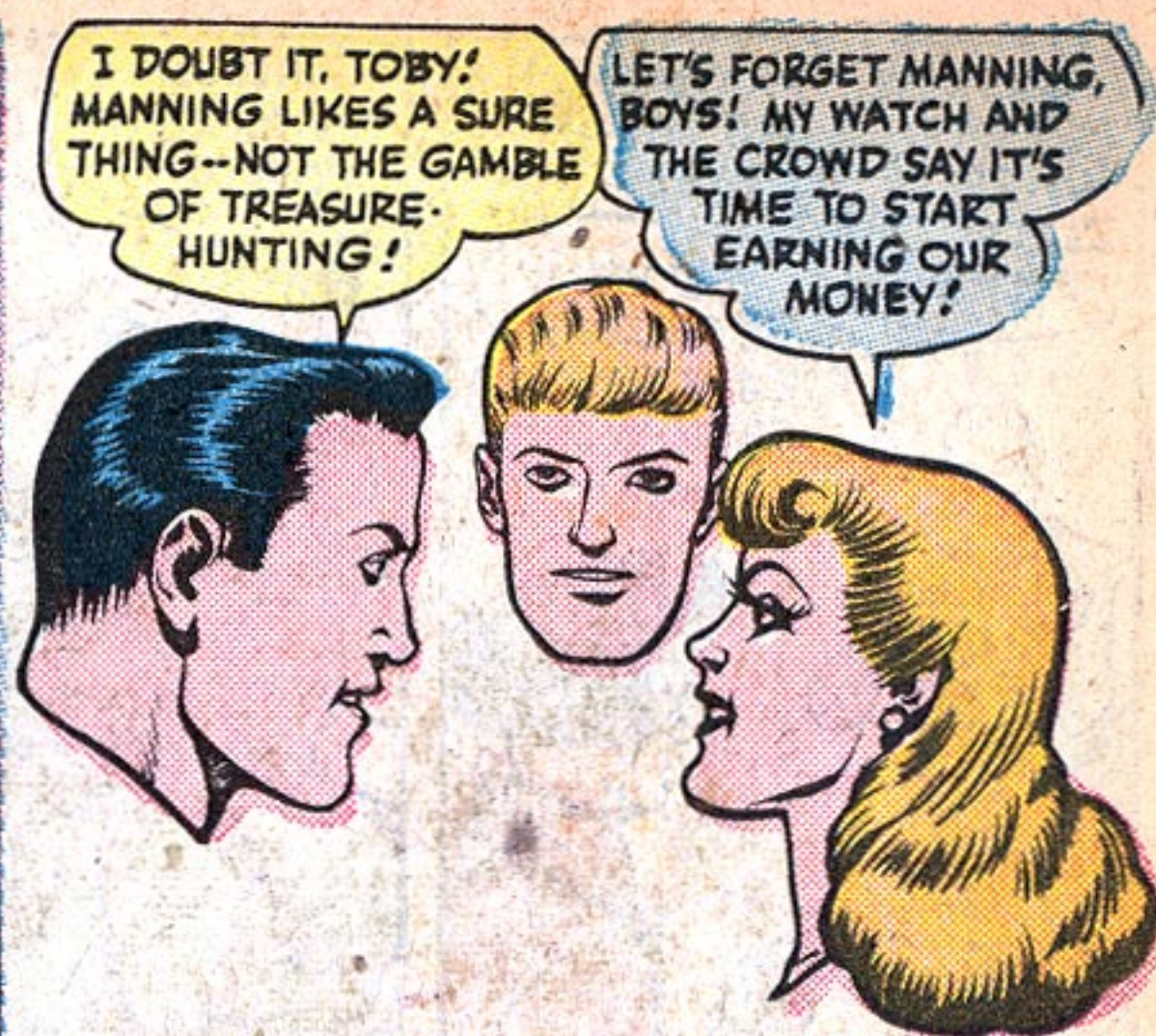
THEY'RE ASKIN' FOR TROUBLE! LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!

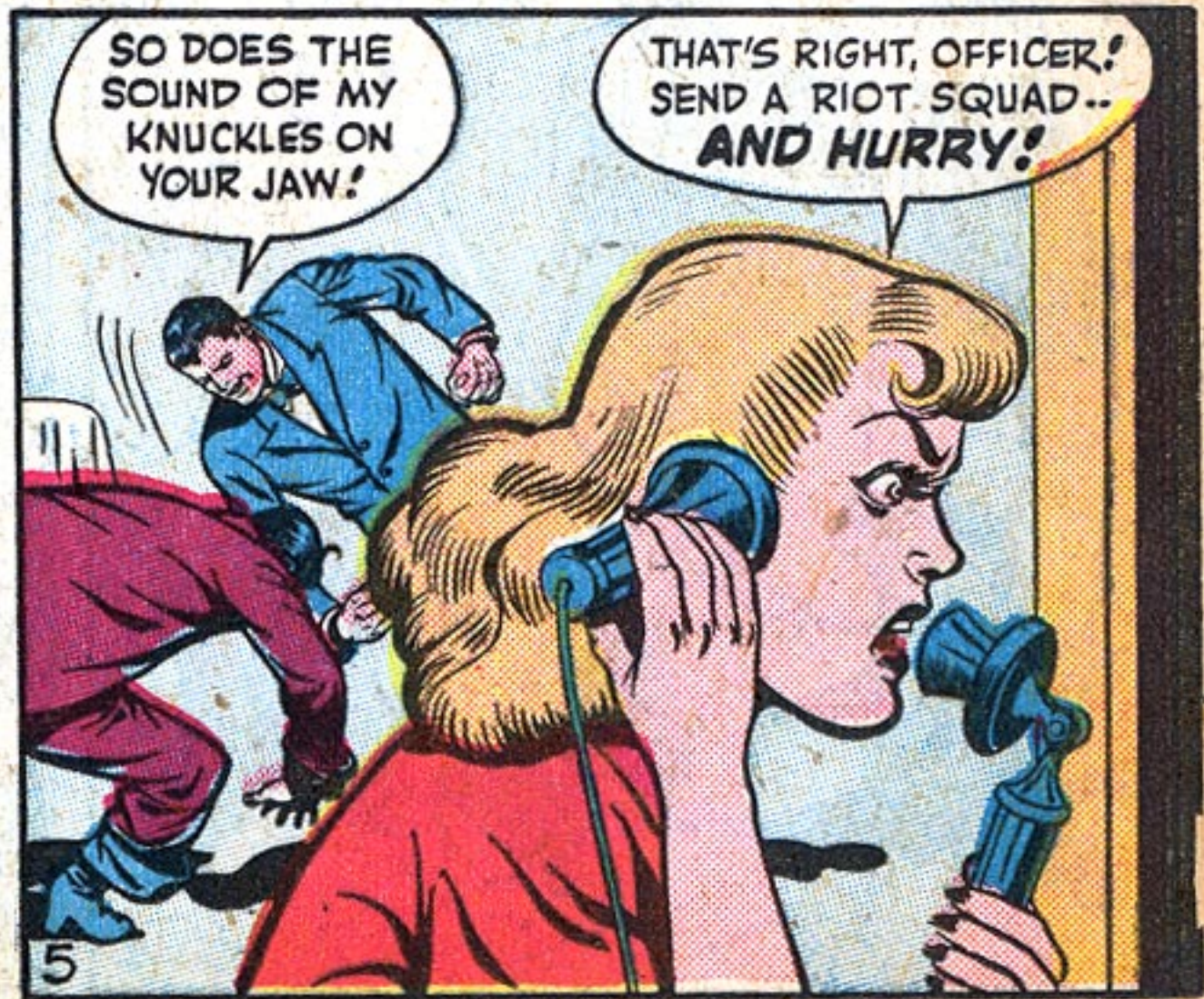
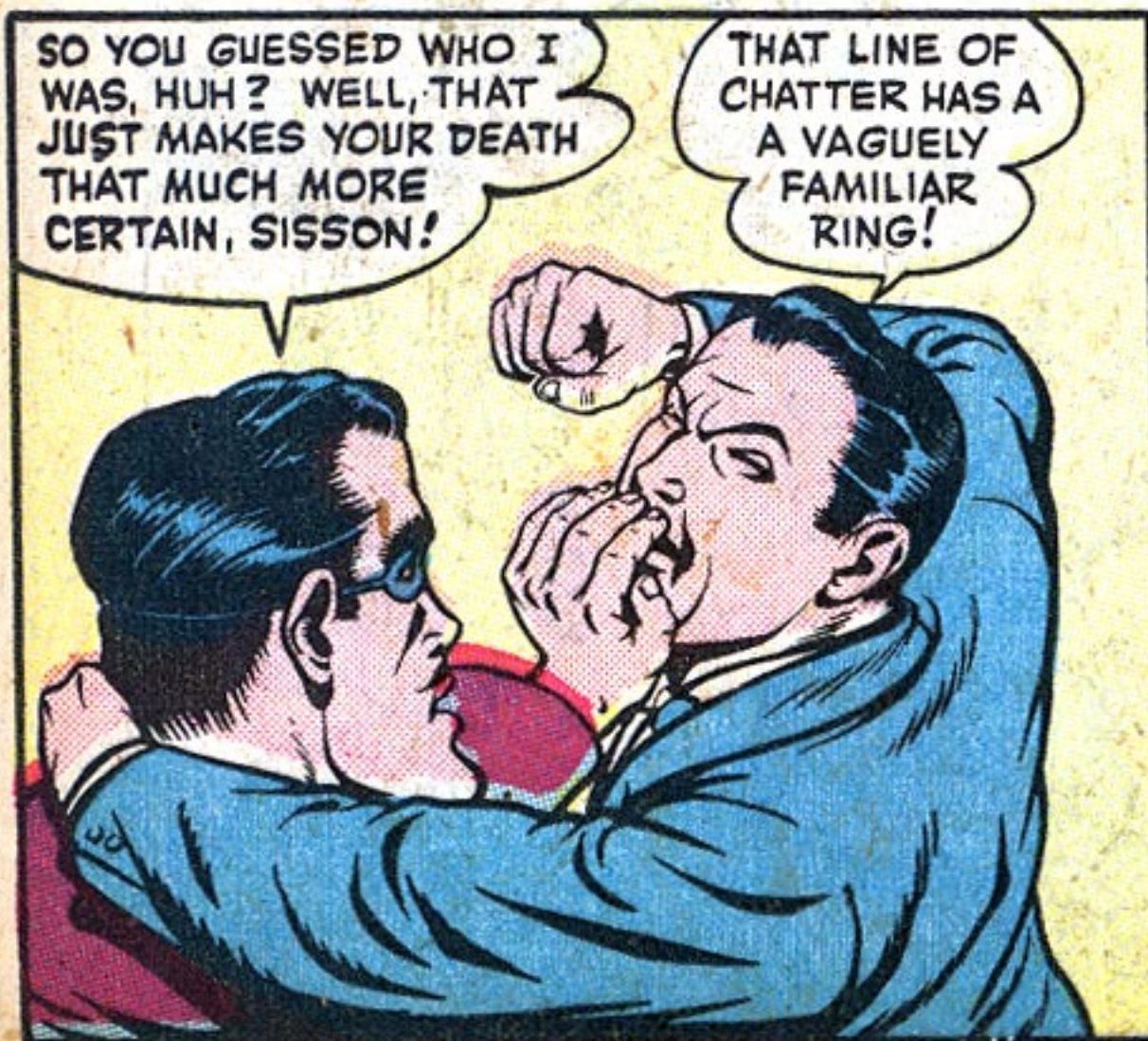
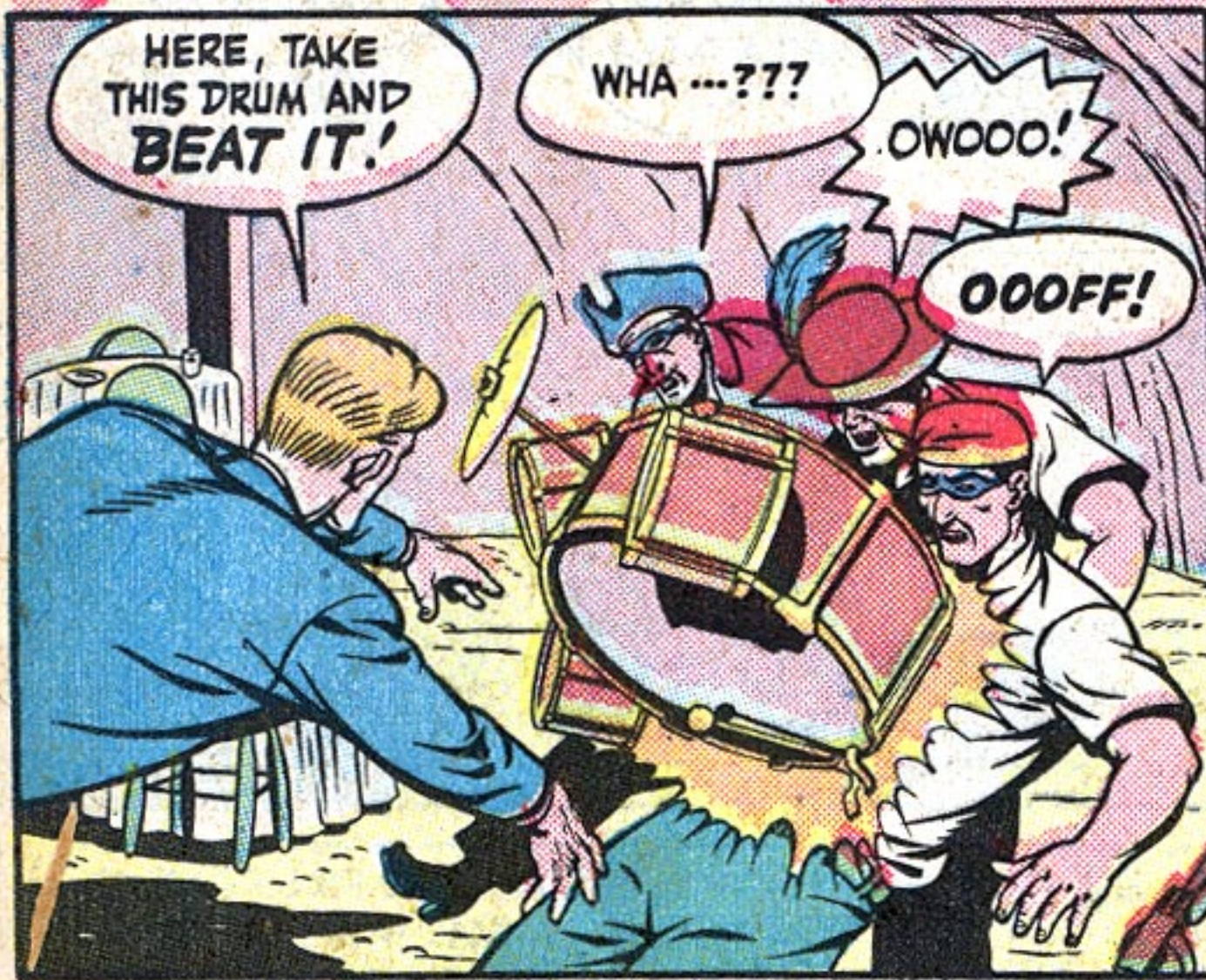


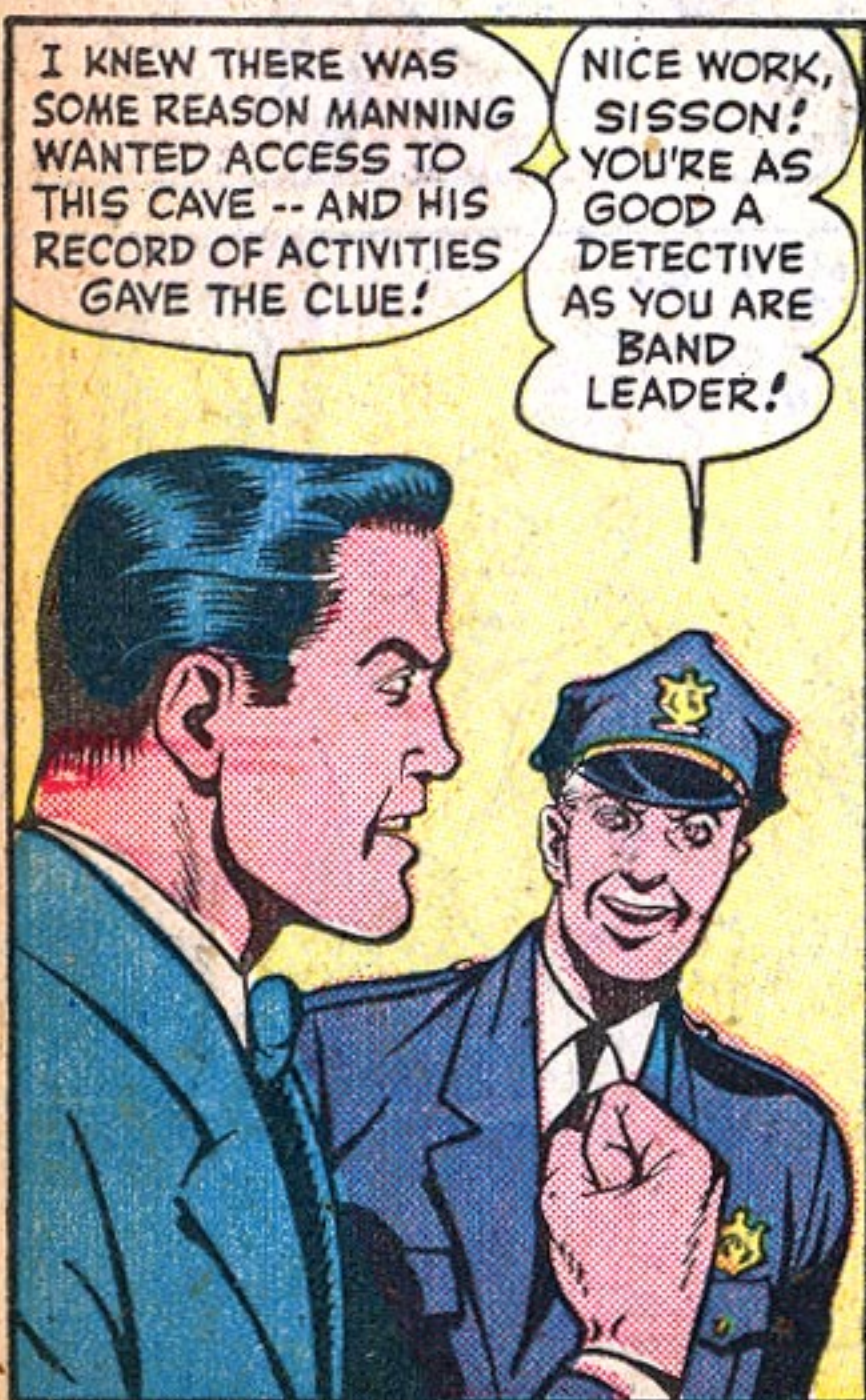
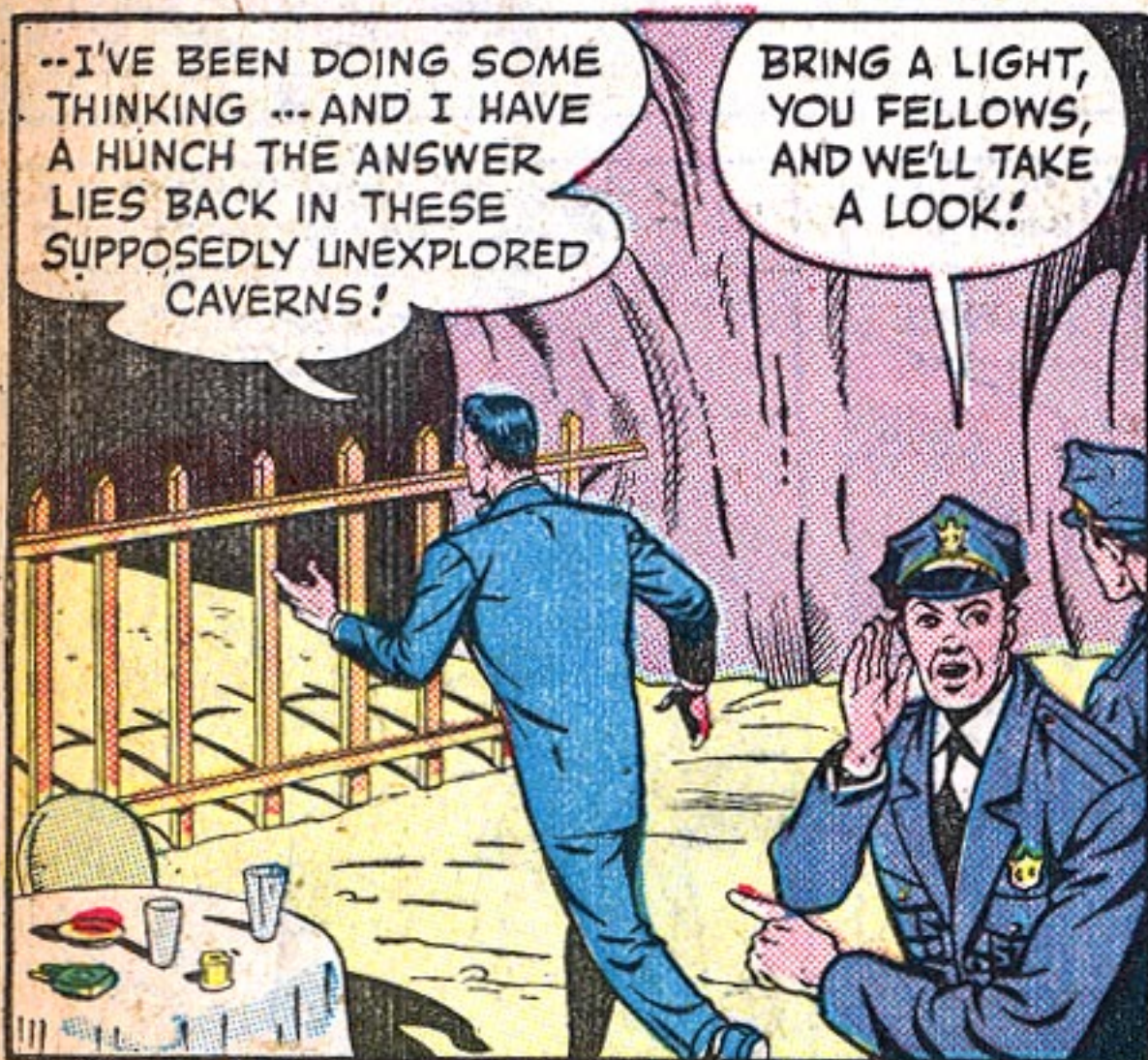
ROUGH 'EM UP! BATTER 'EM SO THEY **CAN'T** PLAY!

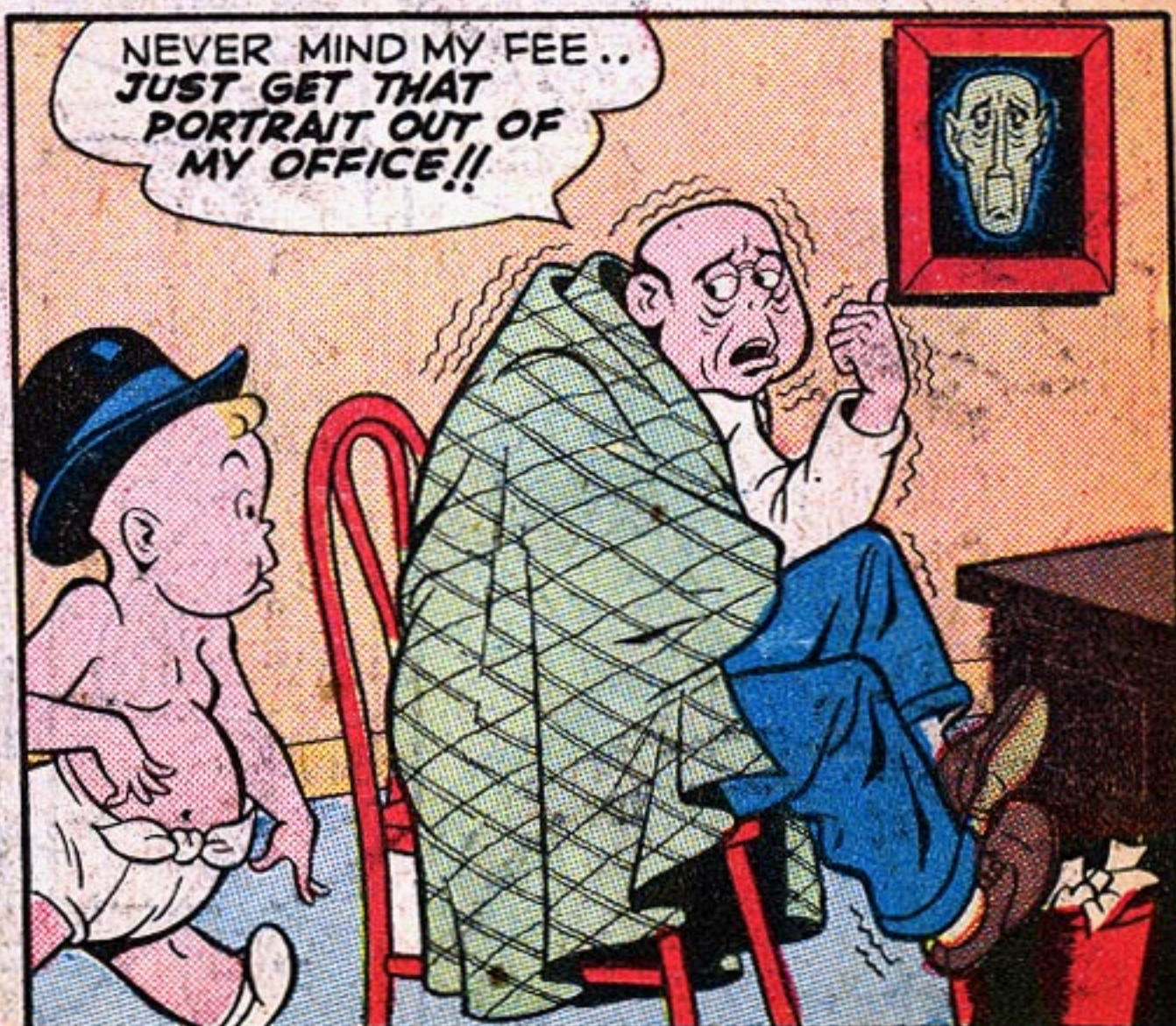
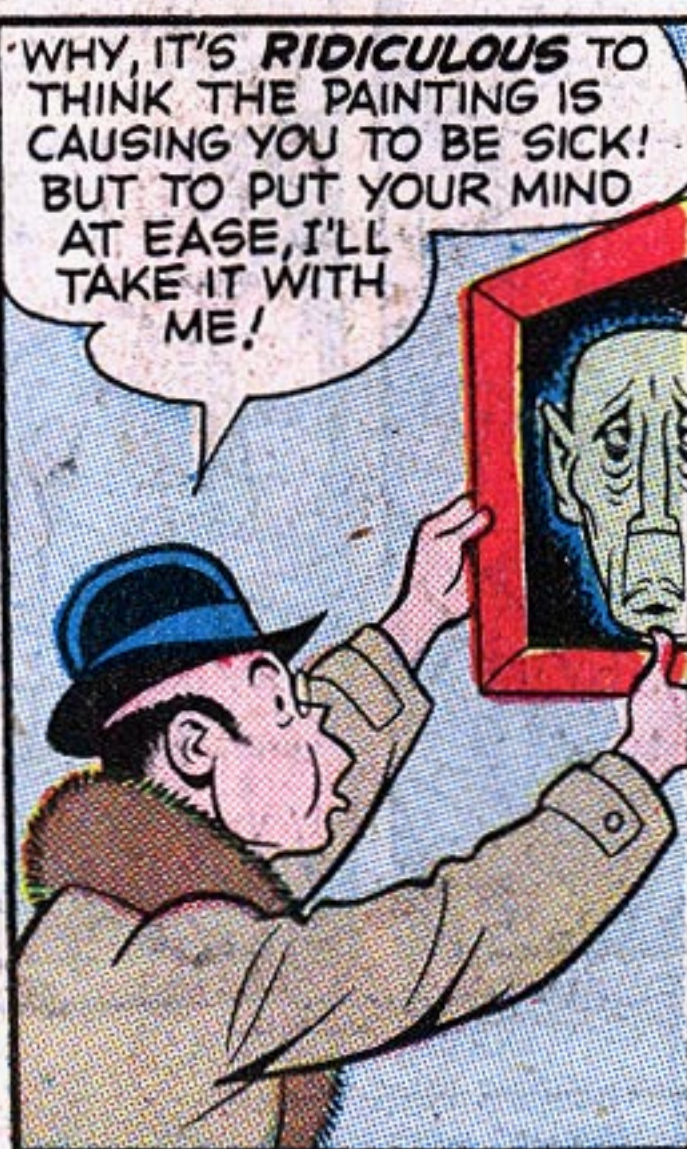
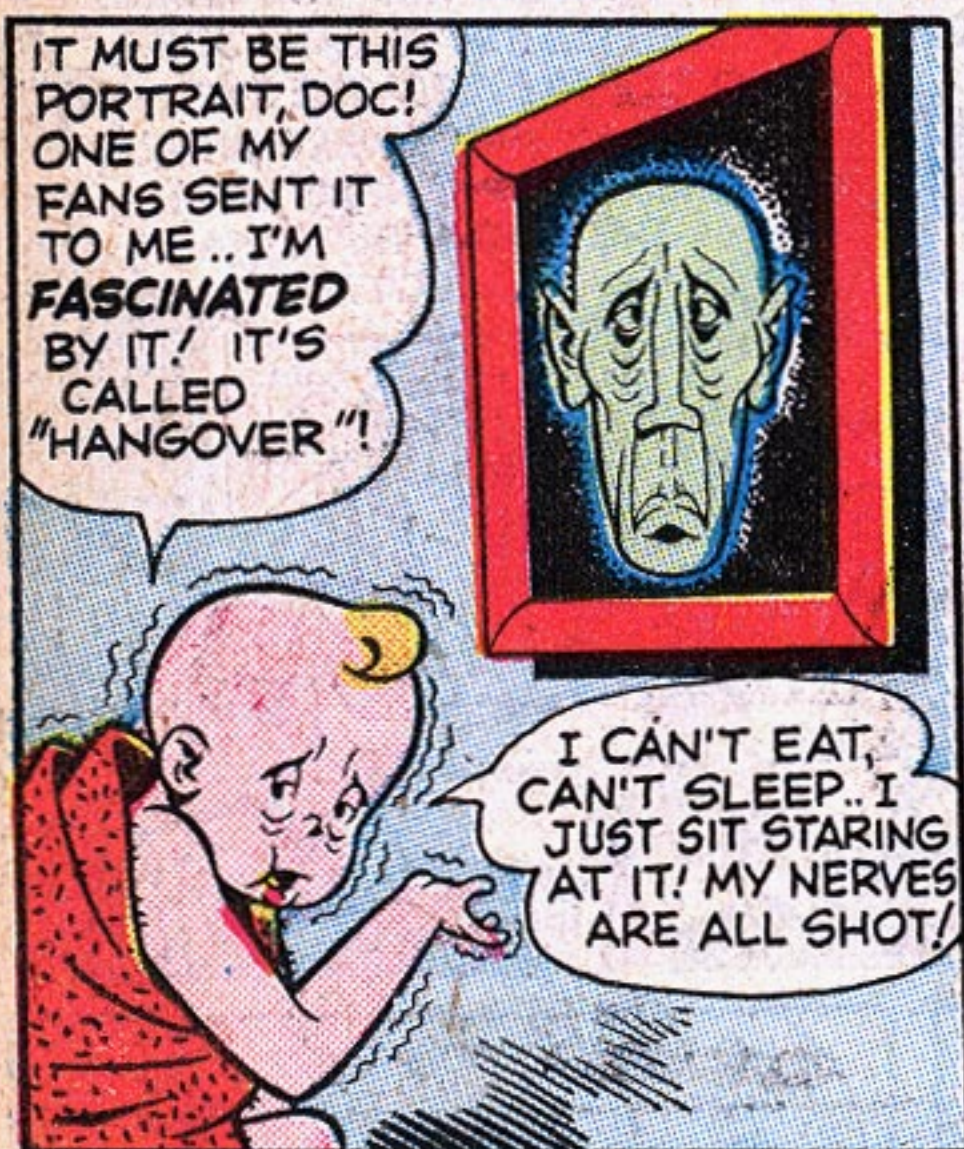
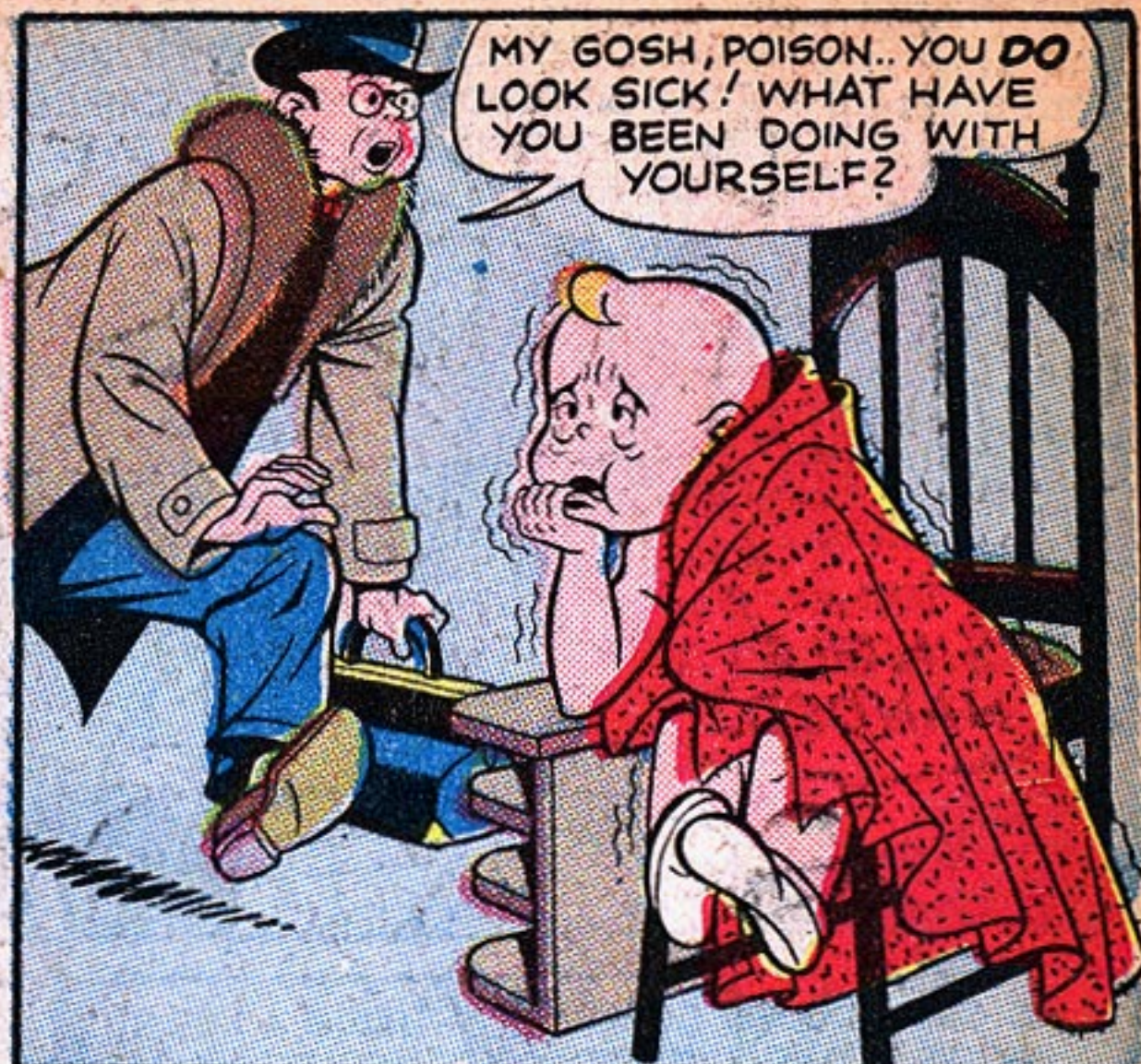
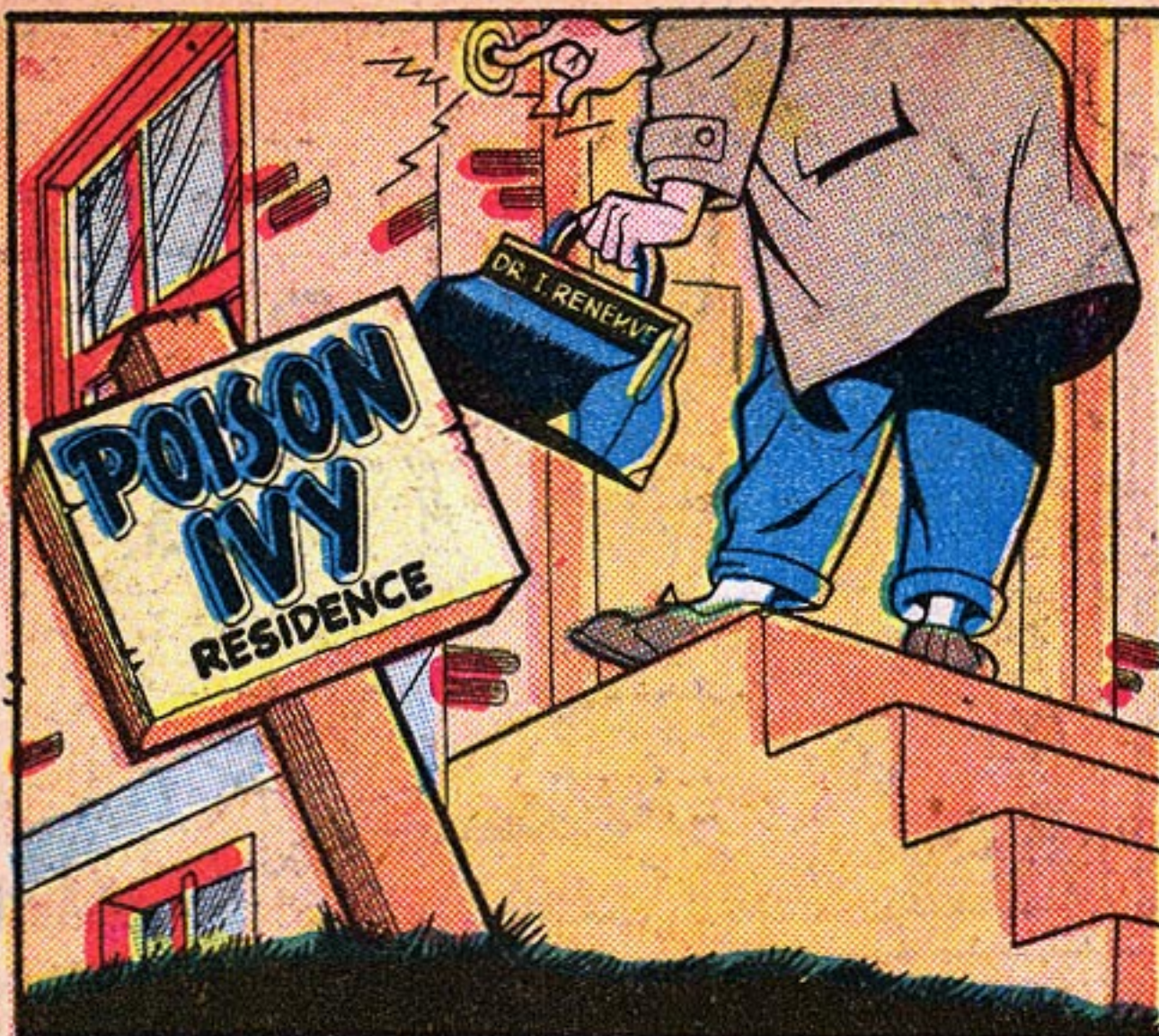
YOU'D BETTER SHOW THE BOYS WHAT YOU MEAN, MANNING! THEY DON'T SEEM TO GET THE IDEA!



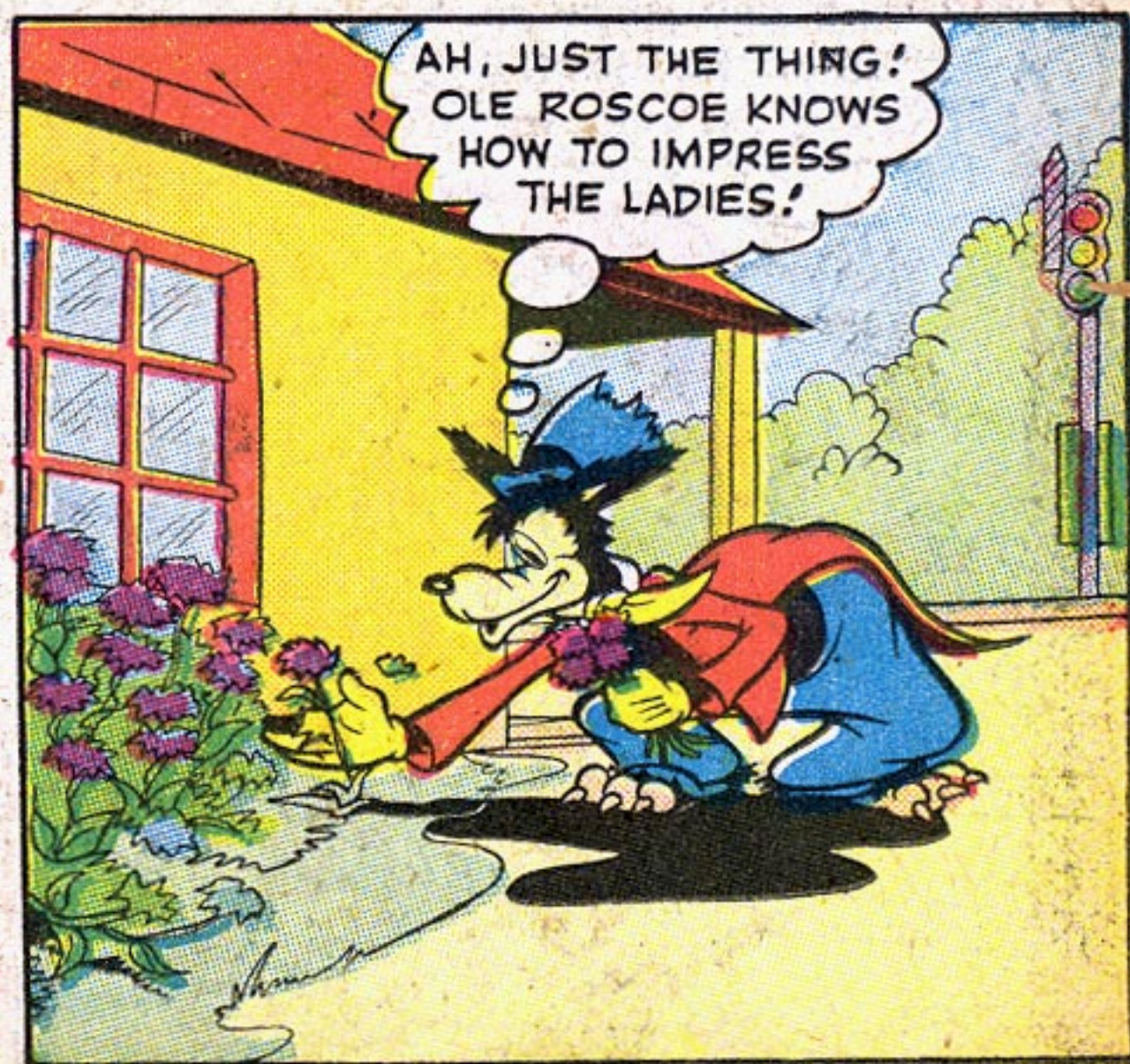
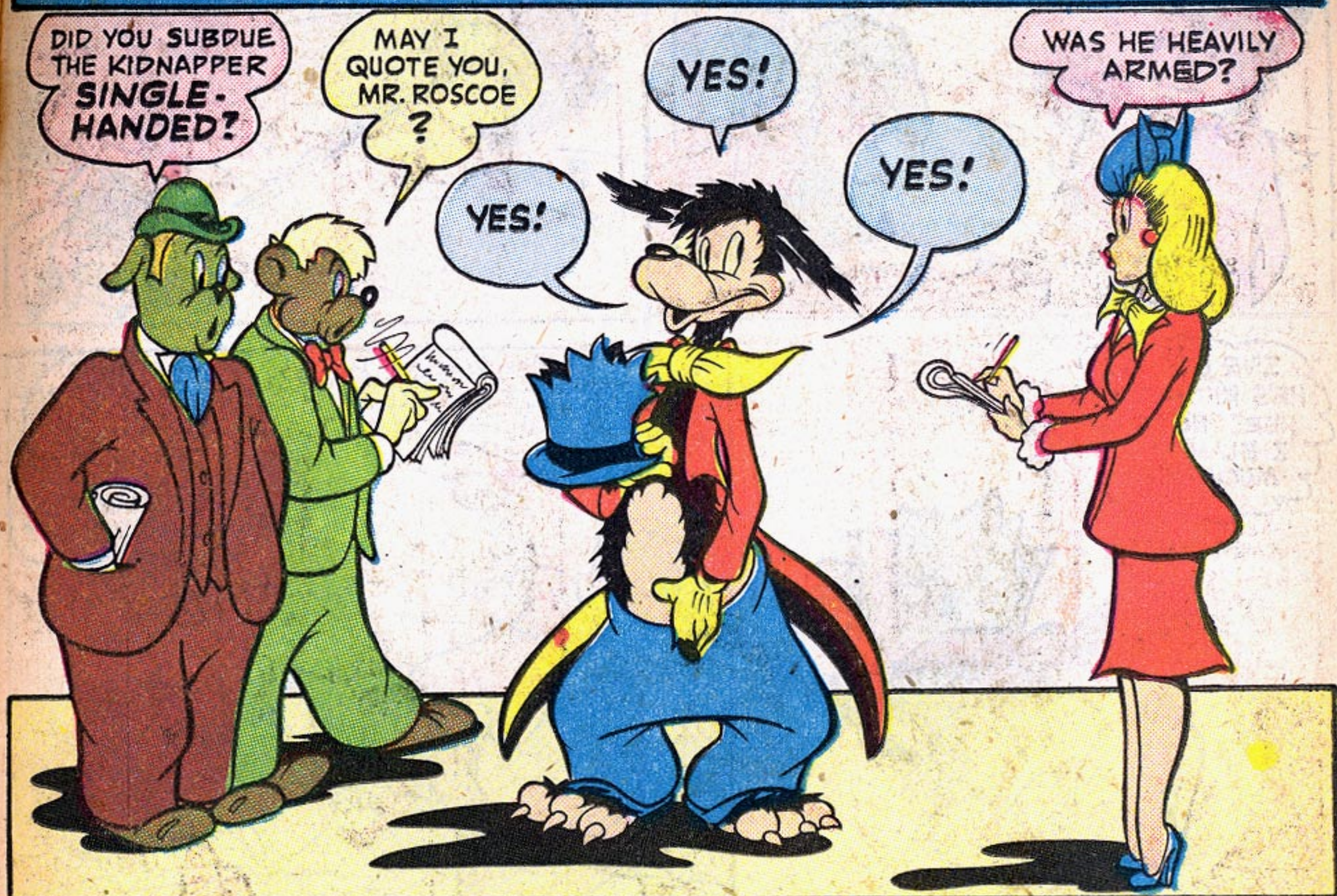


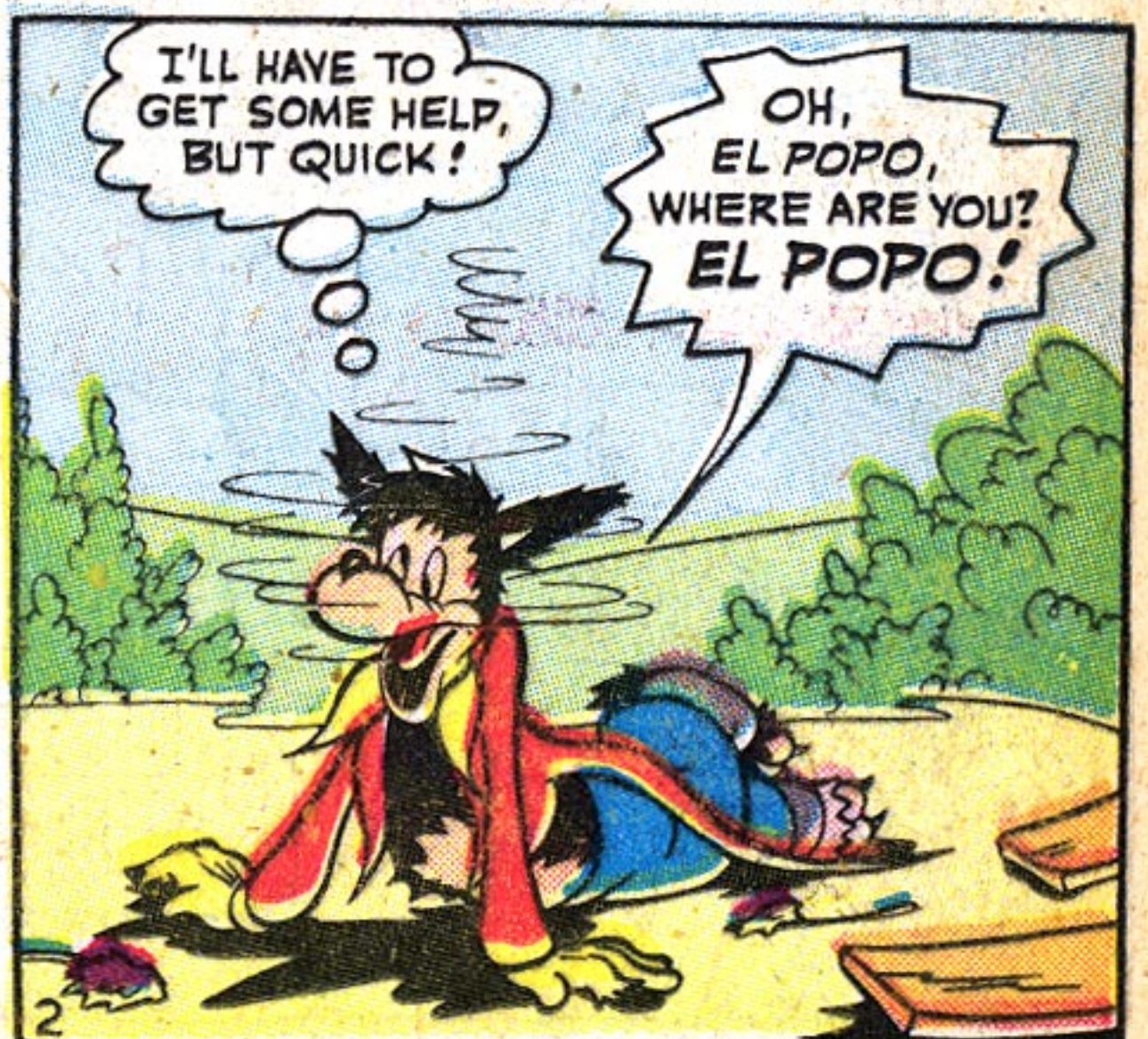
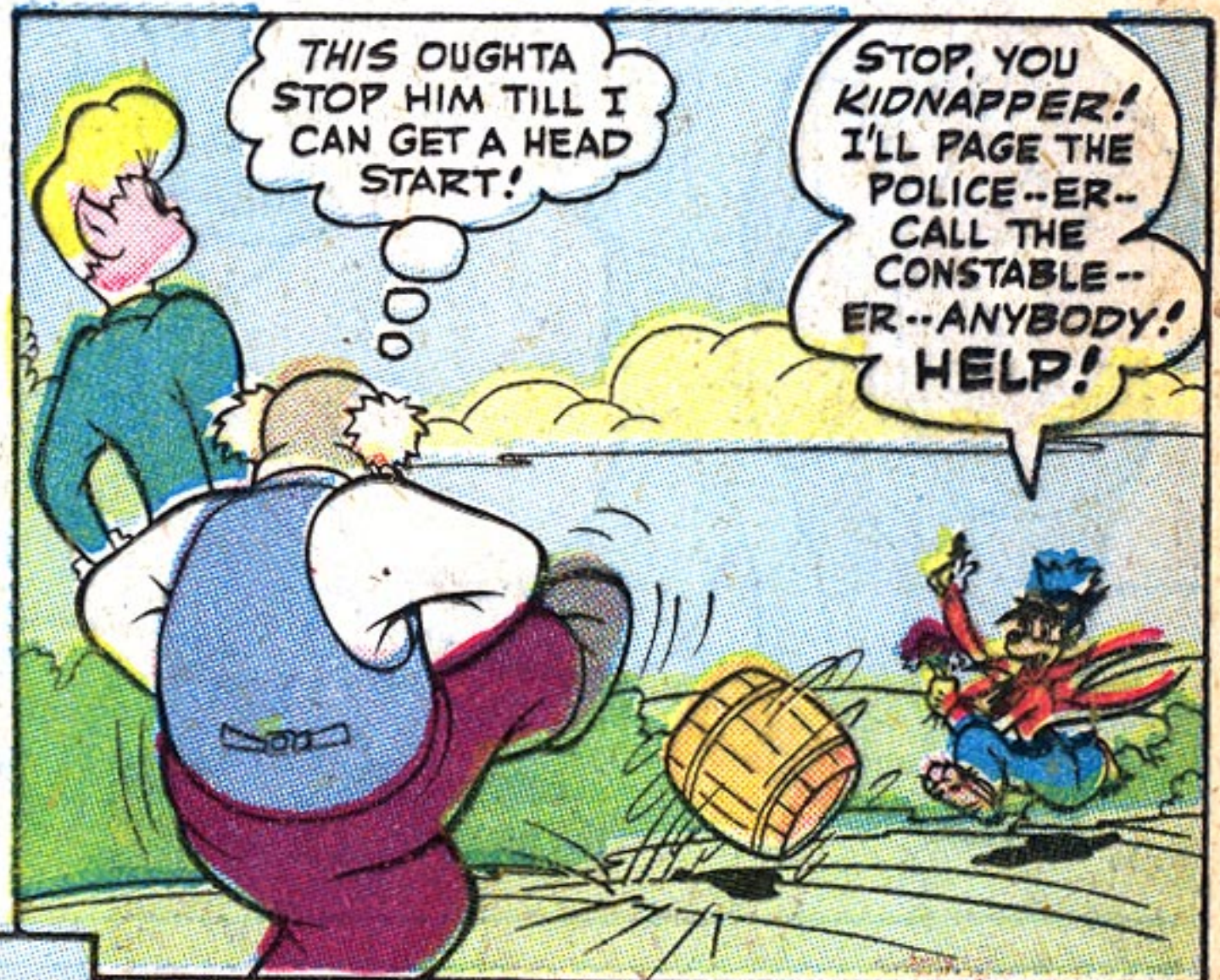
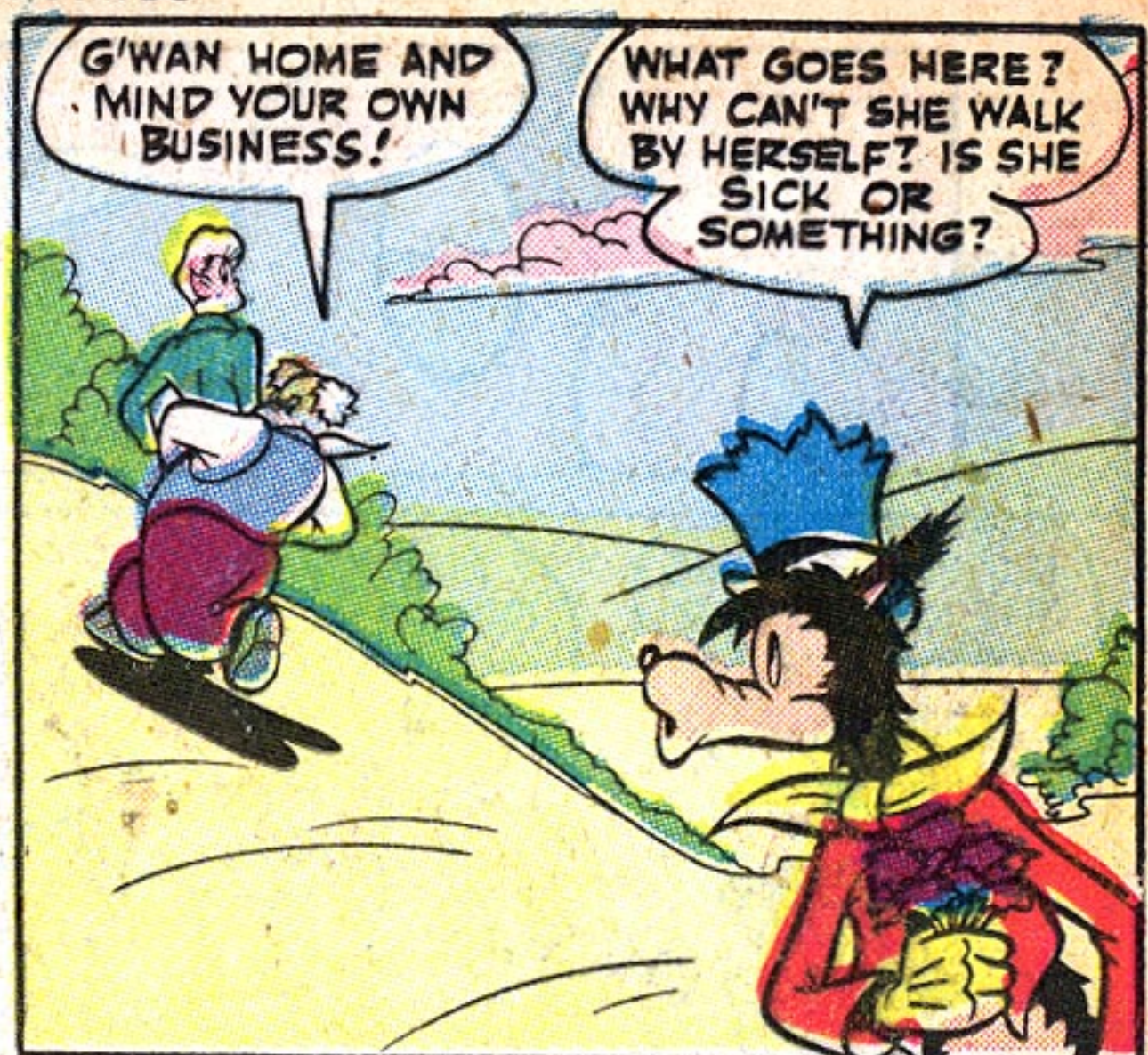
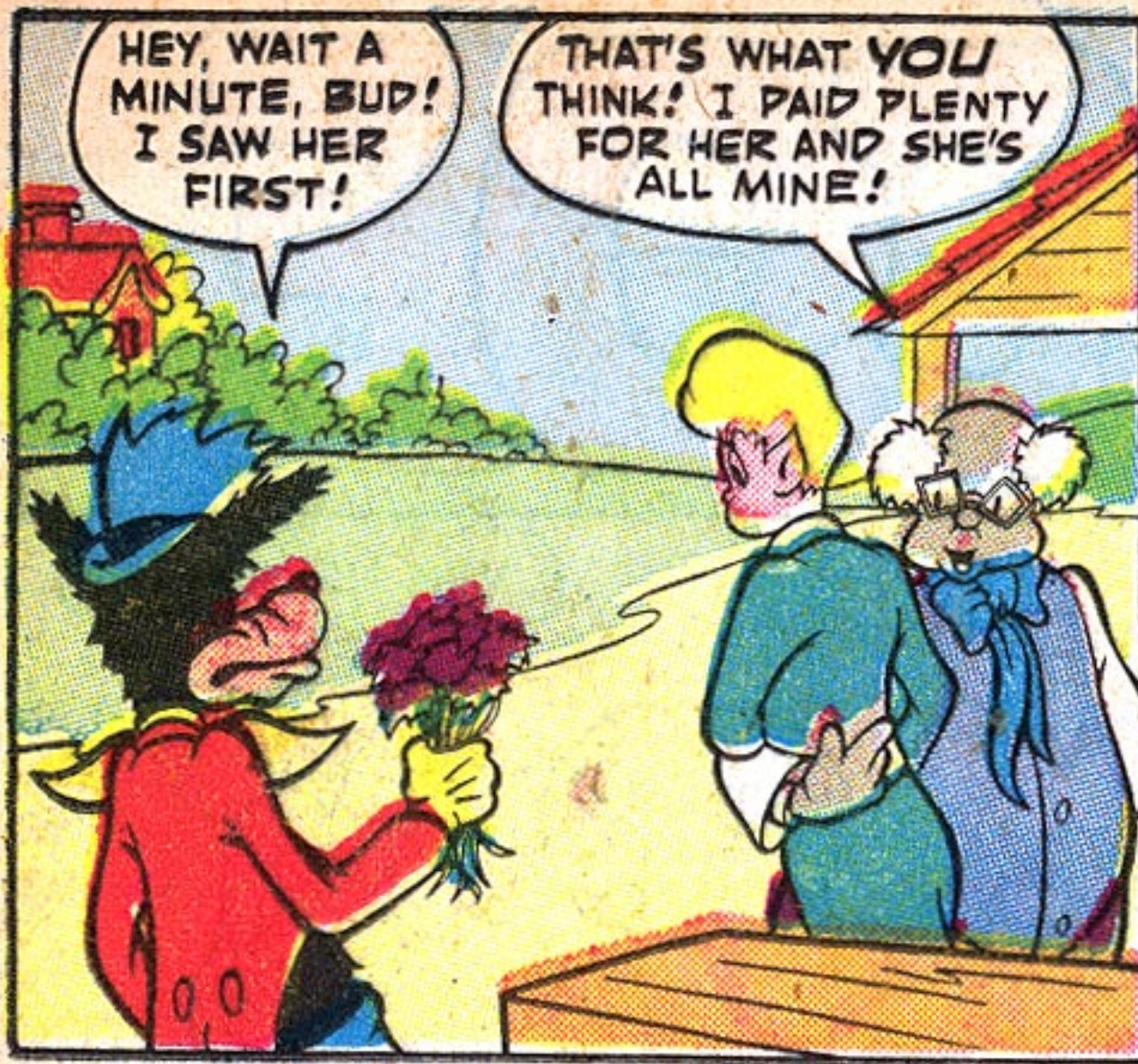


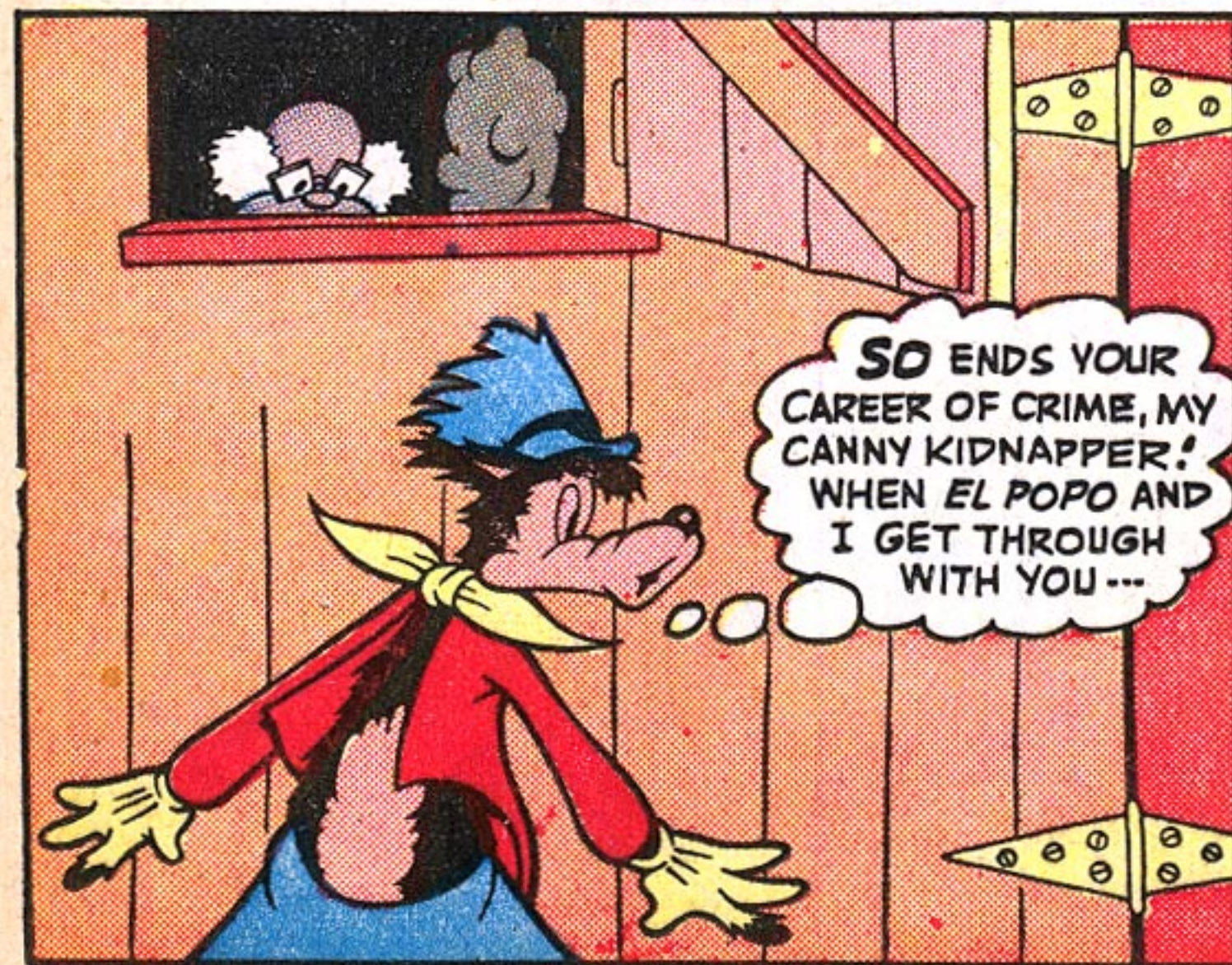
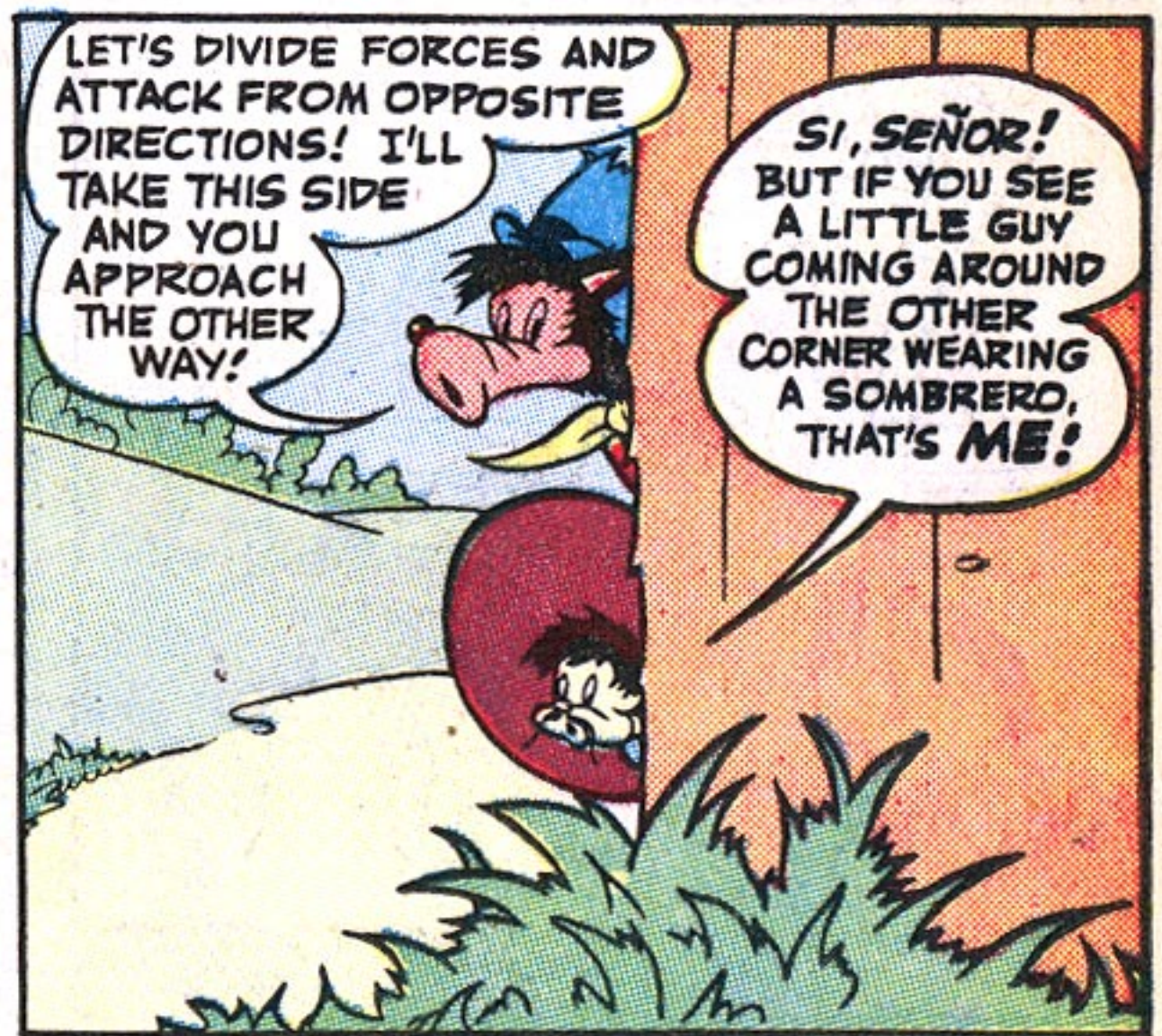
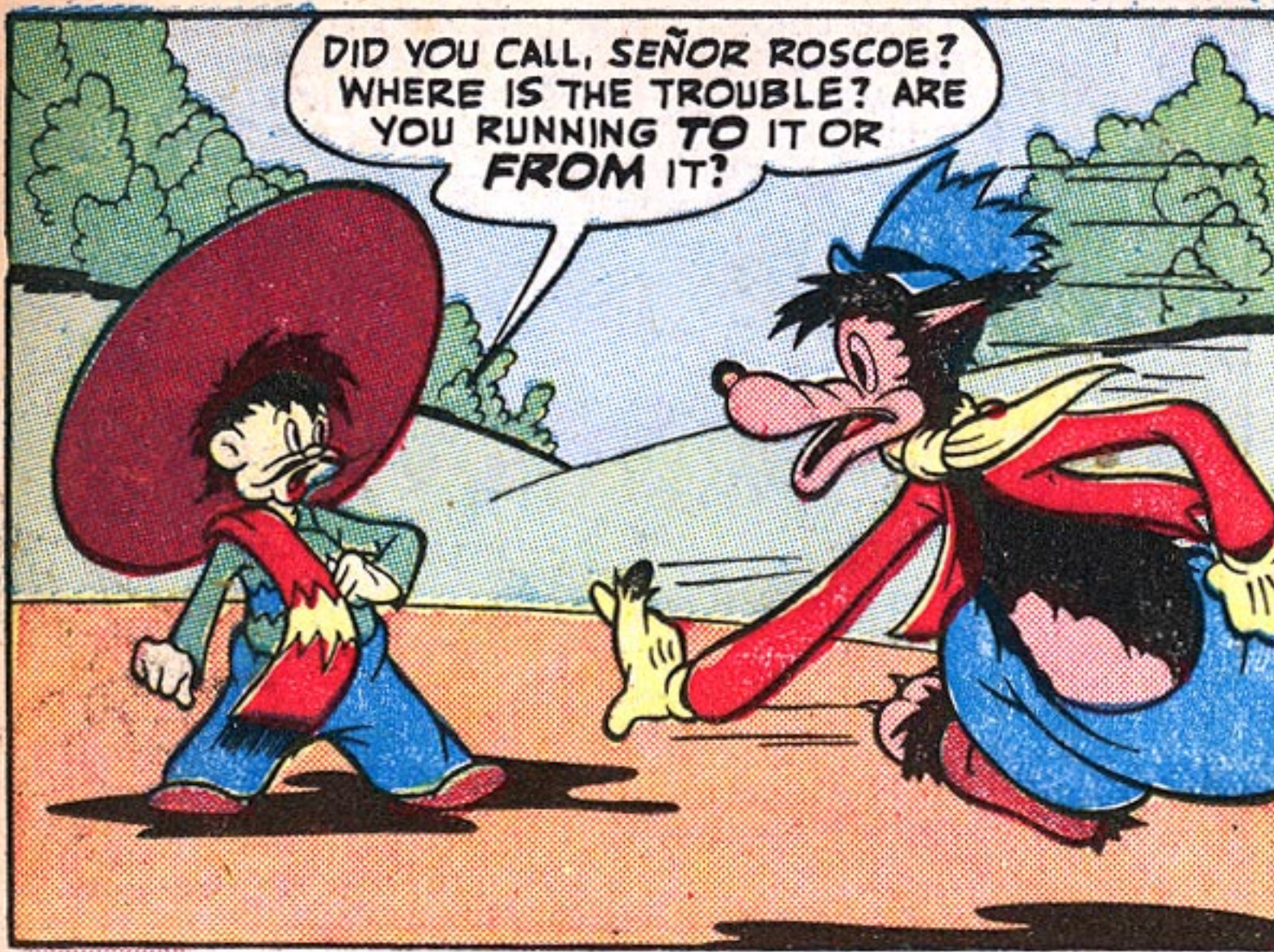


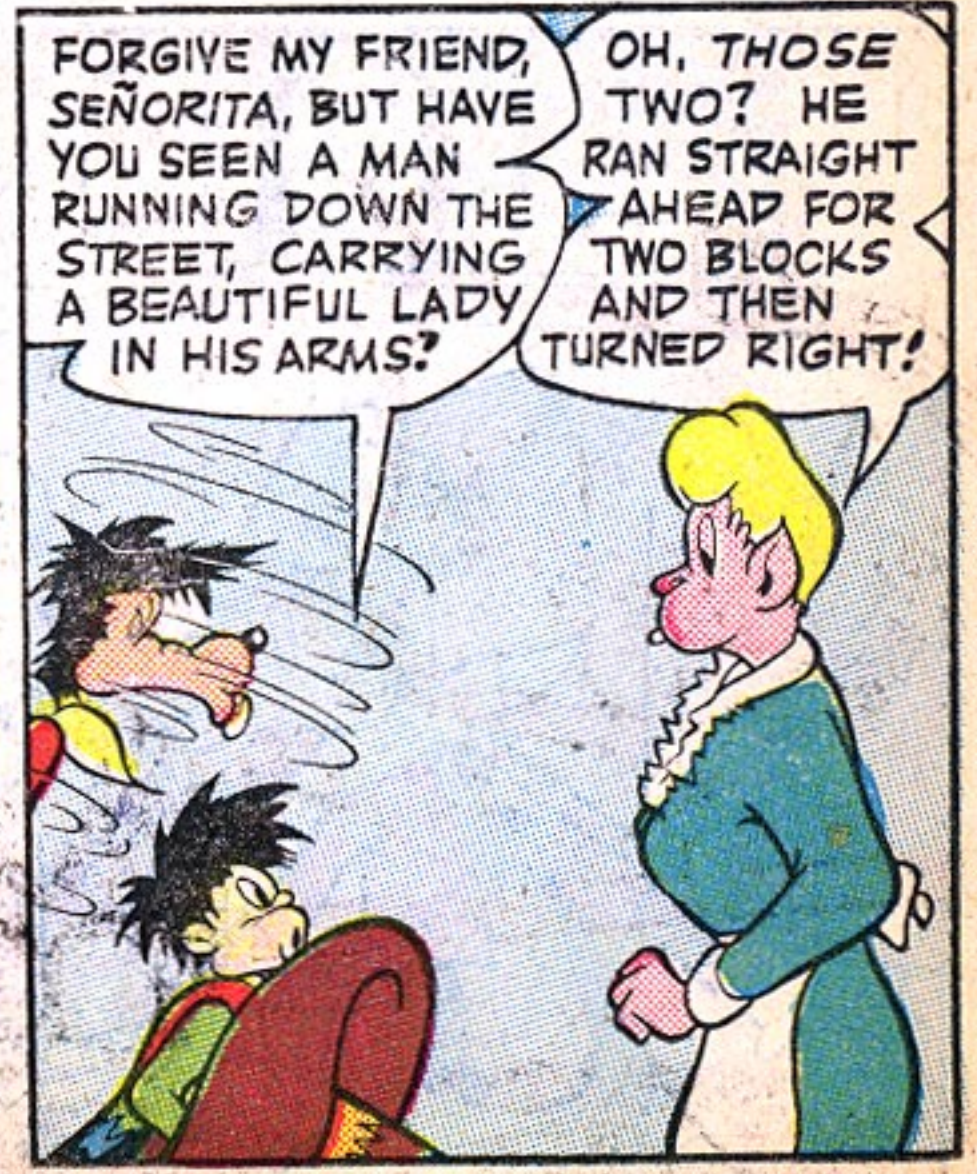
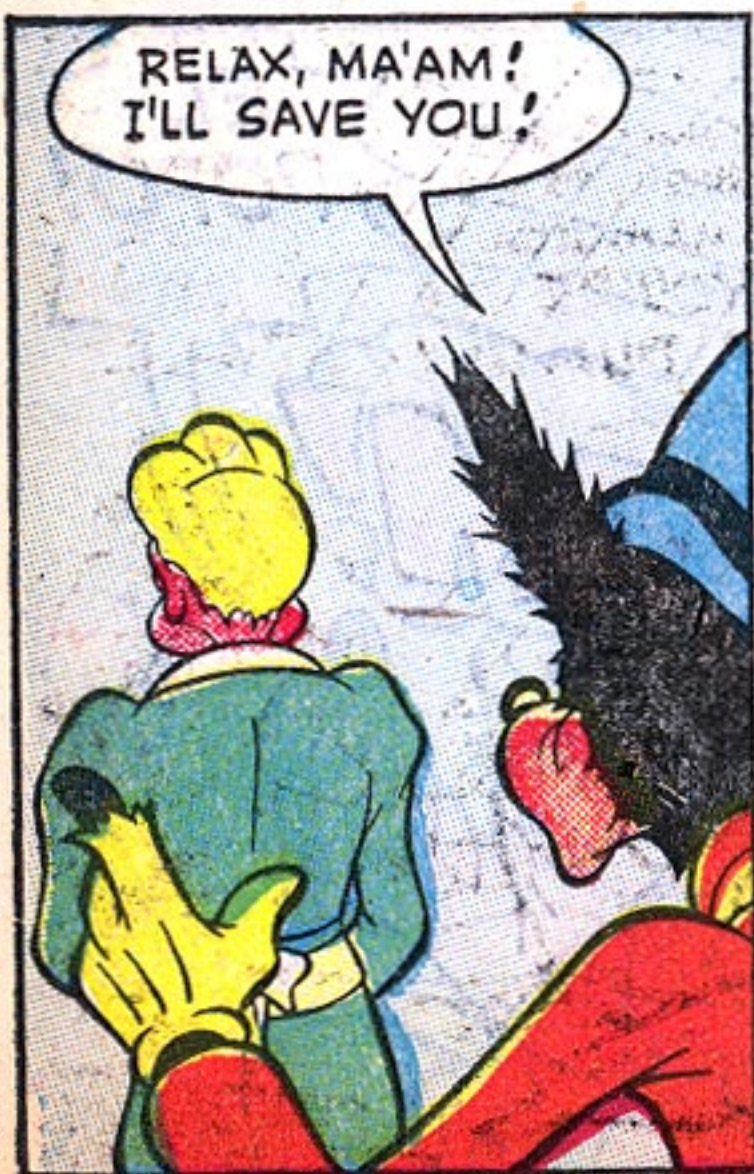
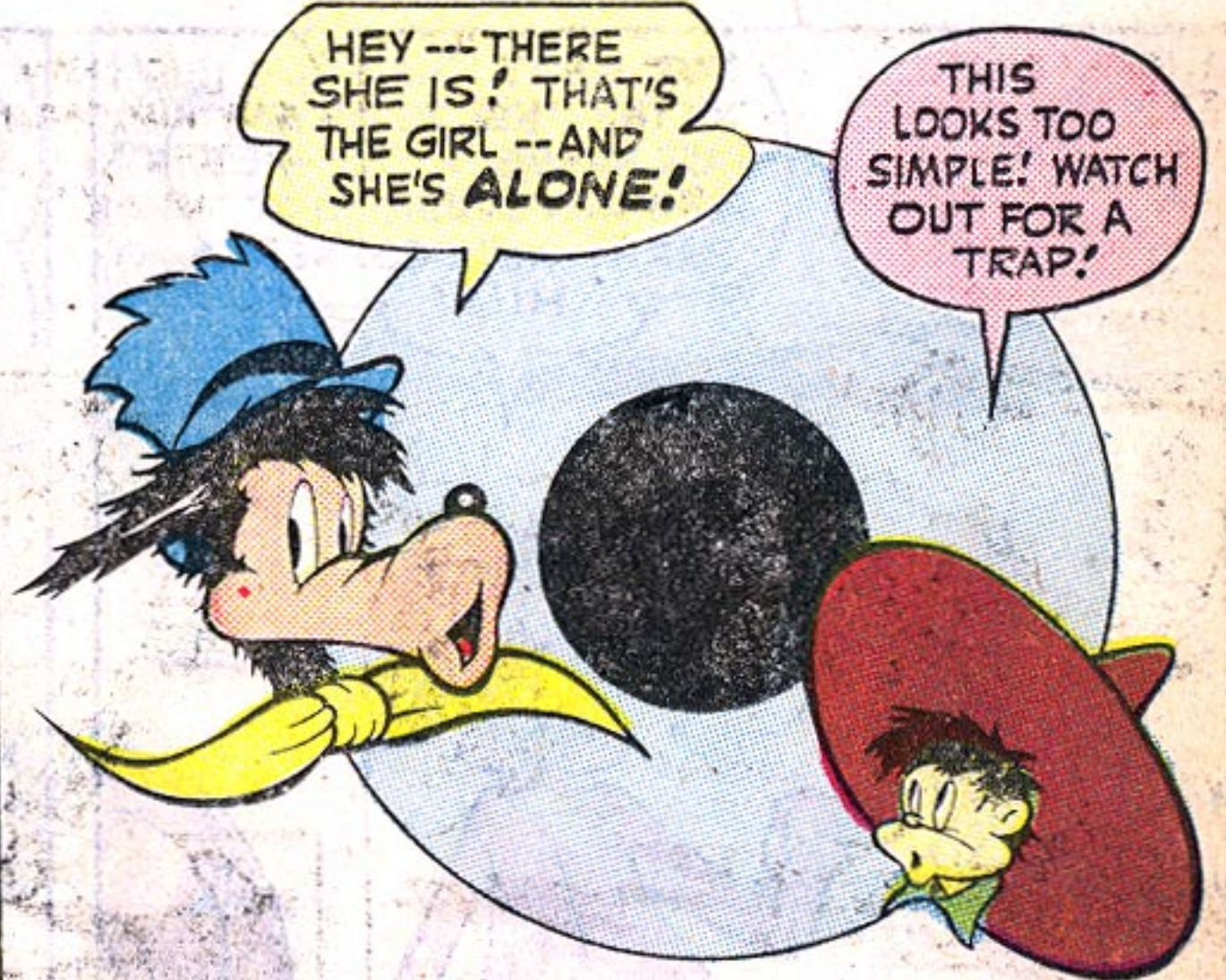
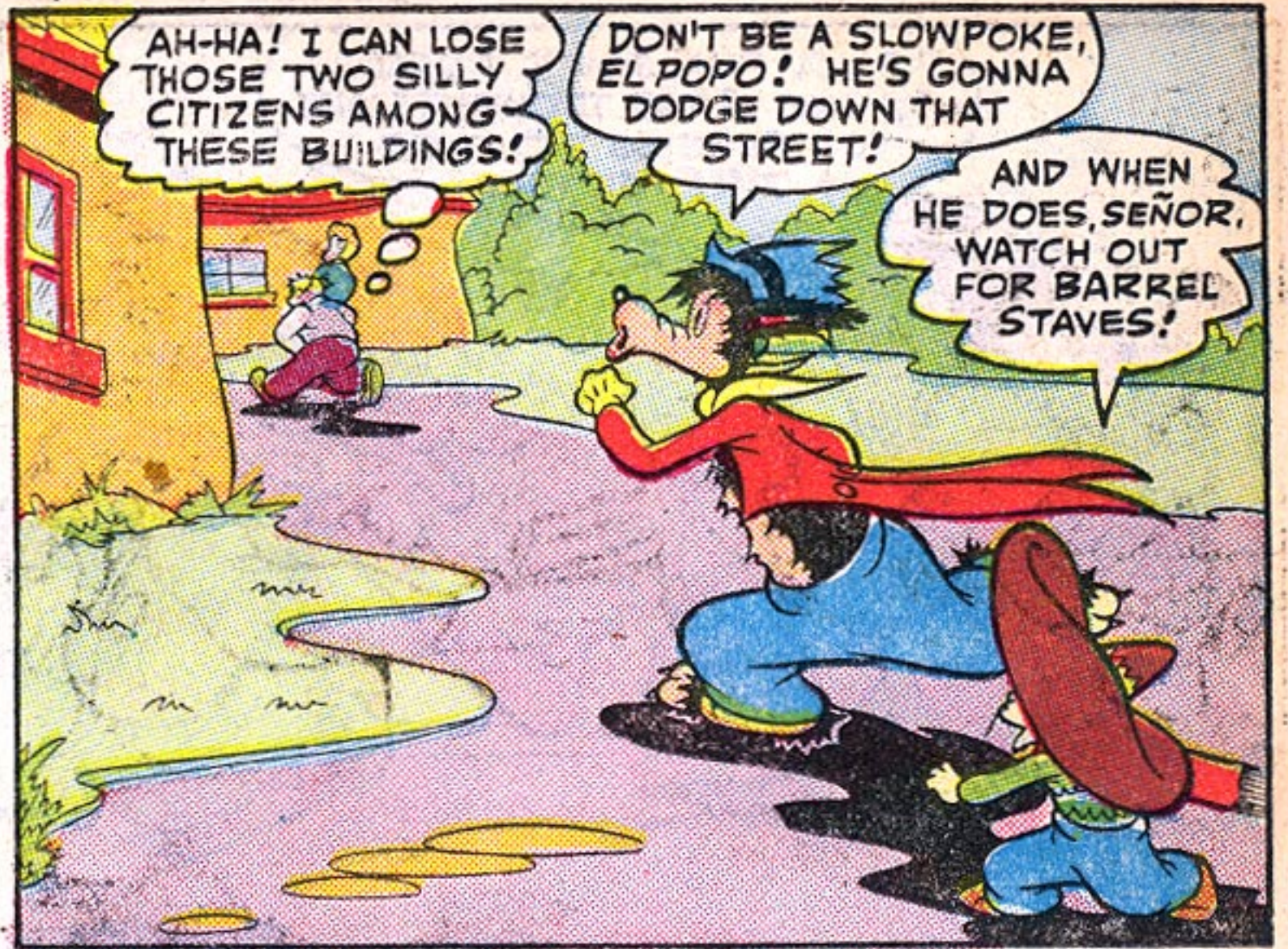
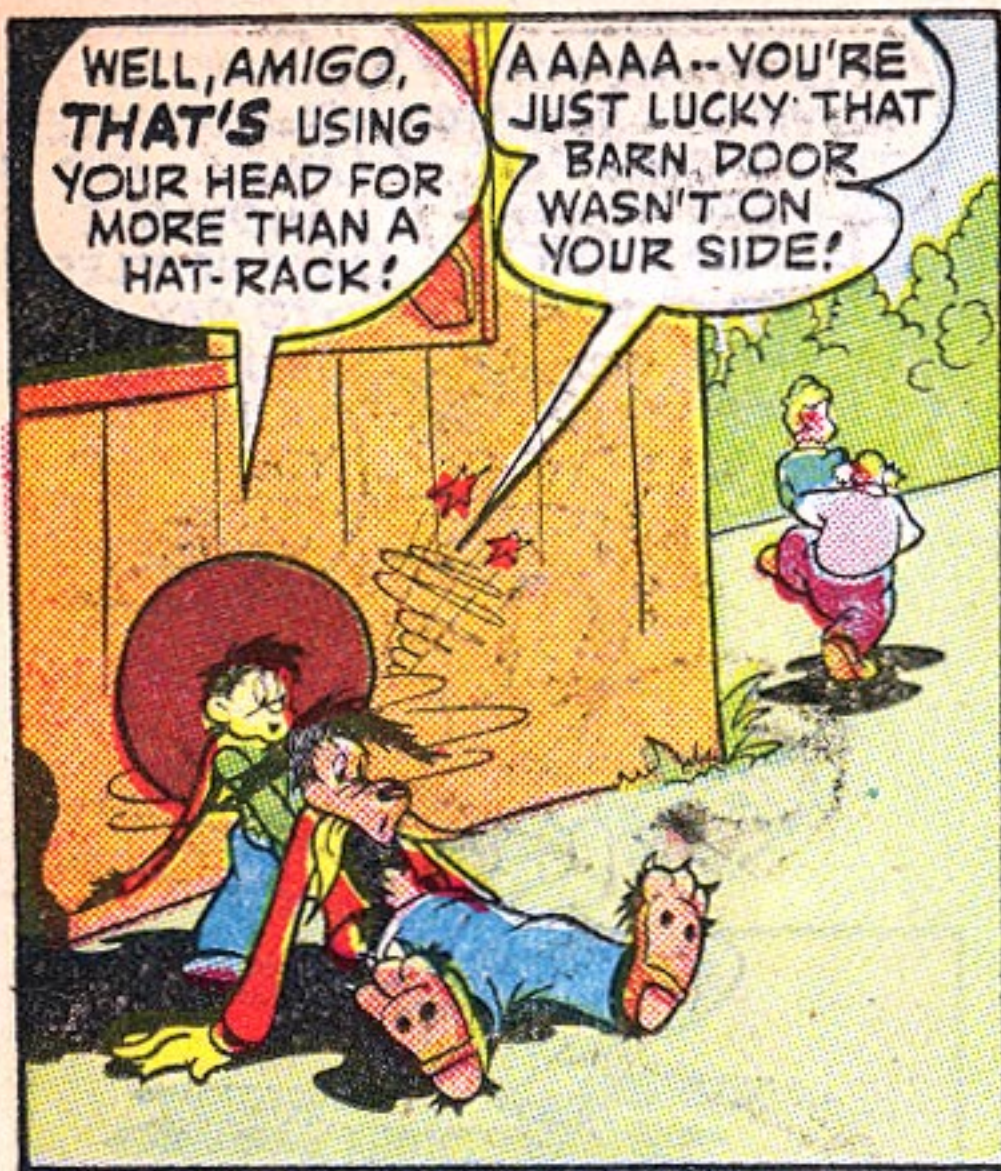


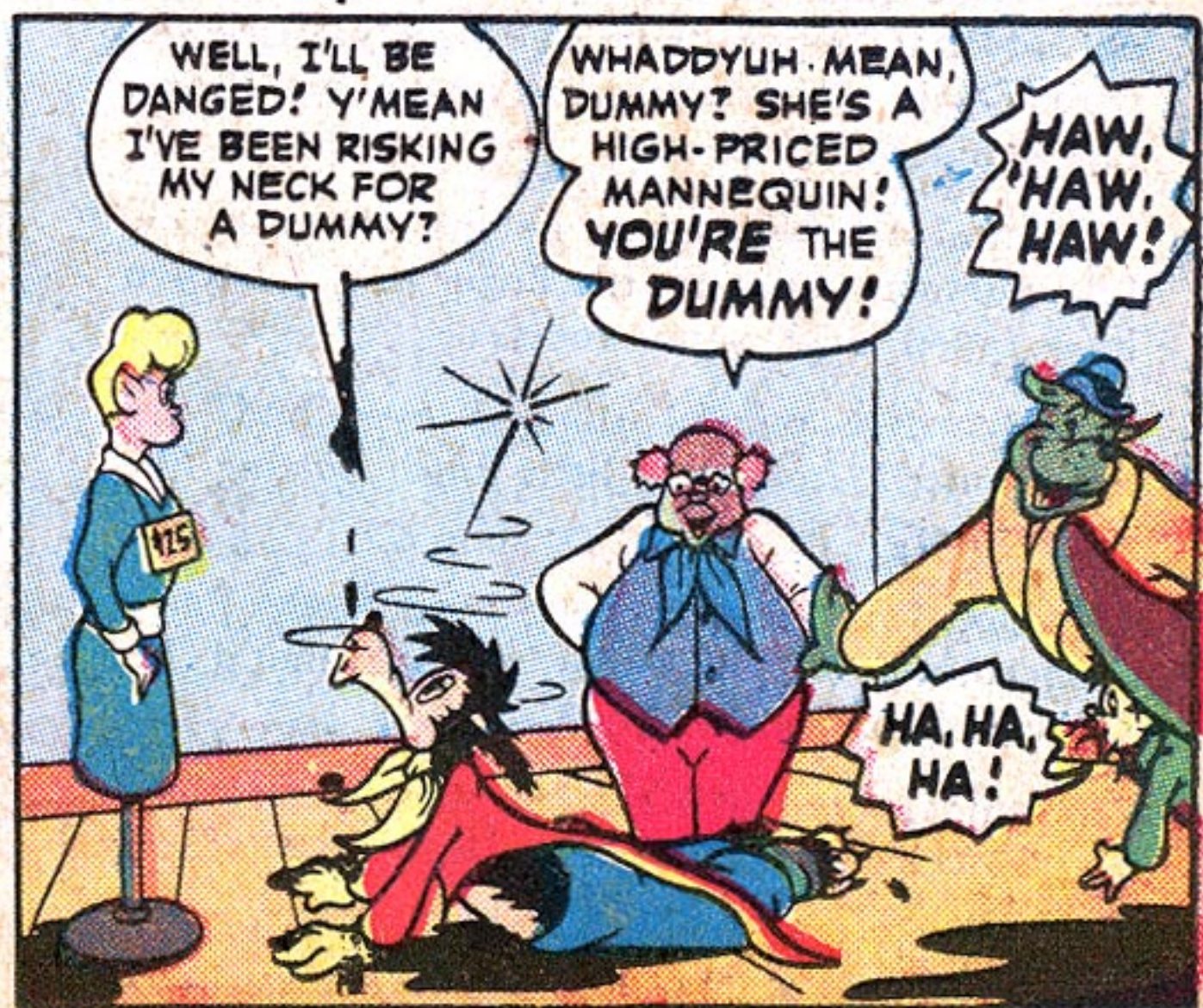
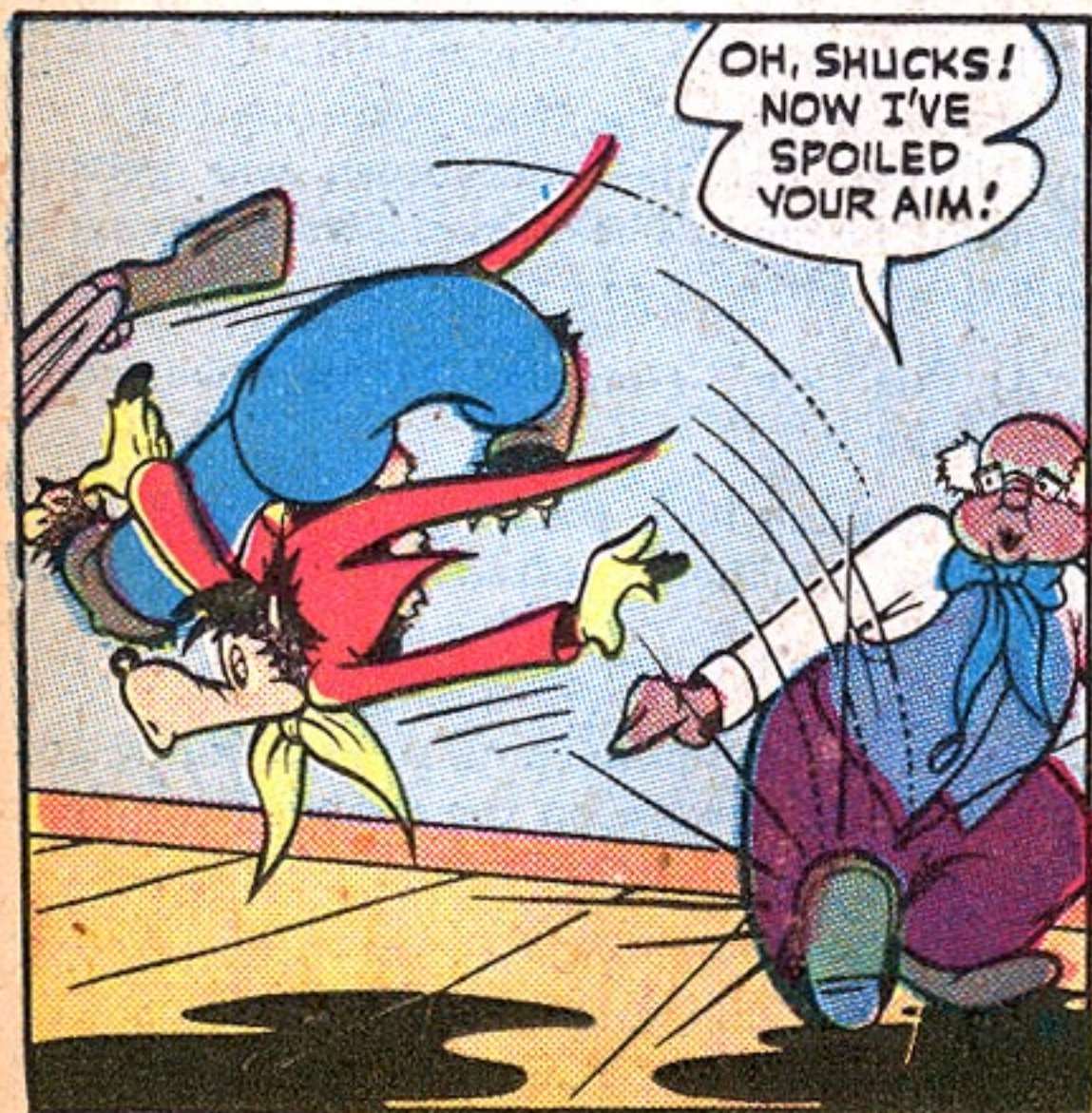
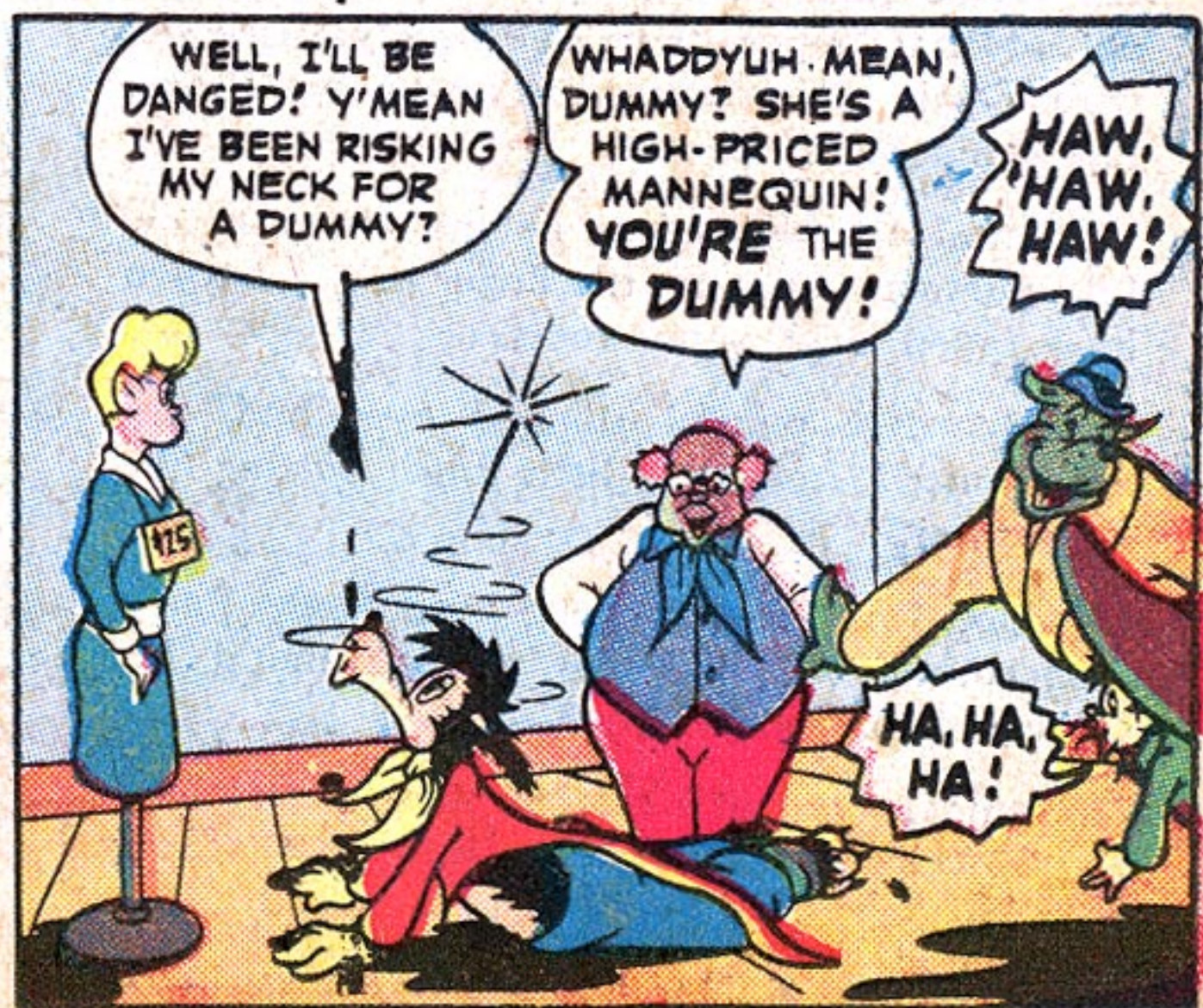
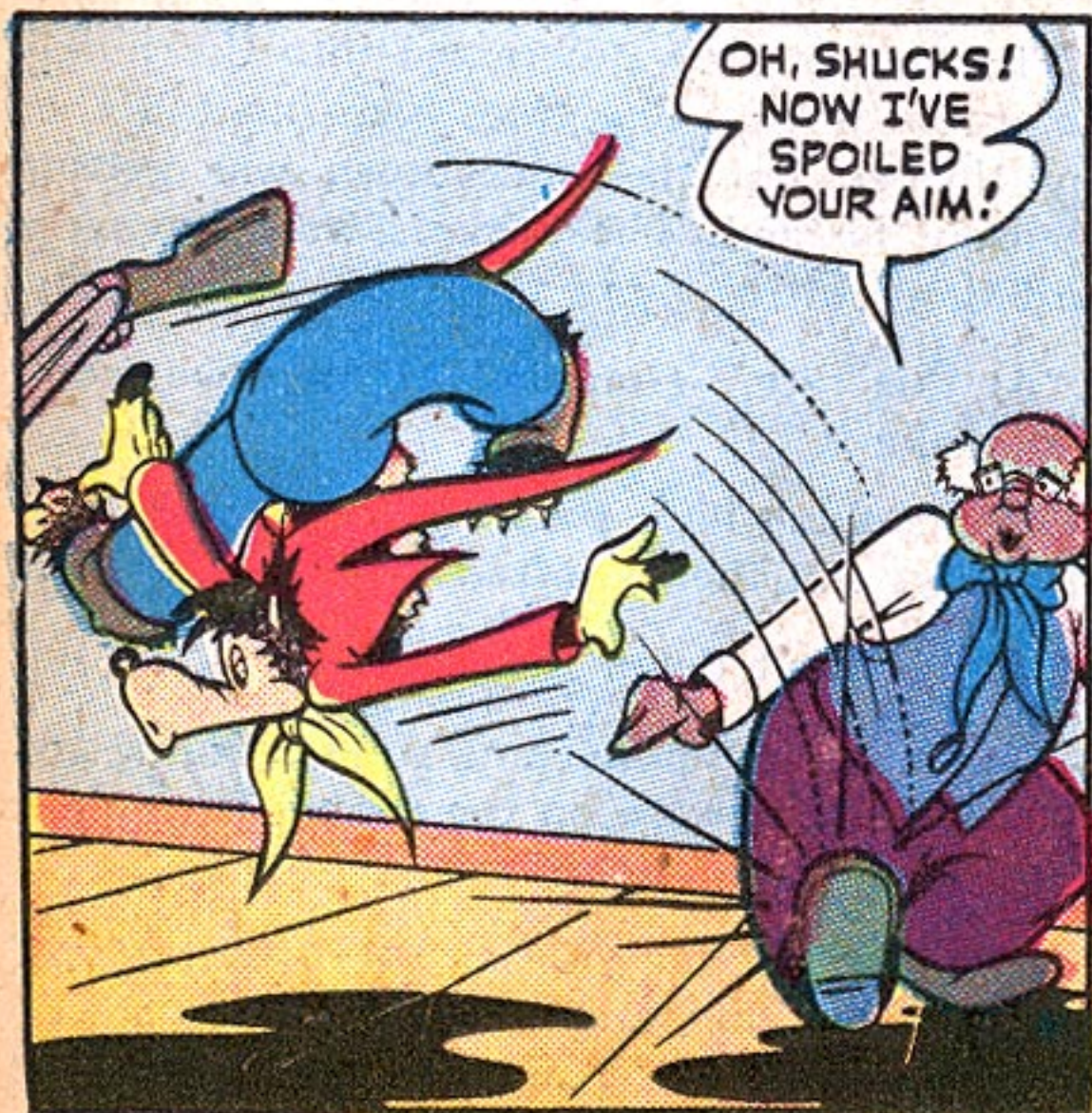
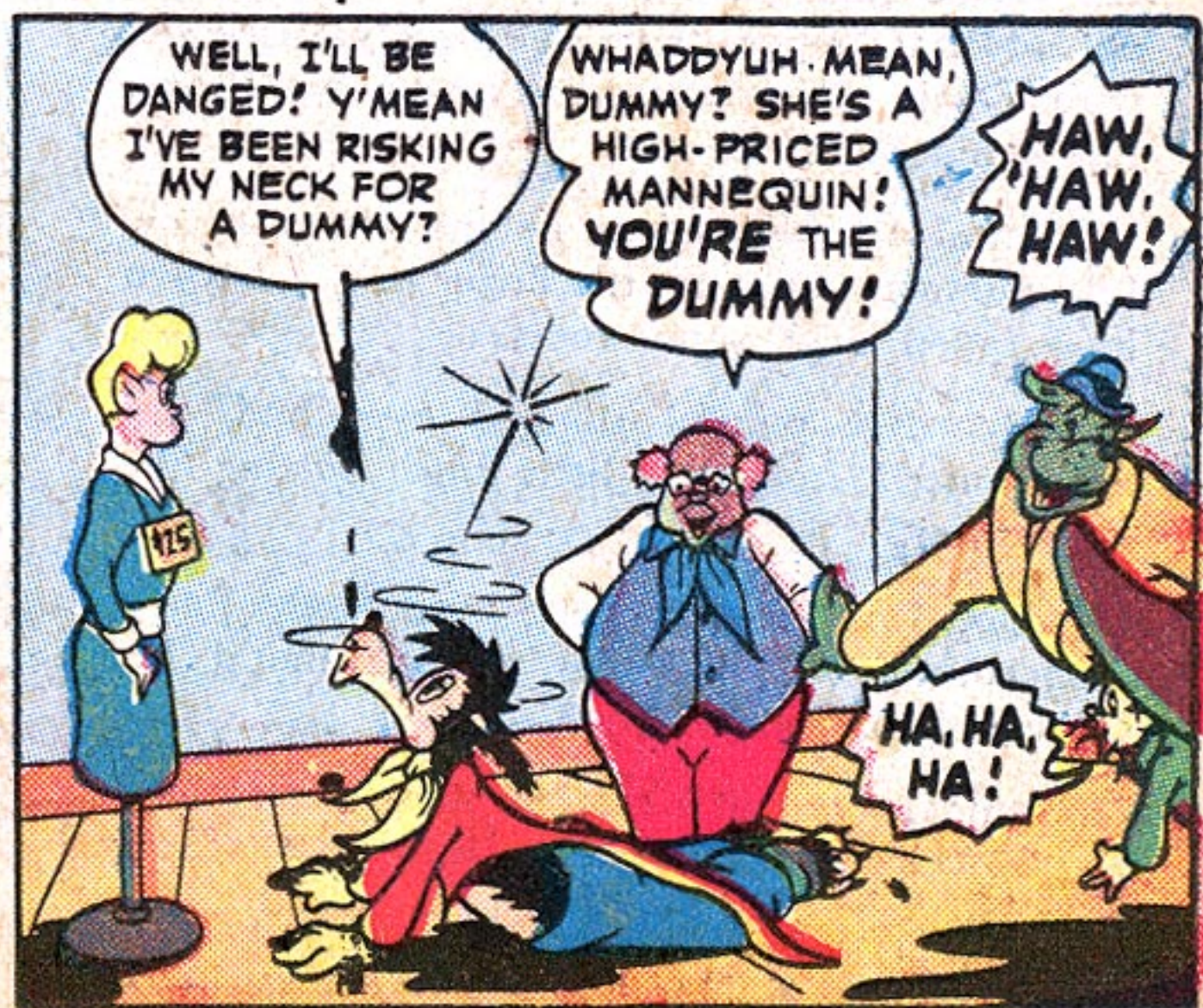
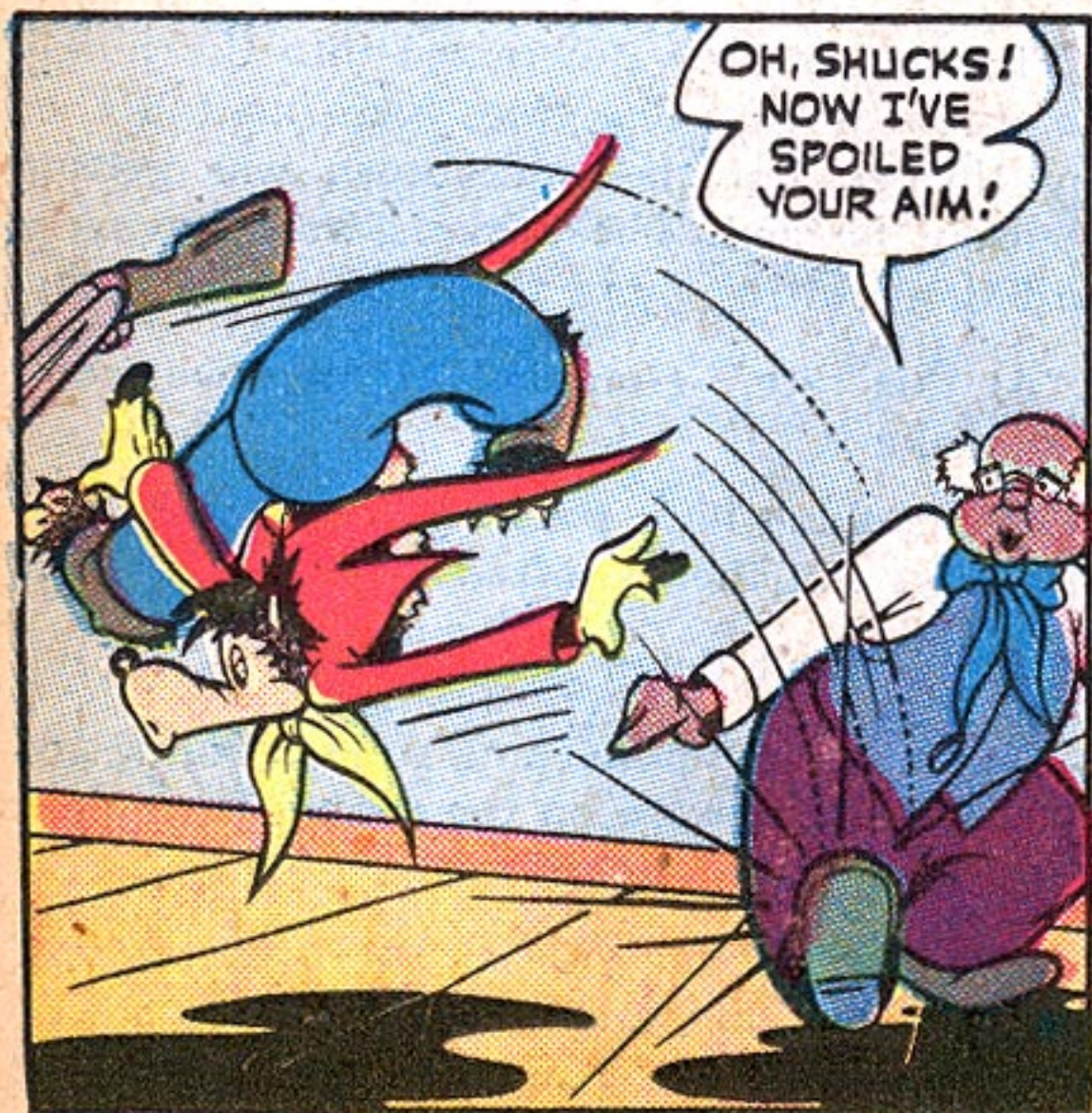
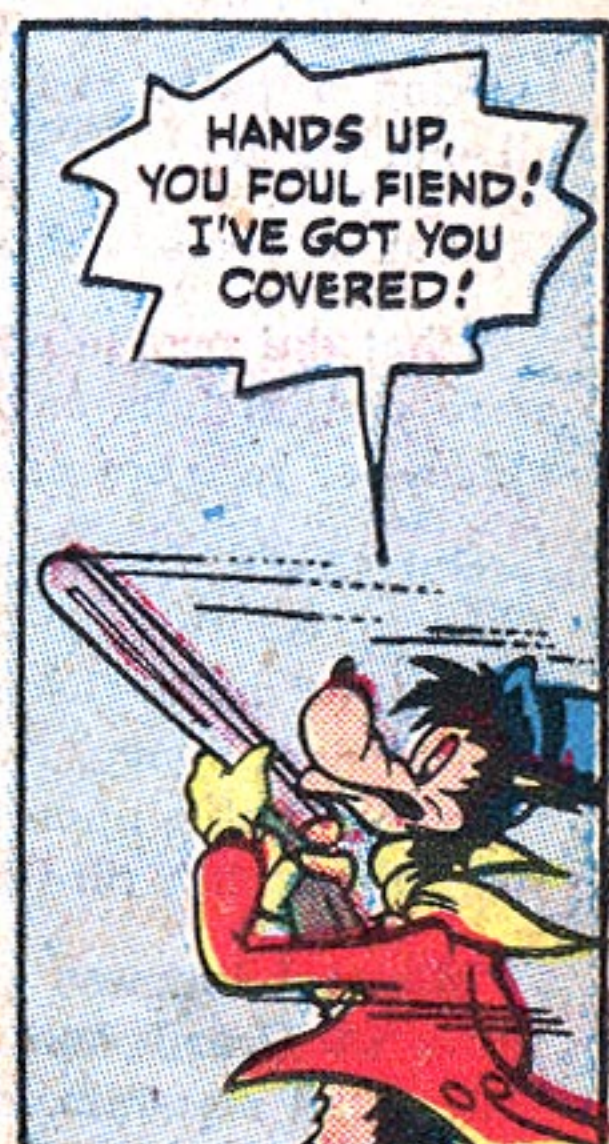
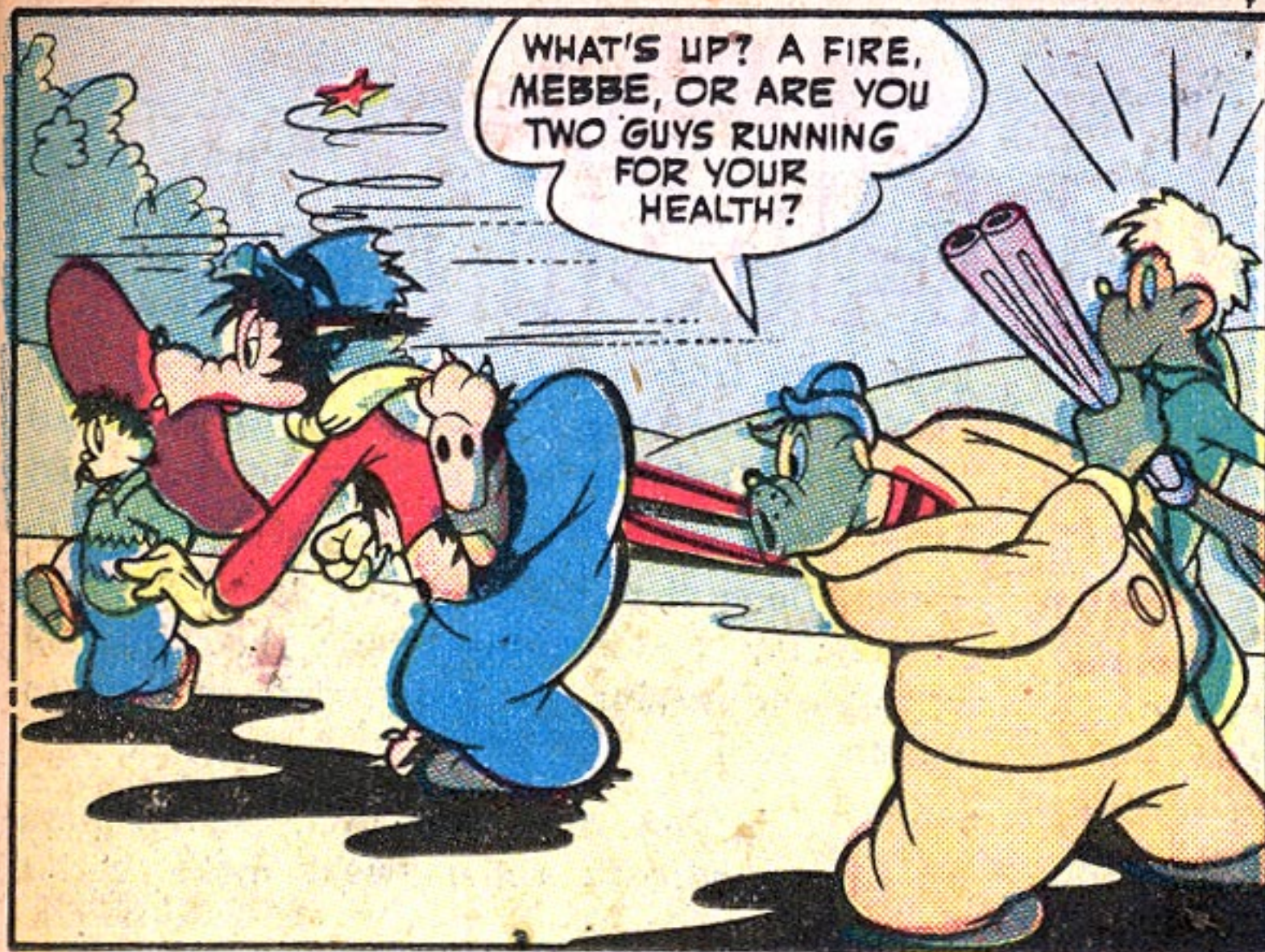
ROSCOE











JUNGLE ARMOR

PERRY SCOTT wished now that he had taken the advice of old Castle, the pub operator at Bahia. Here he was a thousand miles in the bush of Brazil, with a pack of half-savage natives on the back trail.

He had been on that trail for six weeks. Always it stretched before him, mostly overgrown with terrible jungle creepers and liana that tripped one constantly; and sometimes turned out to be a poisonous reptile. Twice he had come near being bitten by bush masters.

His machete boys were doing a fair job of hacking a path, however. But what would it all end up to?

Looking for a measley butterfly!

What did people want with butterflies? Why were certain fans crazy enough to pay \$2,000 apiece for rare species?

But that's the very thing that had brought Perry to South America. \$2,000 for a butterfly, he figured back there in New York, was certainly easy money. And he'd had the good fortune to stumble upon the very person who knew just where that rare species lived.

Monte Lang was a good sort. He had spent years in Brazil and knew whereof he spoke. Perry had met him in Bahia. And that's where old Castle had warned both of them to stay out of that region they had freely discussed with Castle. The latter, too, knew his Brazil. Knew his Matte Grasso.

Monte stumbled along behind Perry a few feet, nursing a broken little finger he'd got when he'd fallen over some roots.

"Darnedest painful thing I ever had," he complained. "Imagine a little finger hurting like all get out!"

"Good thing it isn't your head," said Perry humorously. "Think what a pain that'd be. Or would that bother you?"

Monte looked at his friend and gave him a Bronx. "Let's say it wouldn't hurt your head!" he said.

It was this jabbing fun at each other that

kept them from going stark mad. They didn't know how far they had to go yet. Monte had been there once before, and was certain he'd know the place when he saw it; that was all.

One thing that held up the party was the several big bundles that Perry had insisted upon carrying along. It required six natives to lug the stuff.

"If you'd only drop that stuff," said Monte for the hundredth time, "we'd make better time."

Perry grinned. "Can't do it, Monte. It's going to come in handy."

Monte made an exasperated noise. "But what the devil is it?"

"Wire."

"Nuts! You've told me that a dozen times."

Perry didn't know exactly why he was keeping secret the contents of those six burlap-wrapped bundles, but he was. He had a hunch they'd save the day.

"What did we come in here for?" he demanded of the half-angry Monte. "Butterflies."

"So what? We've got our nets."

Perry nodded mysteriously. "And we've got our wire. It'll be the thing that'll get the butterflies for us."

The farther they progressed into the jungle the worse it got. The trees were no taller or any thicker, but the underbrush was getting intensely tangled. The hackers were having a hard time cutting more than 100 yards a day.

"At this rate," grumbled Monte, "we won't ever make it."

"We couldn't have passed it, could we?" asked Perry, and then realized he'd been foolish.

Monte didn't deign to answer.

Two more days of hacking and stumbling and both white men were on the verge of calling it a day and going back.

"But think of those hundreds of butterflies," Perry told his companion. "At two grand a copy we can make a fortune . . . Say! You don't

FEATURE COMICS

suppose there are no butterflies left there, do you?"

"How could they get away?" Monte demanded disgustedly.

"Fly, mebbe," Perry hazarded. "They do sometimes, you know."

"They won't; too fat to fly far."

That night around the campfire, as they ate and fought mosquitoes, one of the native bearers came to the circle of firelight and whispered that he'd seen a dark-skinned Indian with a blow gun.

"Blow gun?" said Monte with some alarm.

The native nodded, showing the whites of his eyes. He was scared.

"Okay, Noki," Monte told him. "Say nothing about it to the others. We're in no danger." Monte knew Noki from old. Dependable native.

Noki withdrew, but he looked rather ashen, Perry thought.

When they woke in the early morning, the tree trunks above their heads were sticking full of darts. A warning!

"Say," said Monte, "I don't like this. I didn't know there were any blowers in this region."

"I did," Perry said quietly. "Just before we left I heard it from a trader who had been up this way a few months ago. He told me that this tribe is new, from another section of the jungle."

Monte scratched his stubbly chin. "We've got to be on our toes, then."

"That's where my wire comes in," Perry said, grinning.

Monte looked at him. "Yeah?"

They reached the spot which Monte recognized the following day, and there in a little glade they made camp.

"The butterfly place is about two miles from here," Monte said. "Or should be."

They set out that afternoon. It was hard chopping through the tangle of jungle that led to the little valley where two-thousand butterflies made their home. They hacked and cut and rested, and cut some more. Near sundown they came to the edge of the little valley.

Perry looked down into the mile-across bowl and then let out a cry.

"There! Look, Monte, see them! Hundreds of the big blue babies flying around!"

Monte nodded. "They're there, all right."

"We'll come for them tomorrow," Perry said.

Monte clutched Perry's arm. "Look!"

Perry looked. A file of swarthy men were plodding across the little valley, each carrying a long blow gun.

"Yeah?" said Monte. "How are we going to get 'em with those dratted blowers dashing around?"

Perry tugged at his friend's sleeve. "Come on back to camp. We'll talk it over. But we intend to get those butterflies, blowers or not!"

They sat around the fire and spun yarns after the meal. Toward dark they heard small drums beating some distance away. Jungle drums! They always made Perry feel somehow lost, apart from everything. They beat and mumbled far into the night. The blowers were working themselves into a frenzy. Probably meant to attack. Those darts back there in the trees had been a warning. They had not heeded it. They'd post guards this night and go after the butterflies in the morning.

At dawn they were up. It was then that Perry revealed his secret. He had some natives unpack the six big bundles. Long wire mesh sections revealed themselves.

"What the heck are they?" Monte asked.

"Watch." Perry began putting the sections together. Soon he had a bee-hive-like contraption mounted. It had straps inside to fasten to a man's shoulders. He lifted it up and dropped it over himself. The steel mesh completely covered him down to the knees.

He grinned through the mesh. "How do you like my chicken wire suit, Monte?"

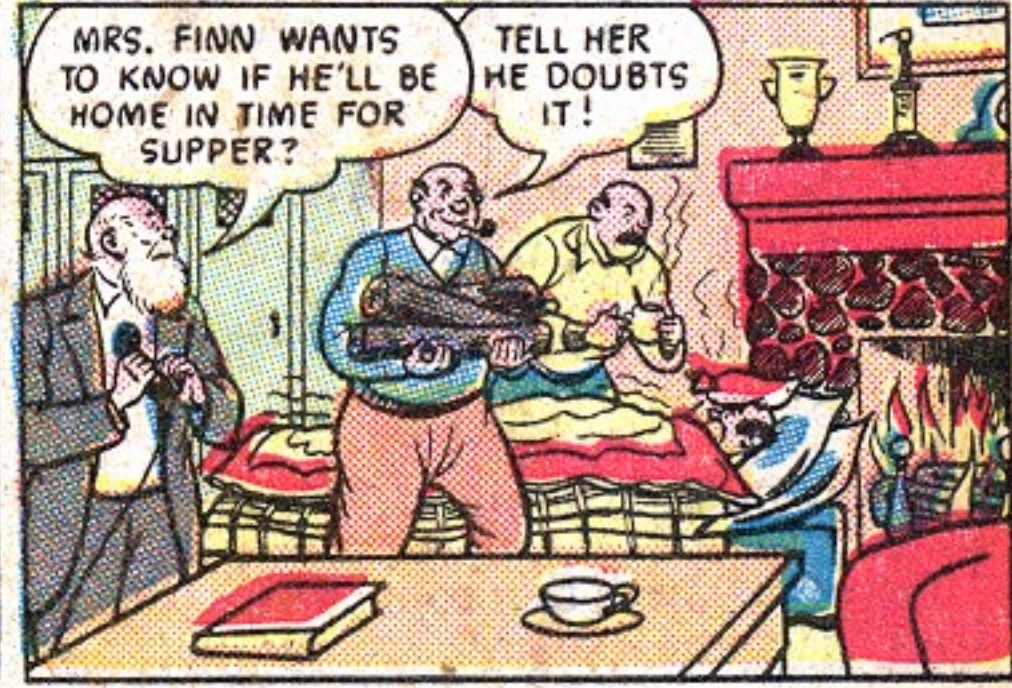
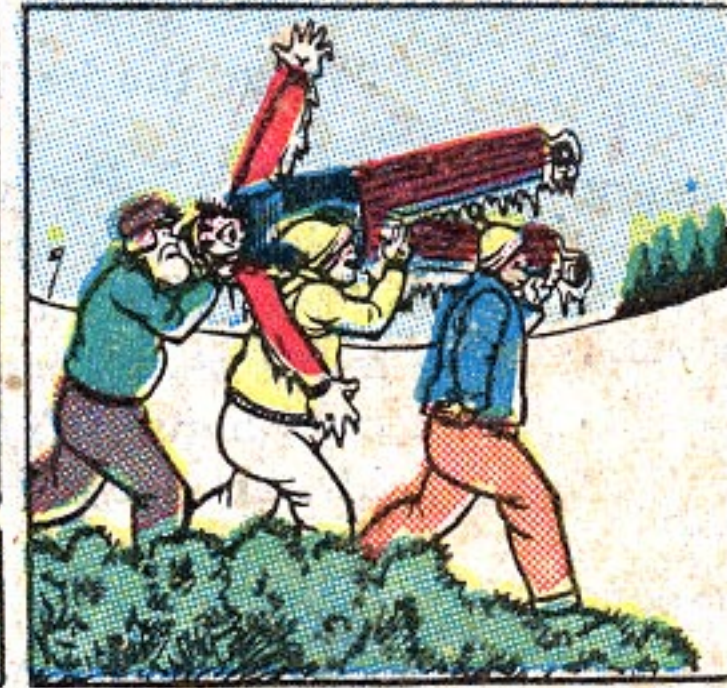
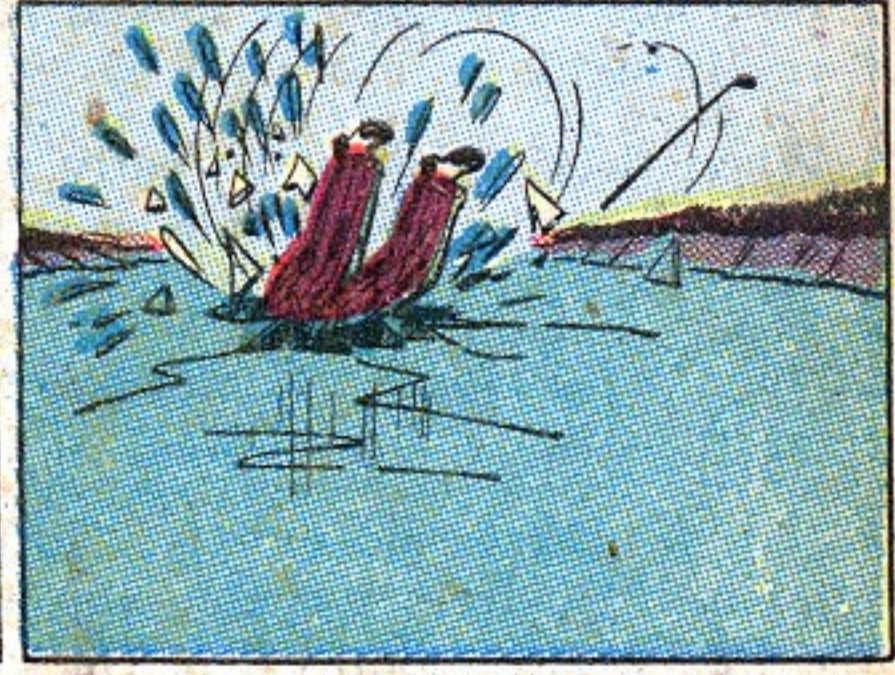
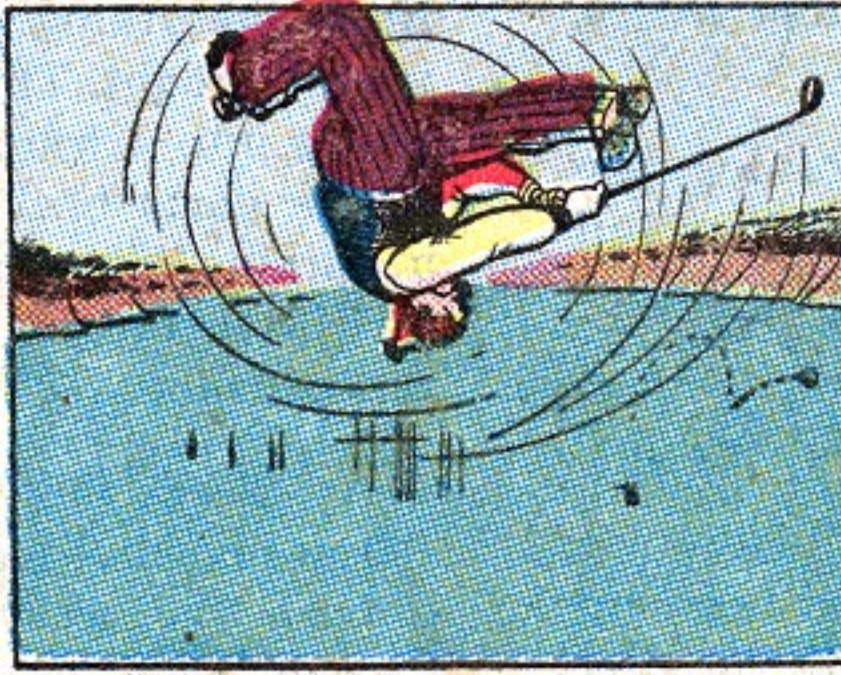
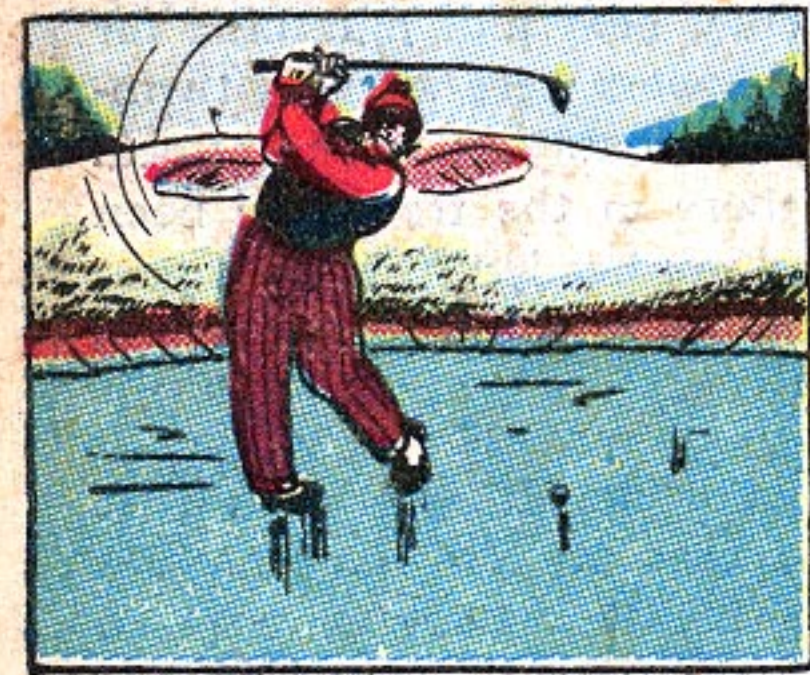
"Monte's eyes were wide. "Good gosh! Who'd ever have thought of it—but you, you old buzzard! Why, it's perfect. Let 'em shoot their poison darts. They'll never penetrate that wire. You're a wizard, Perry!"

Later, the whole force, mesh-suited, strode across the little valley. A rain of arrows pelted them for a moment and then the natives gave up and slunk off into the jungle. They began netting butterflies.

Each blue beauty was \$2000!

MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



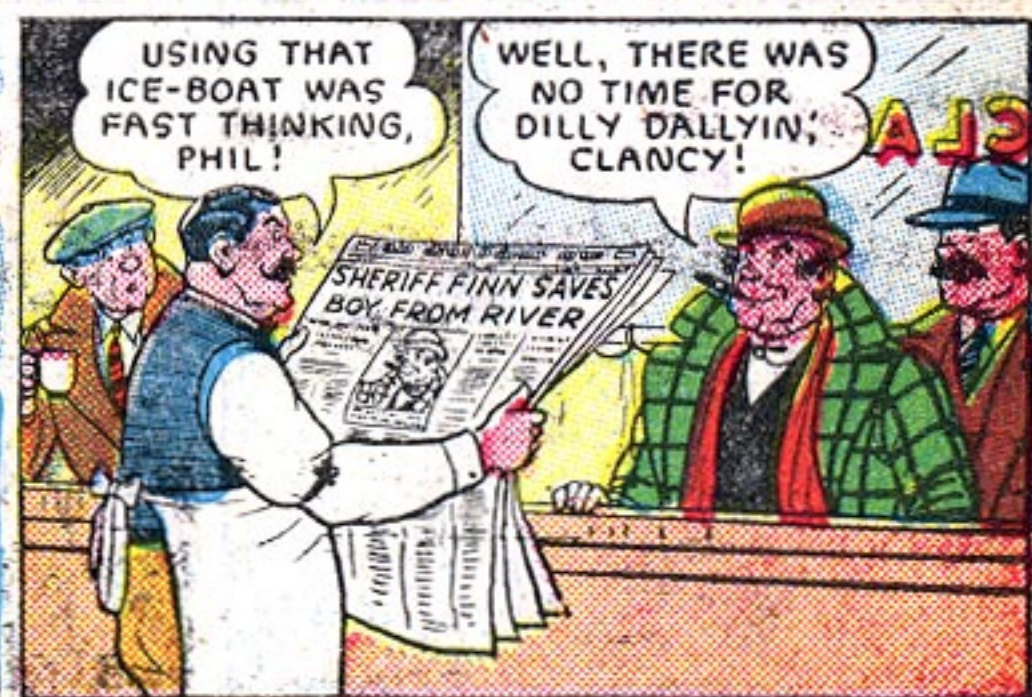
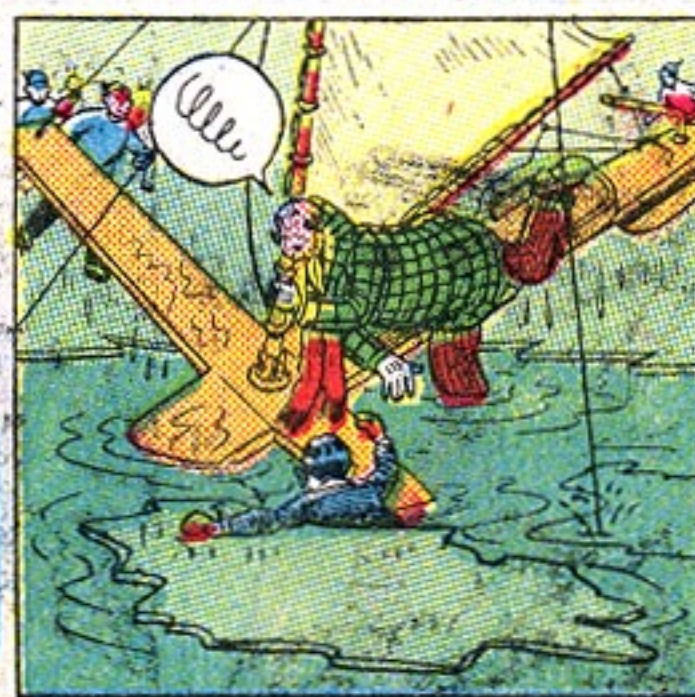
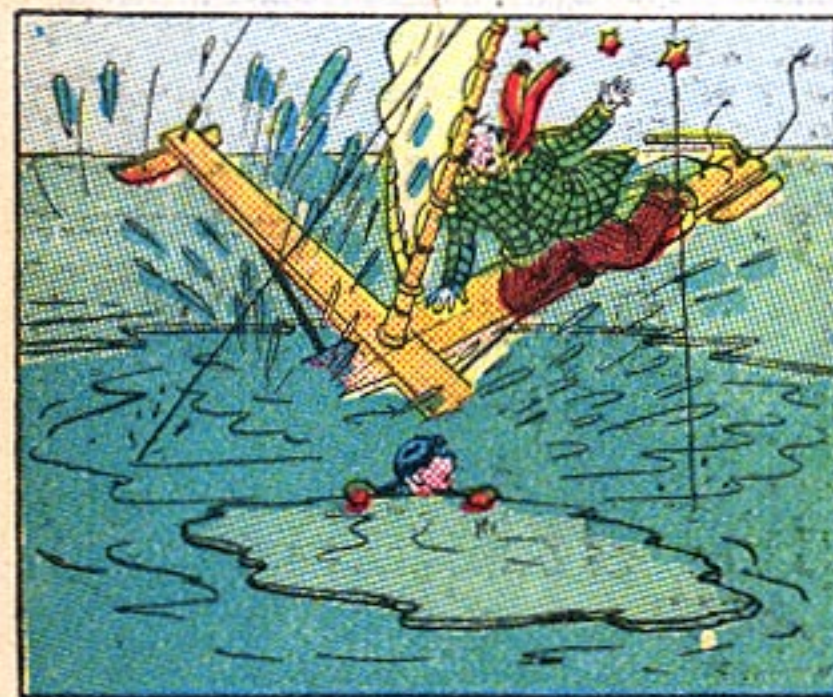
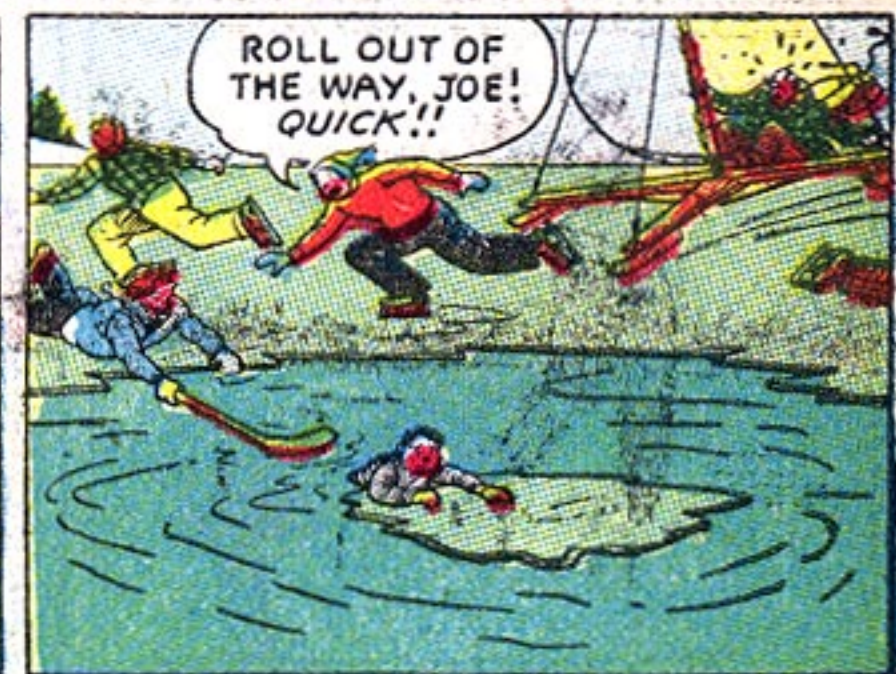
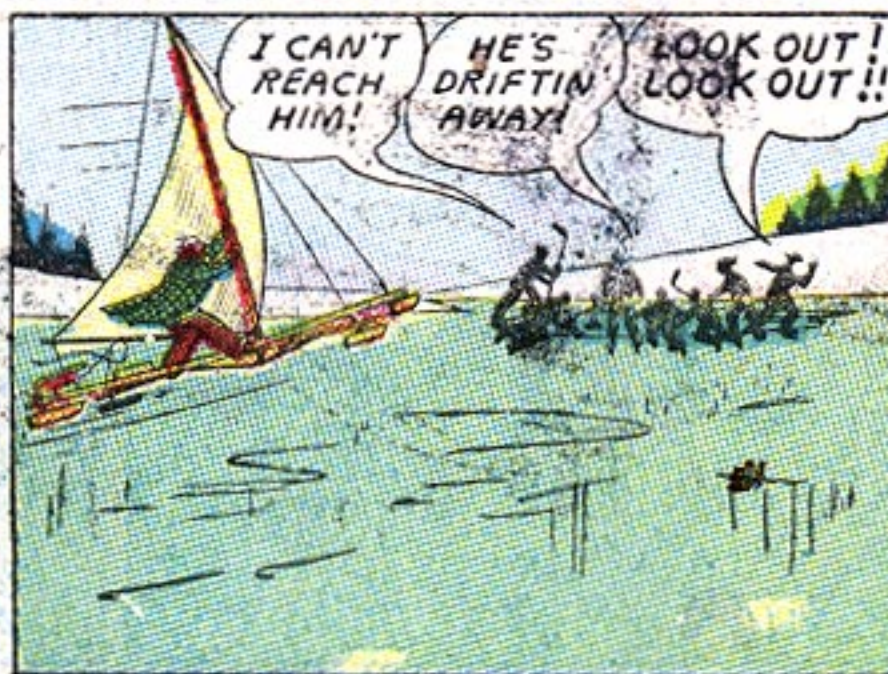
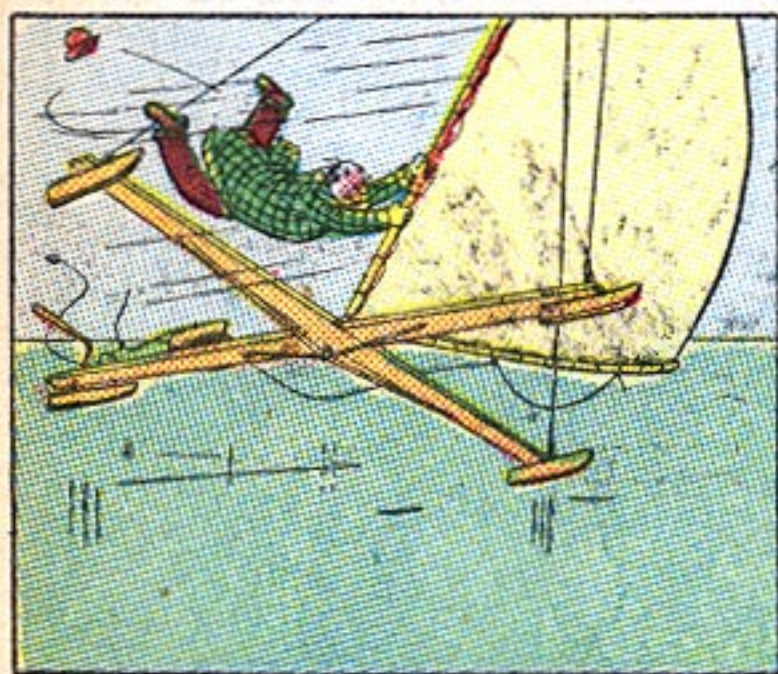
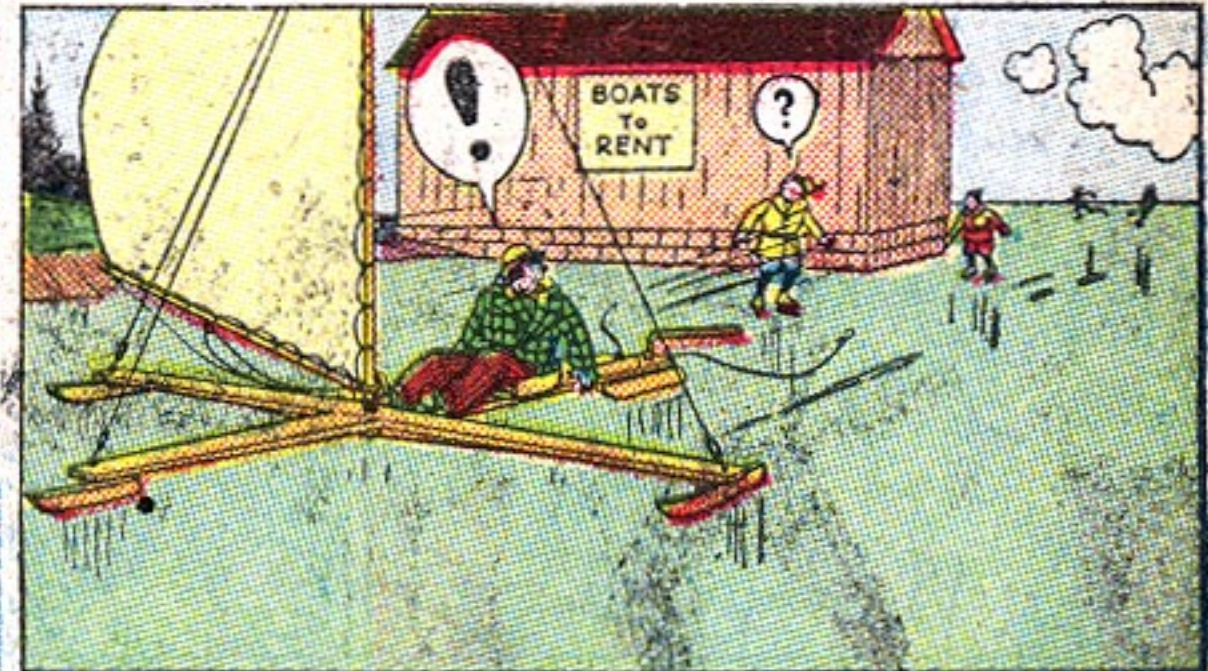
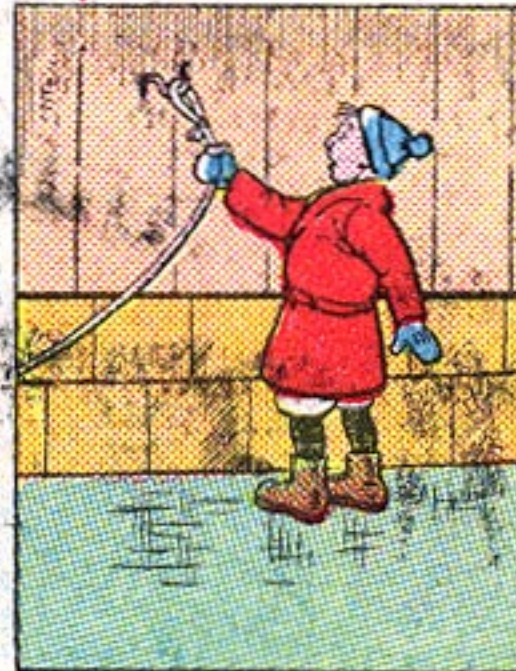
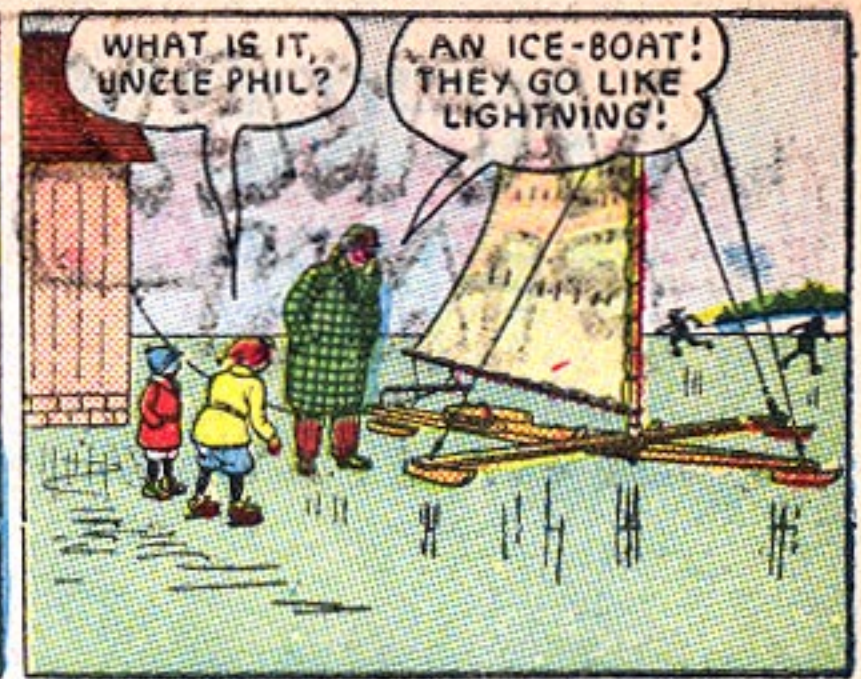
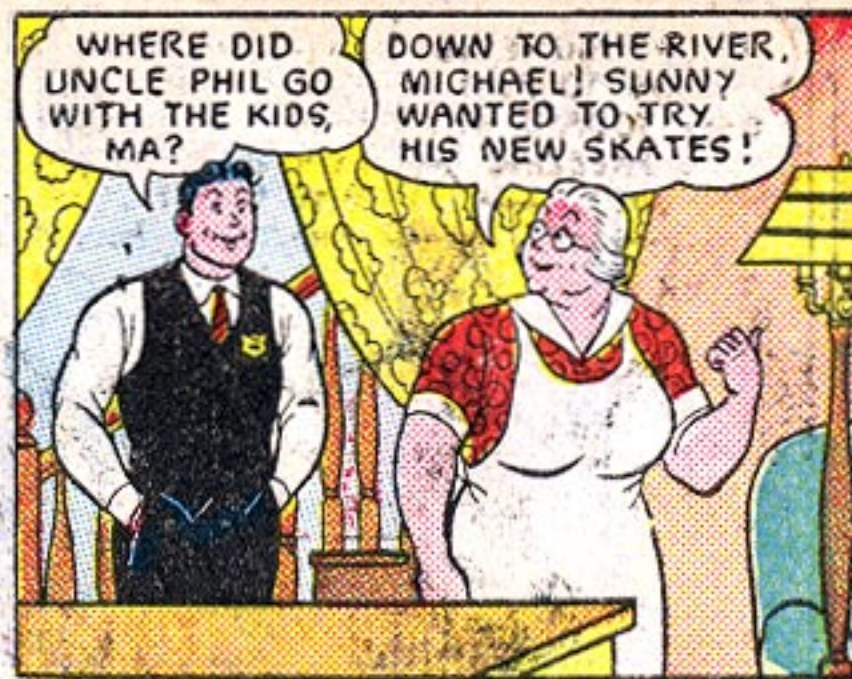
NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



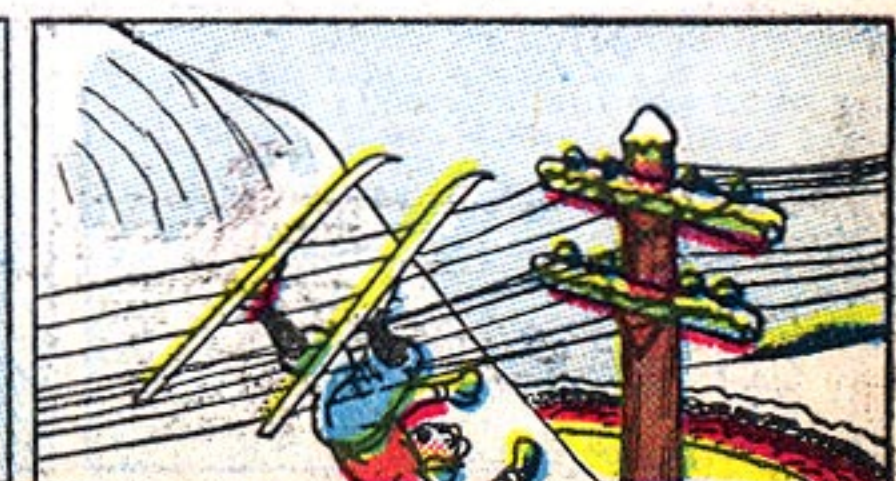
MICKEY FINN

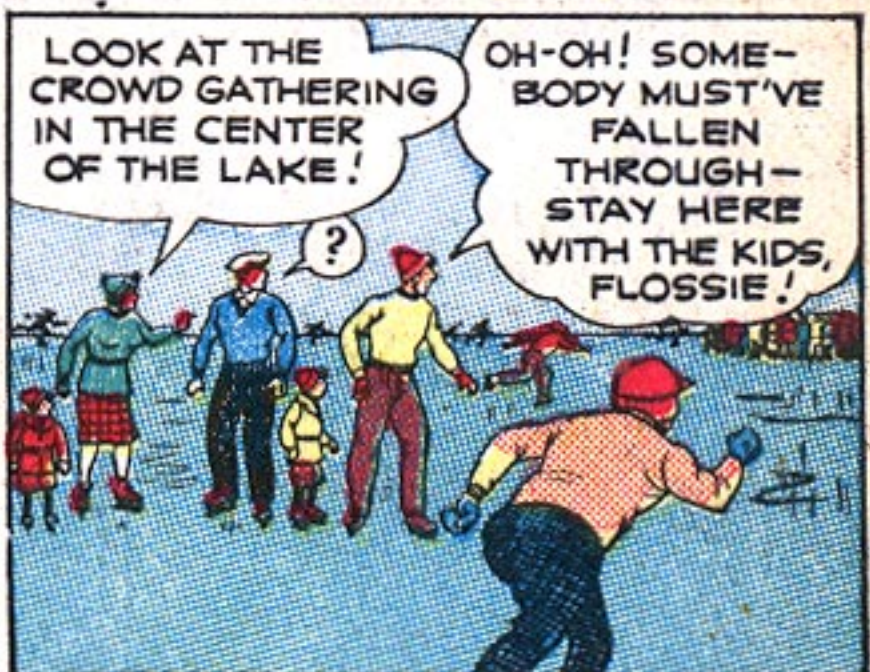
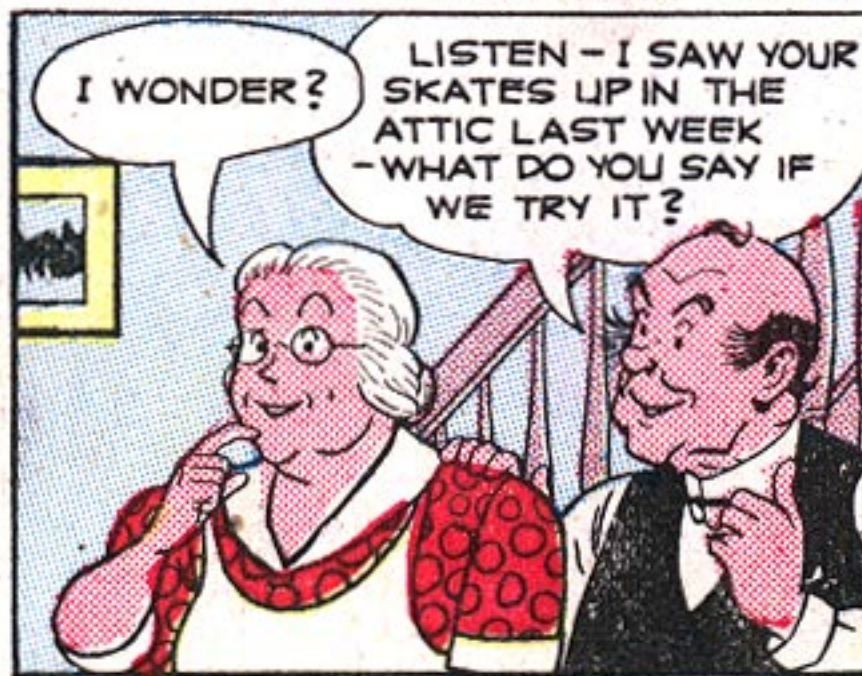
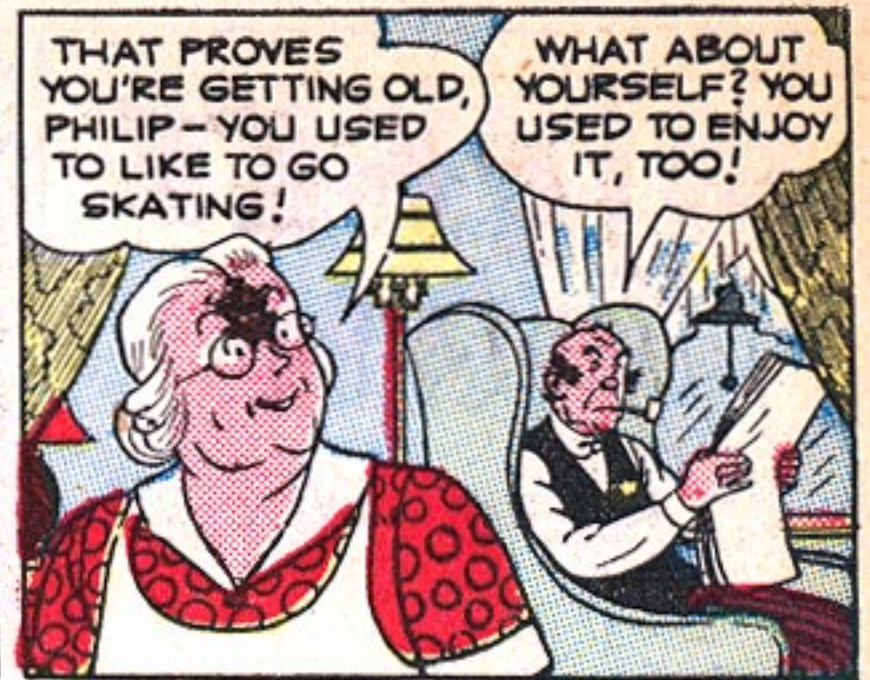
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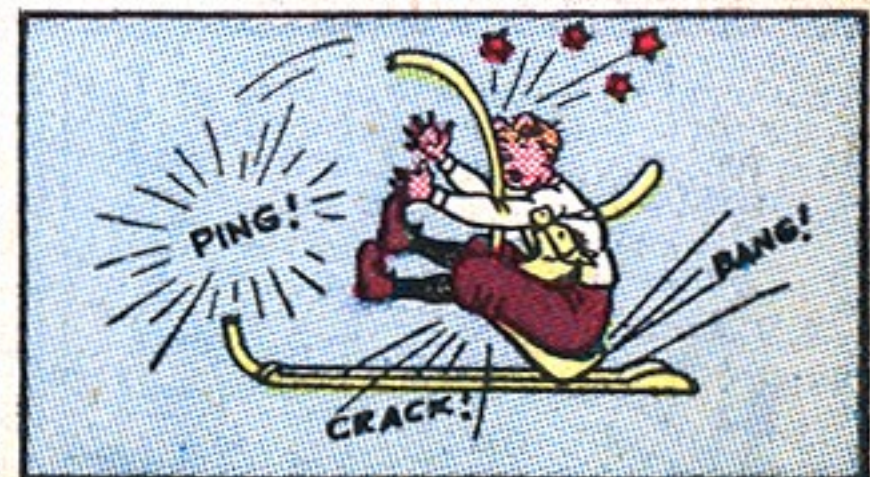
By Lank Leonard





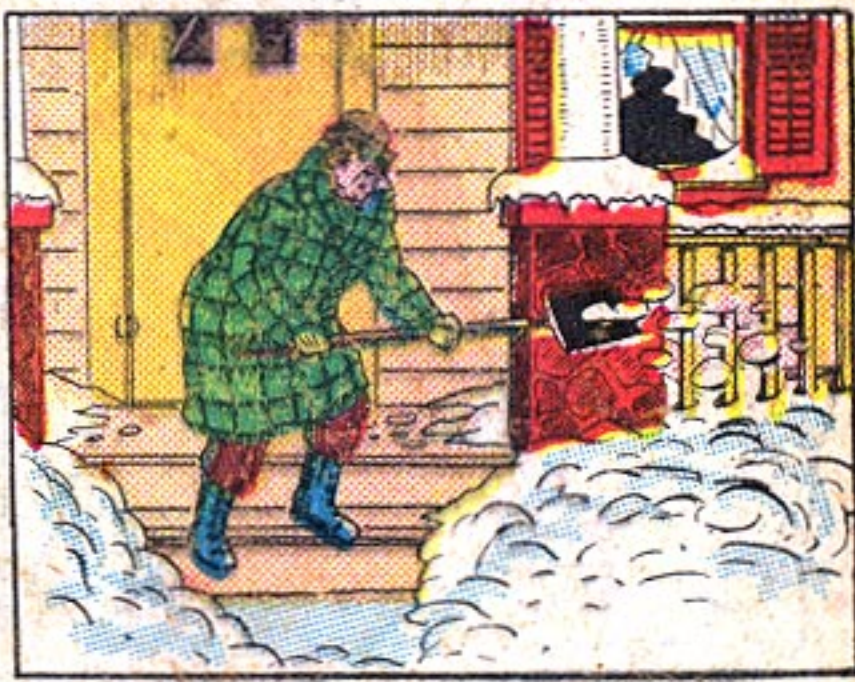
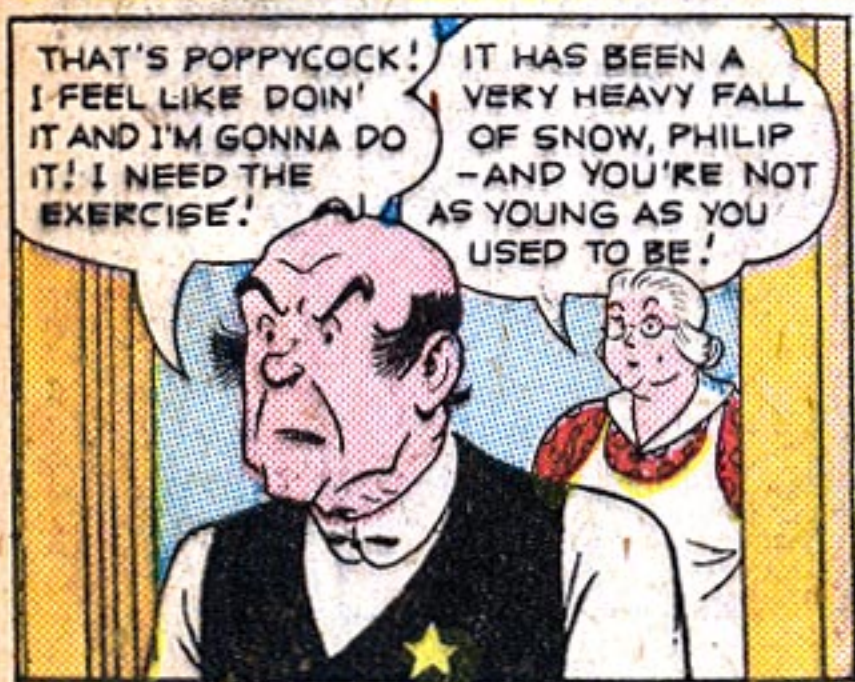
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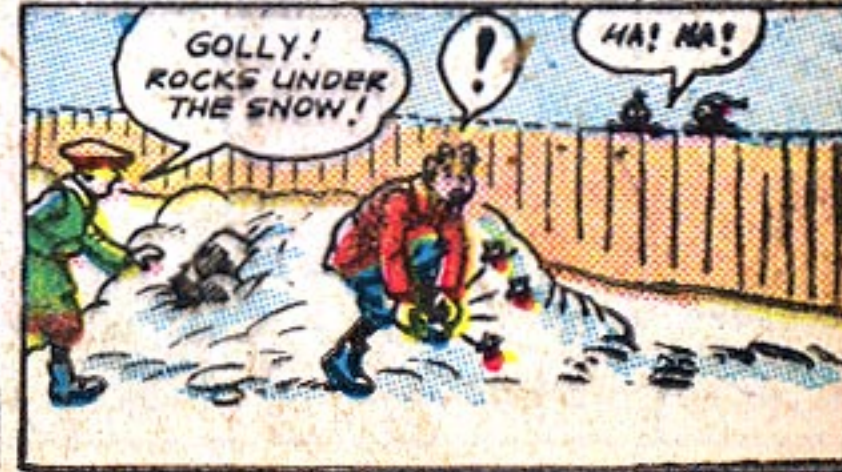
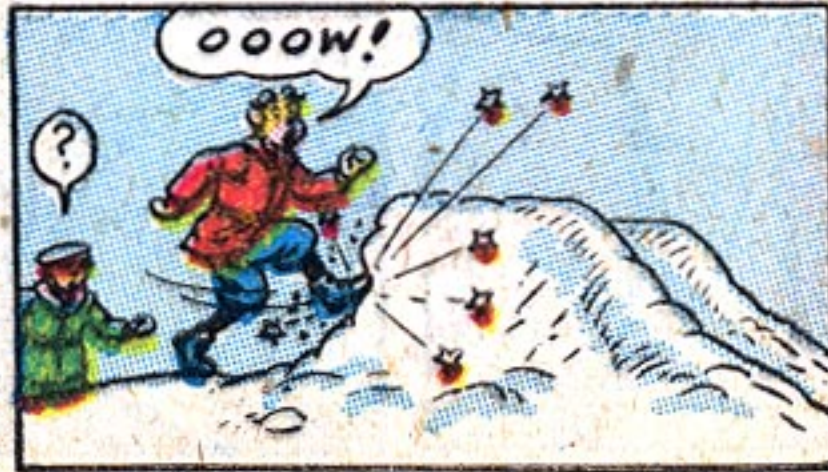
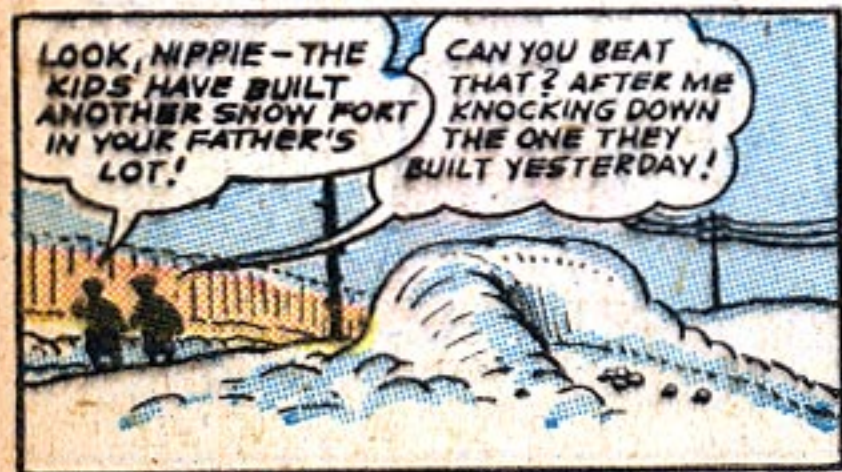
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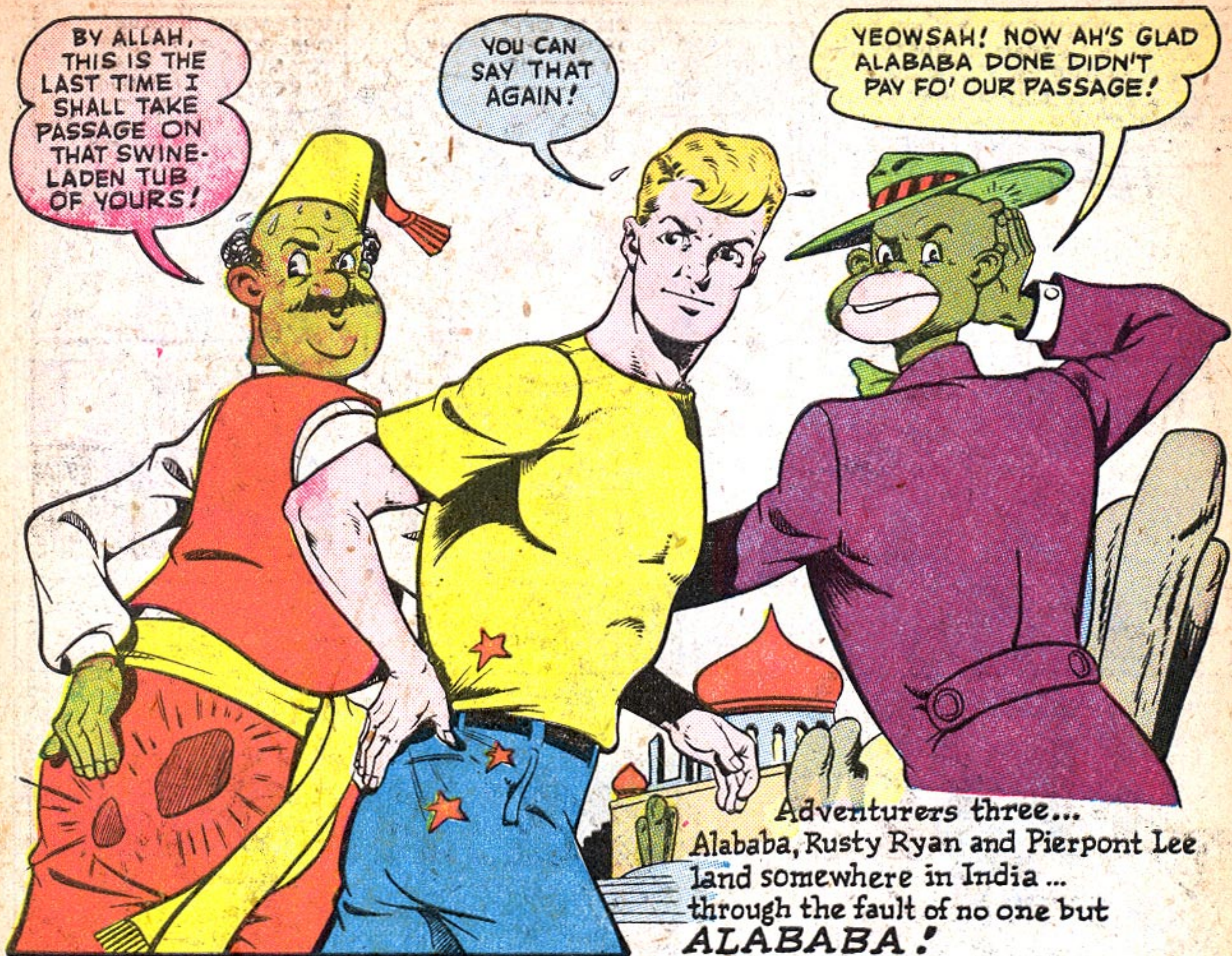
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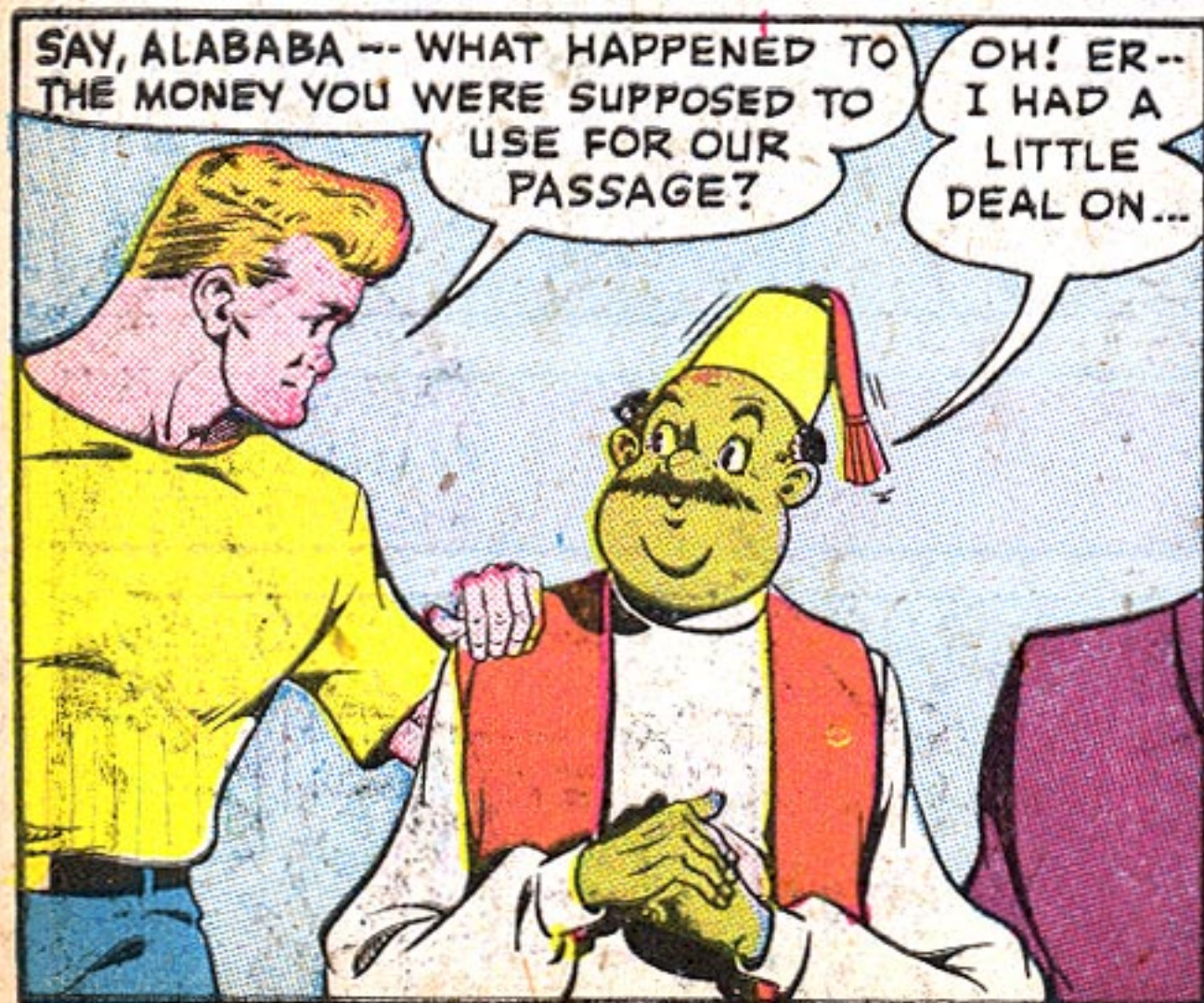
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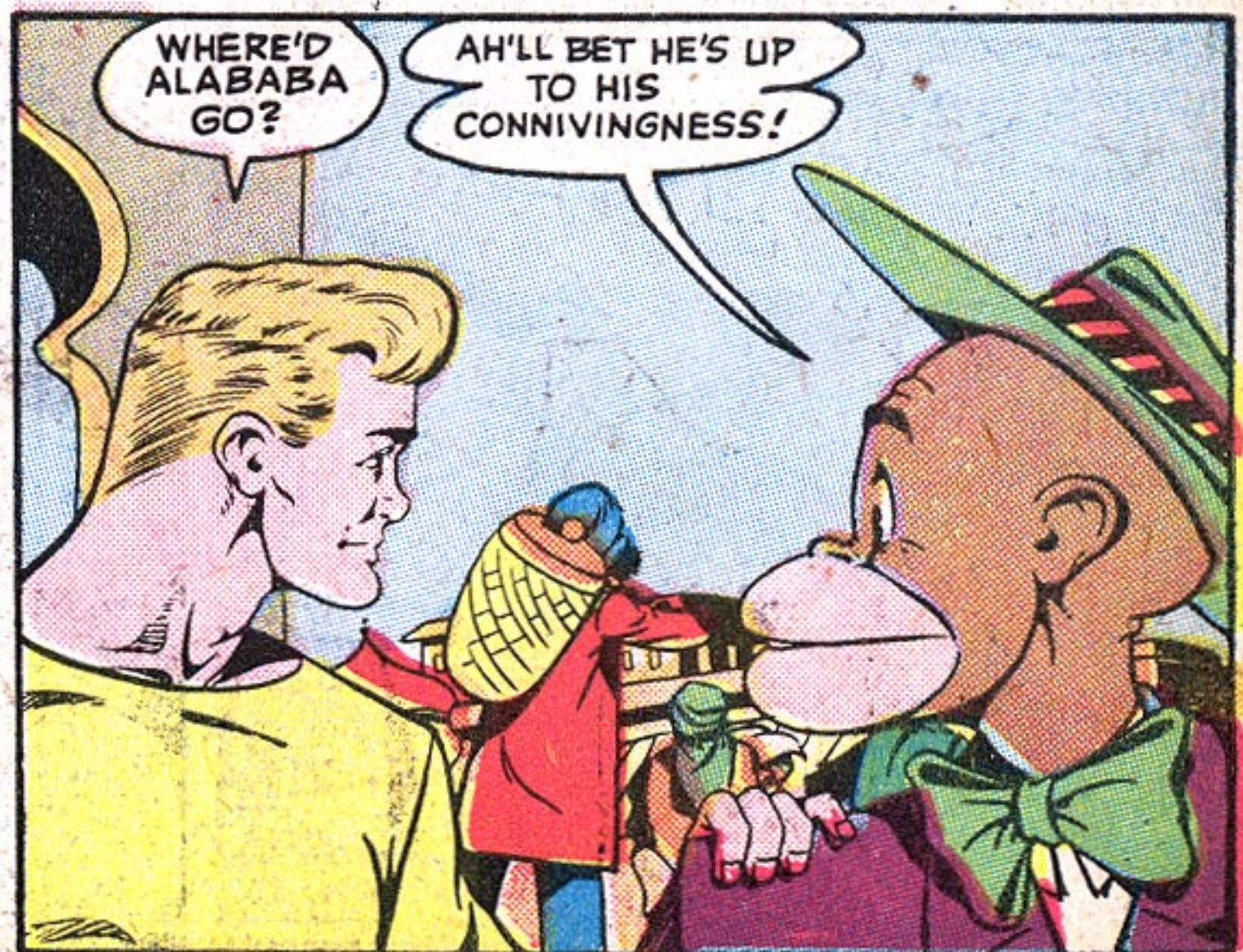
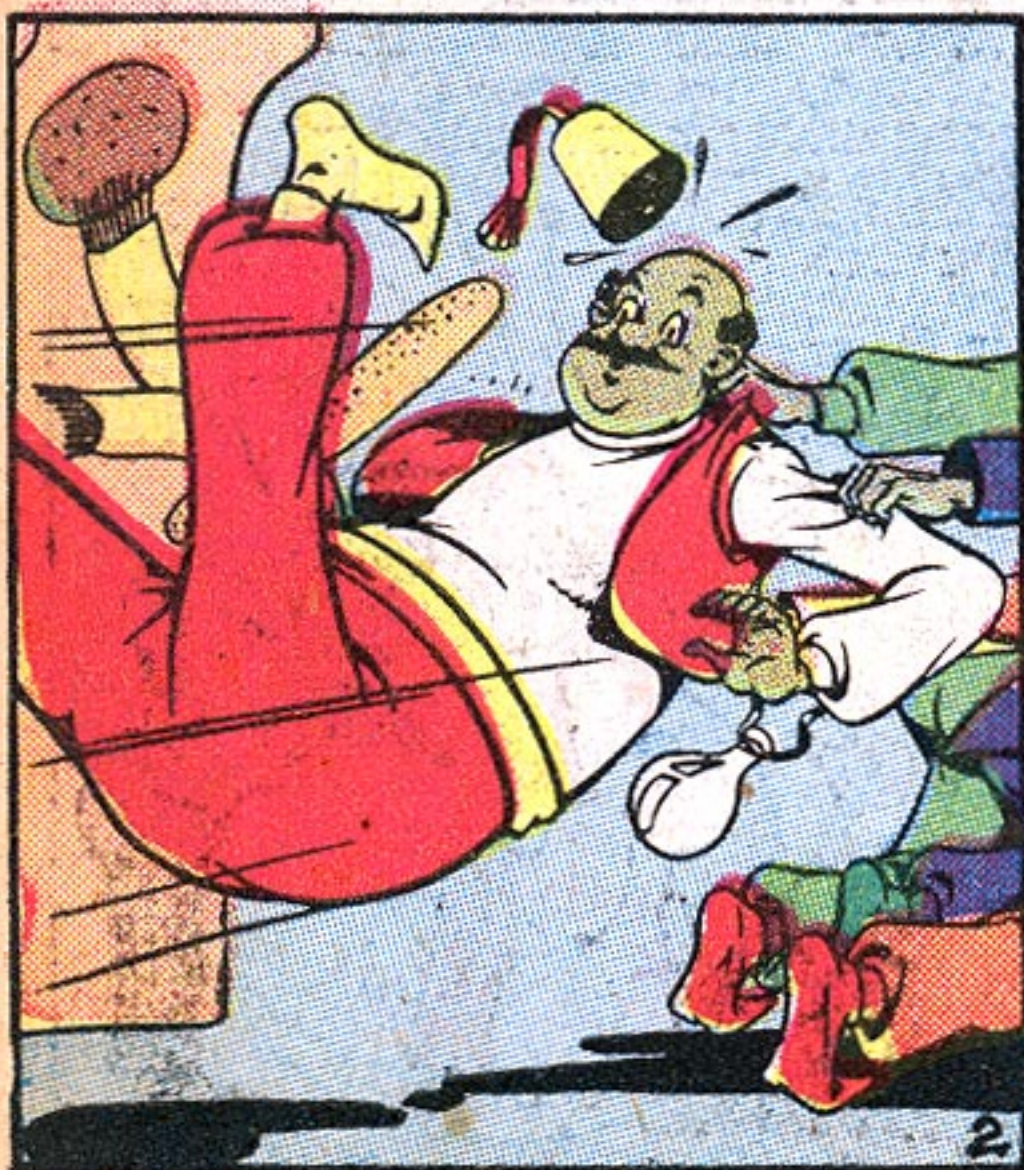
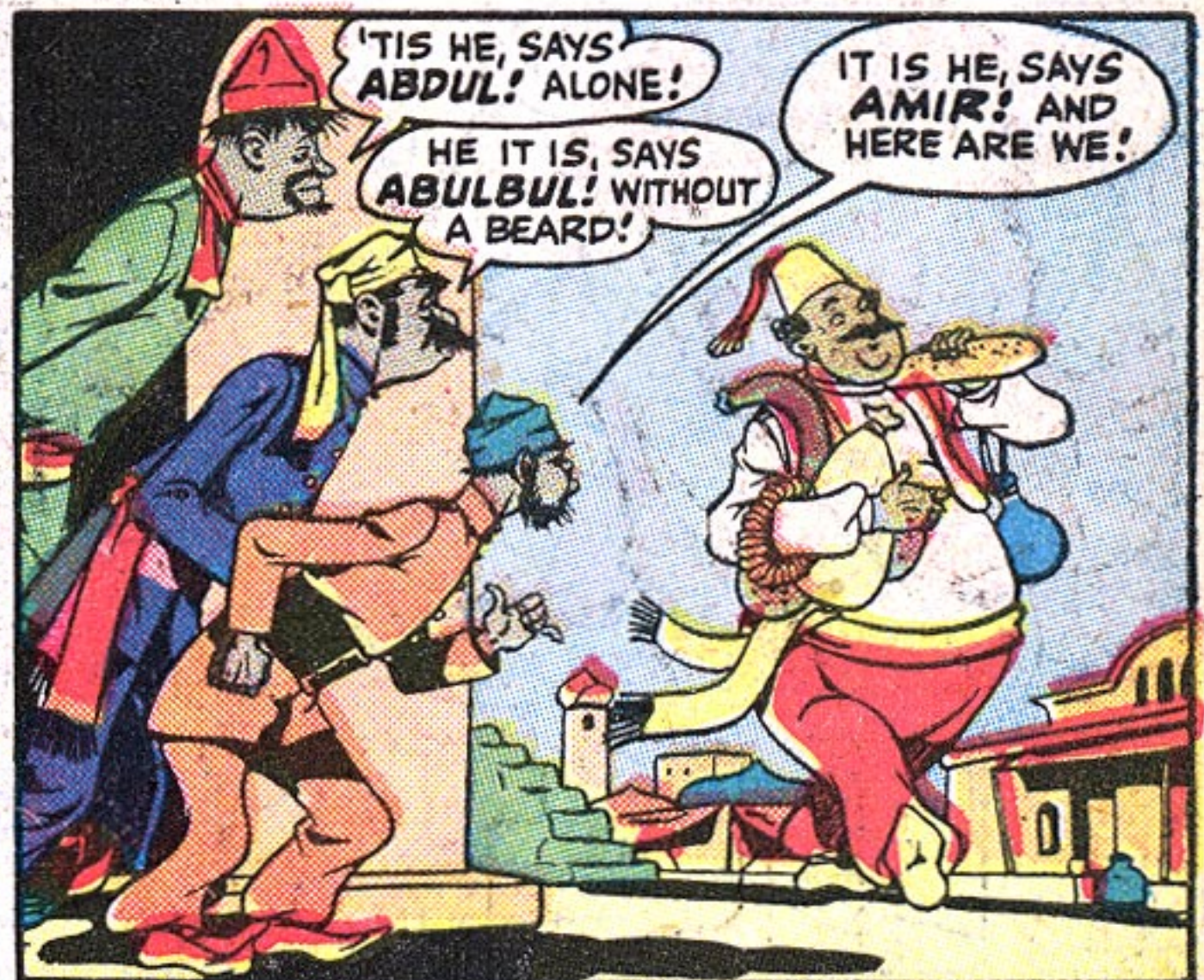
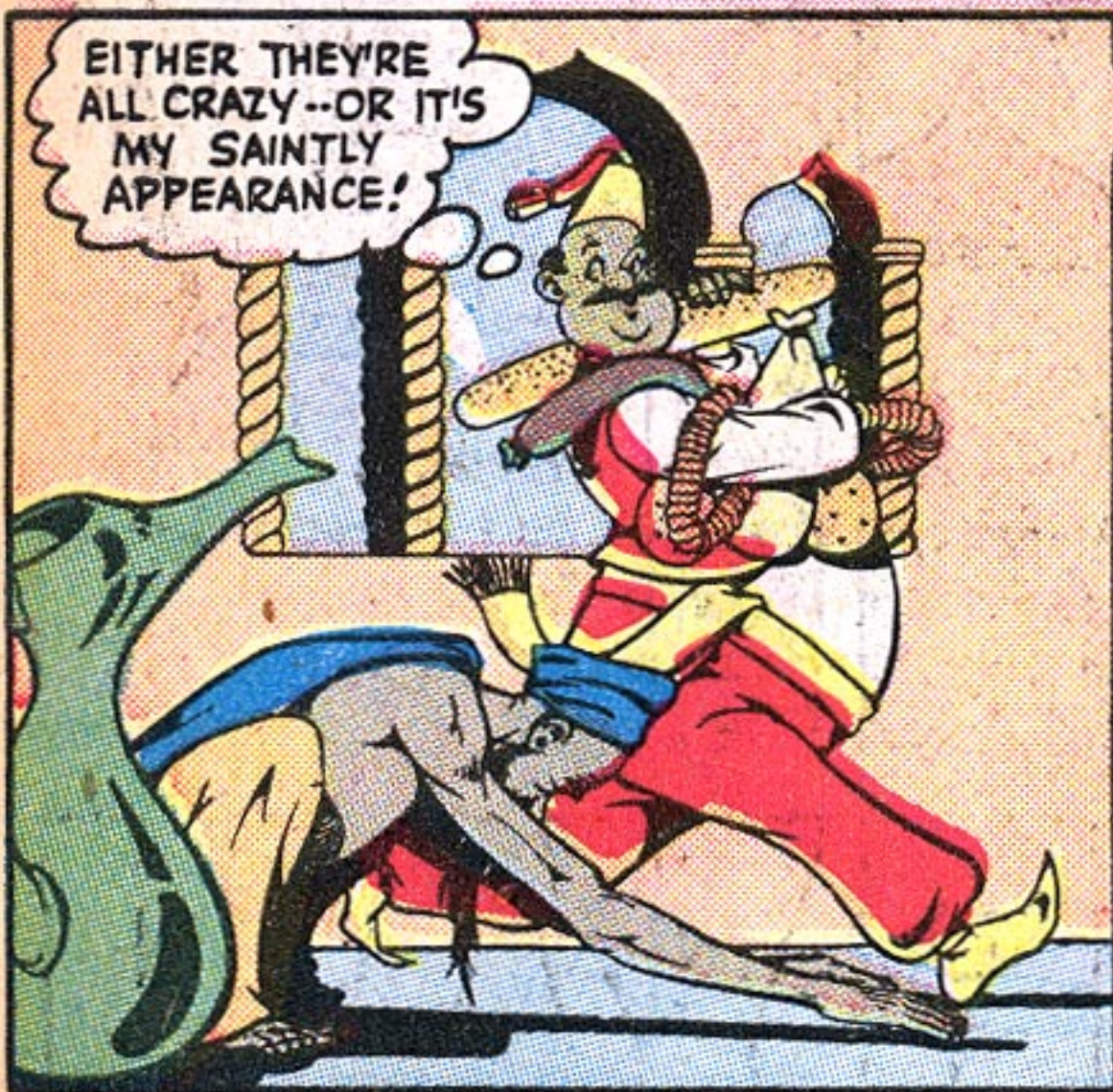
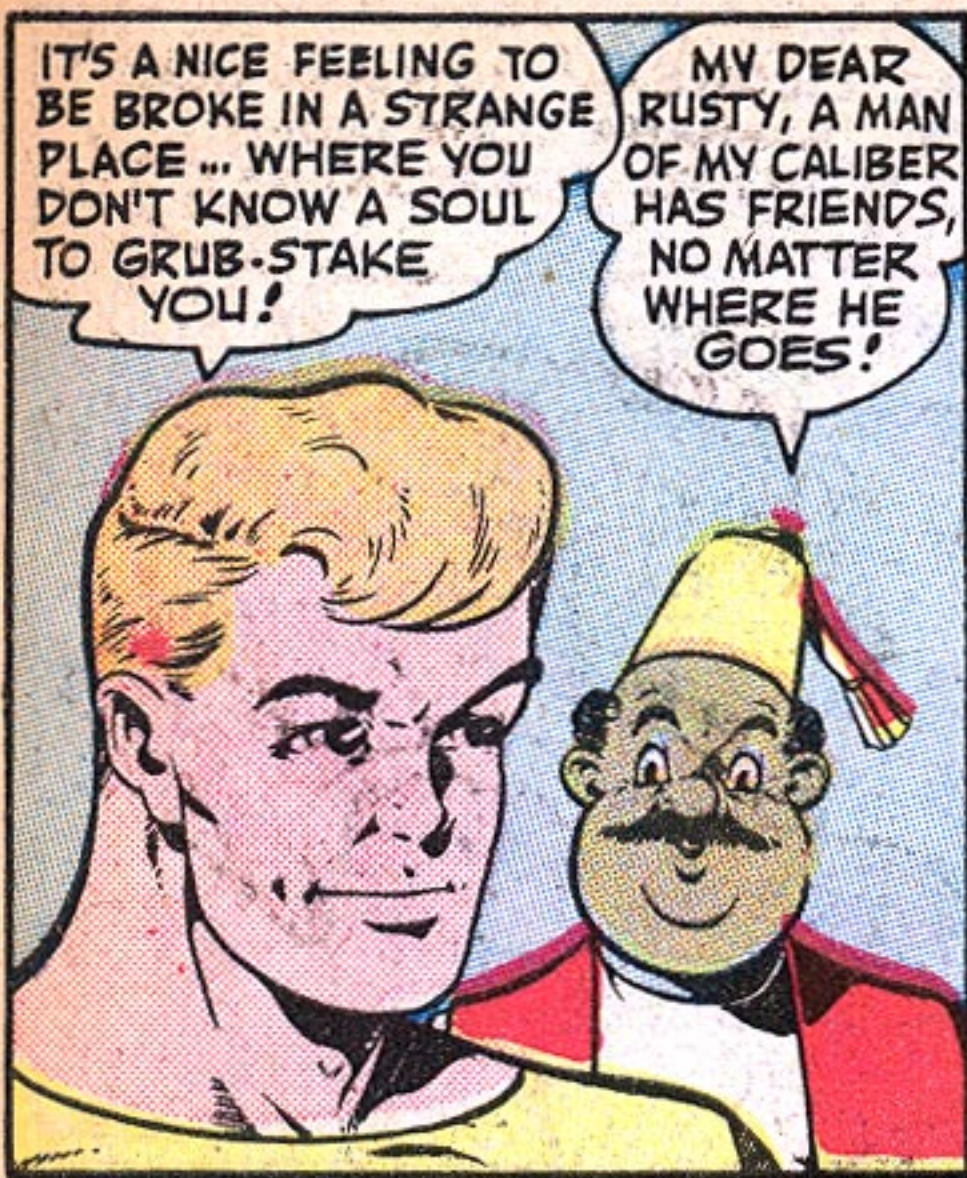


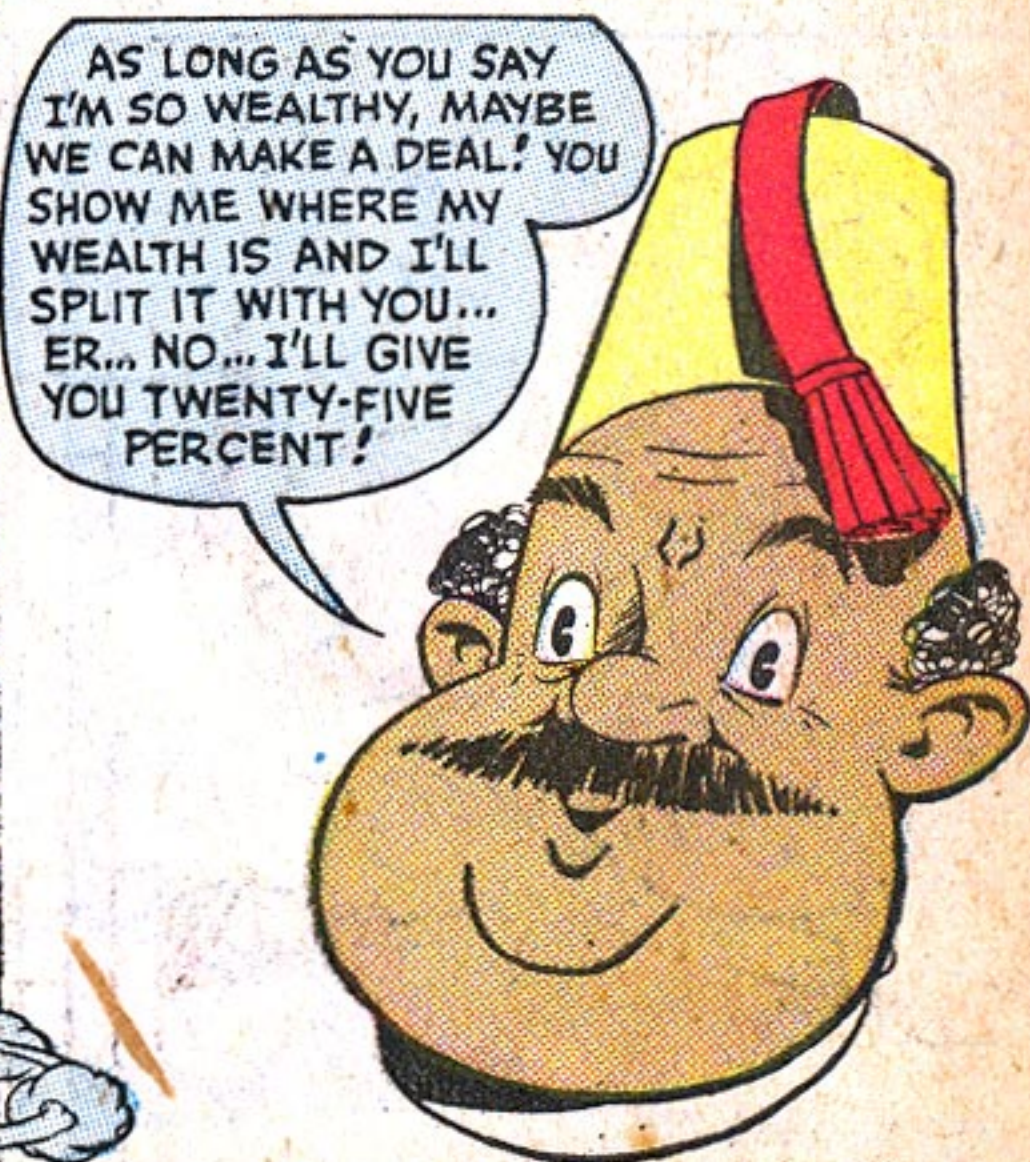
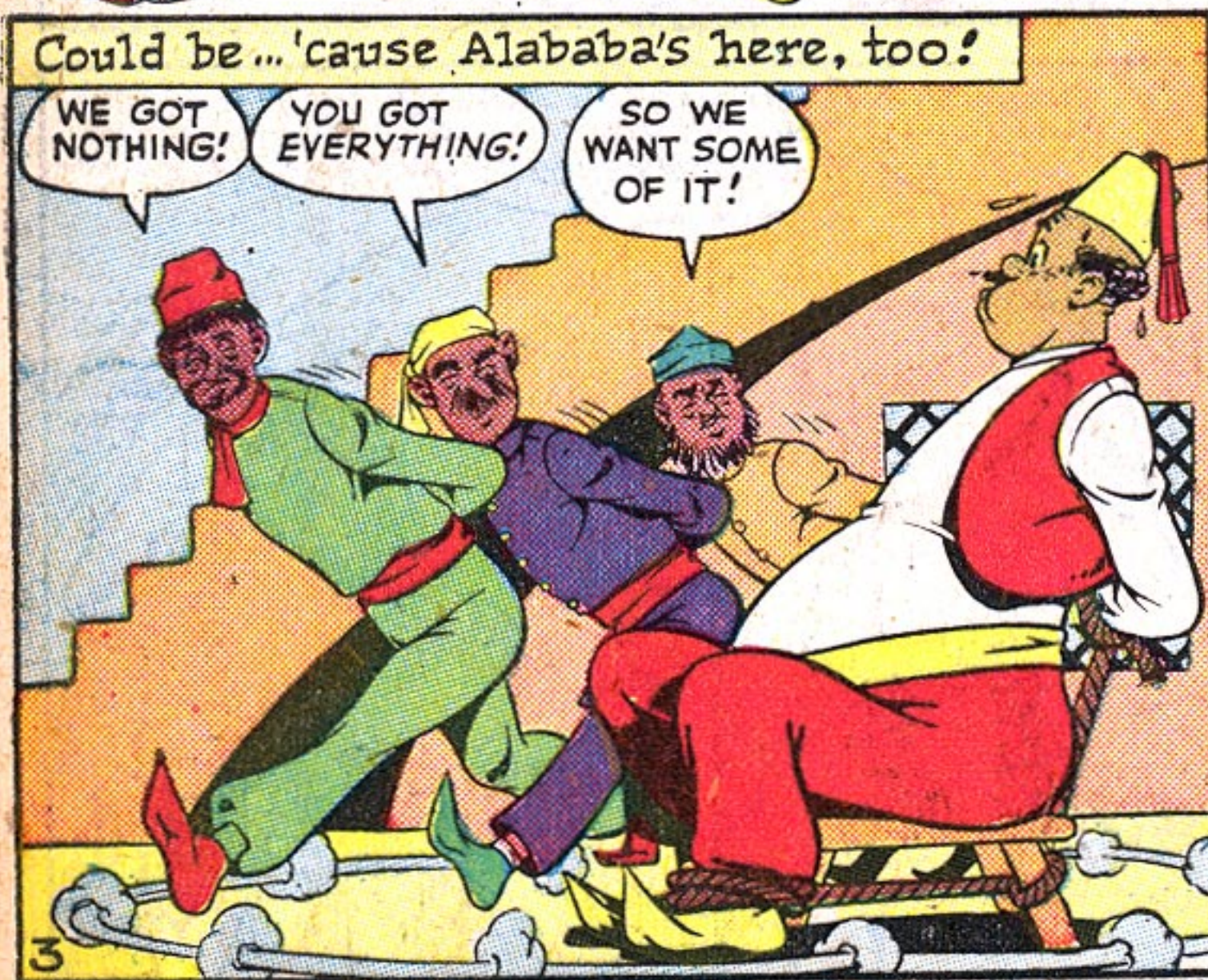
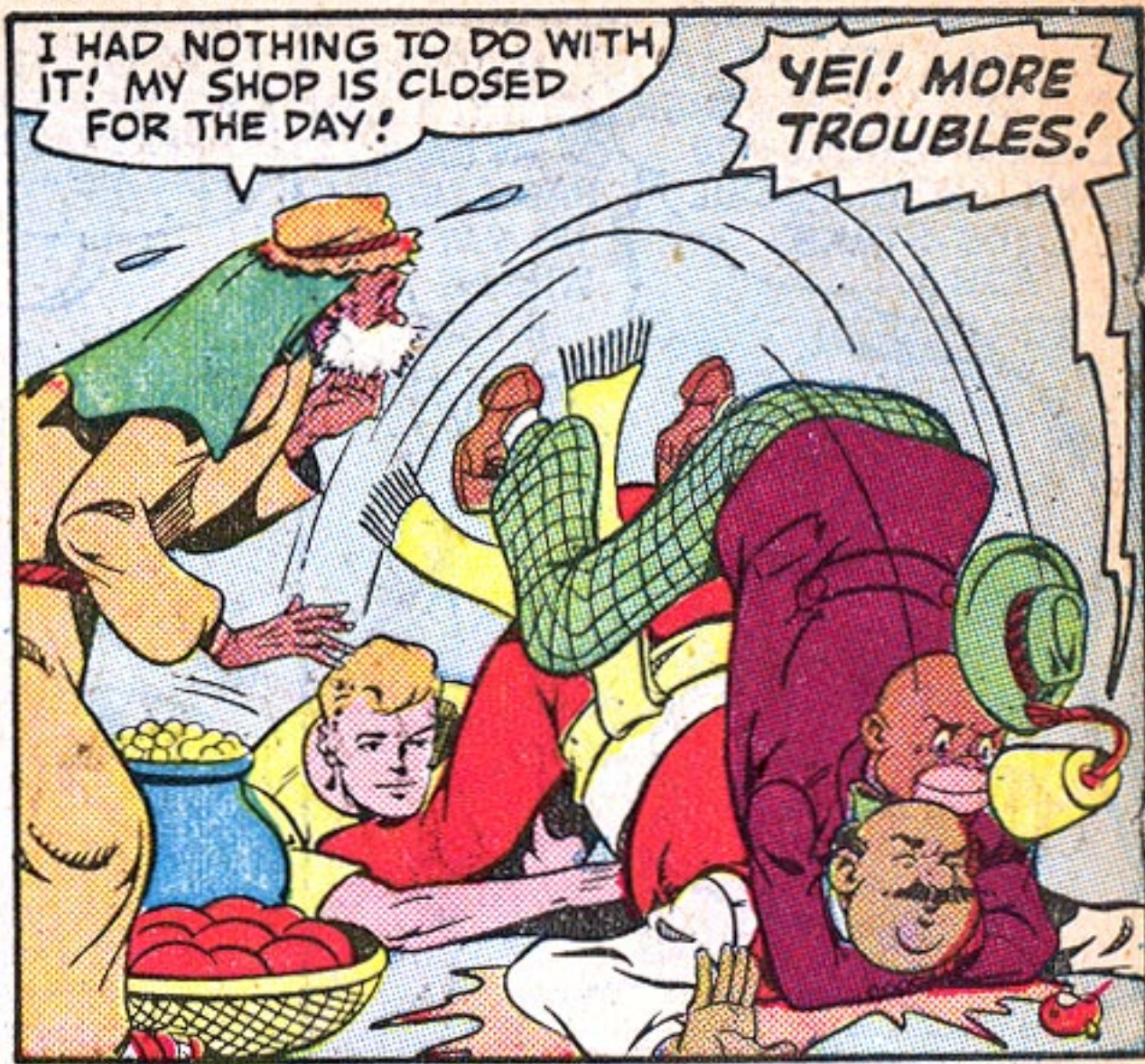
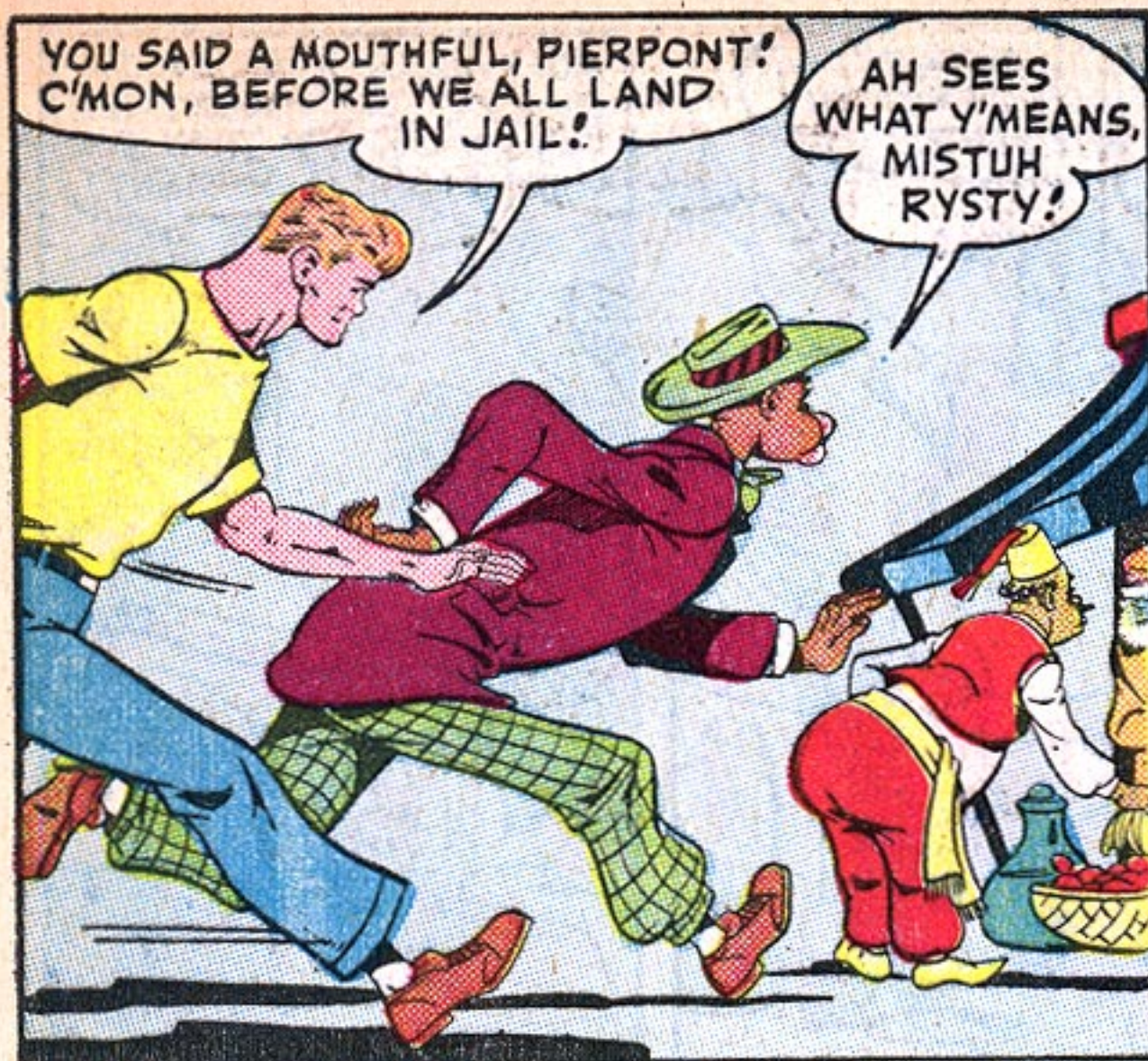


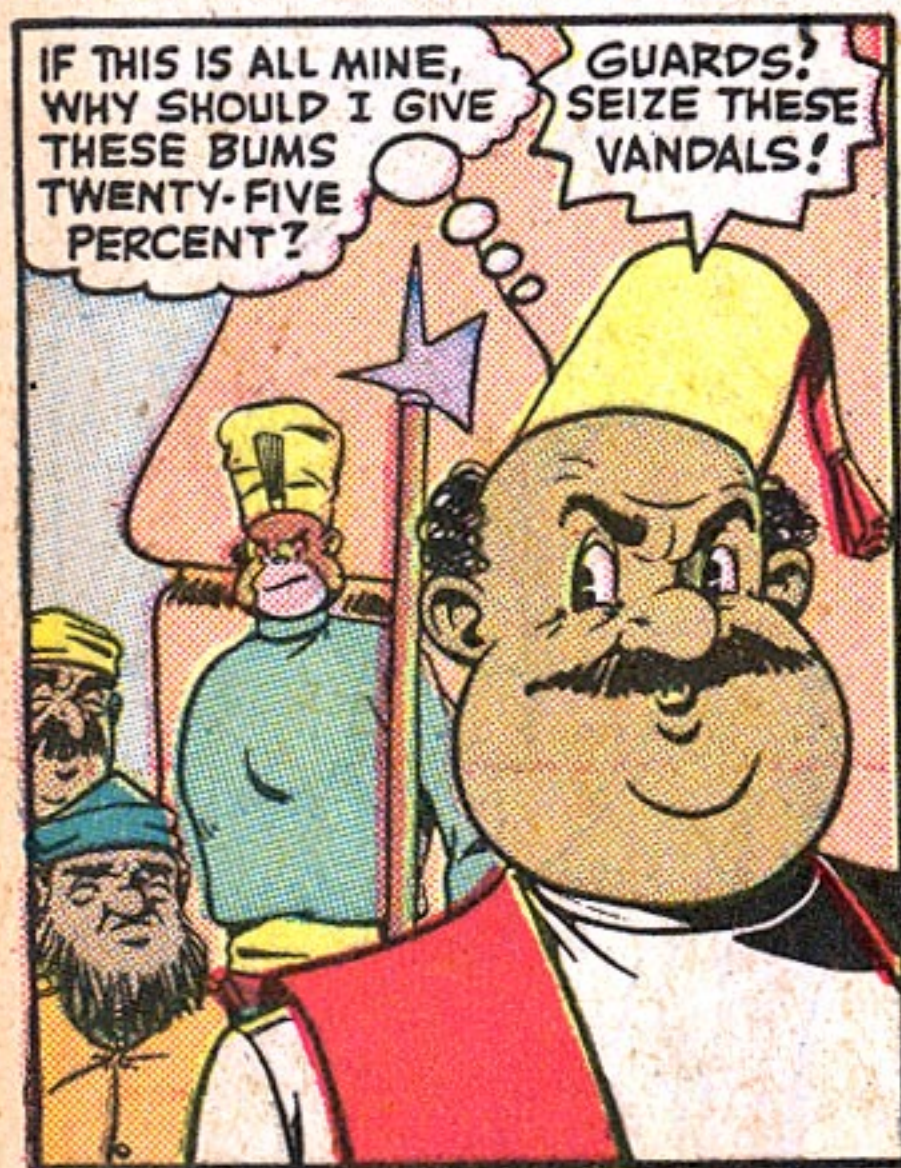
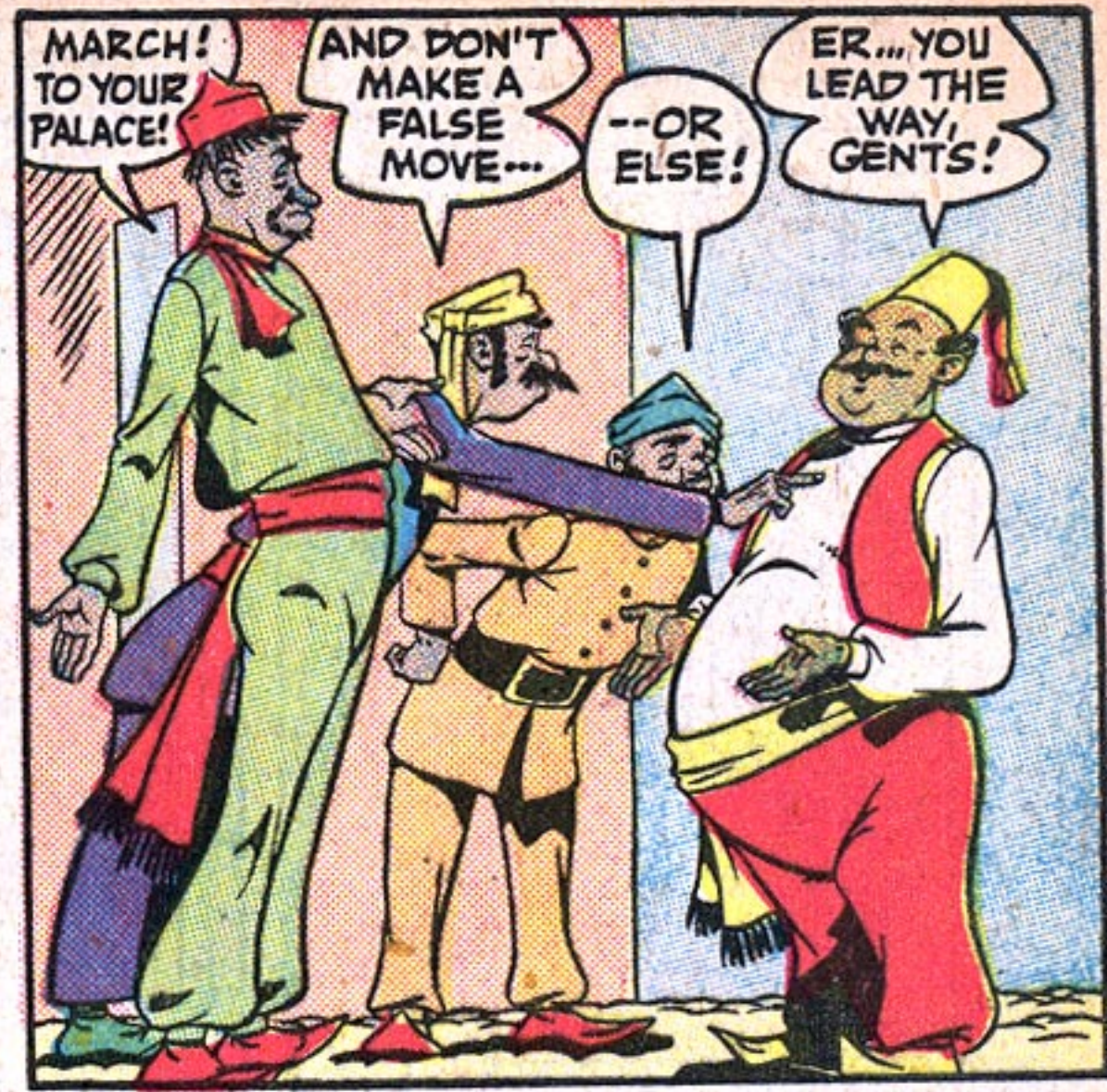
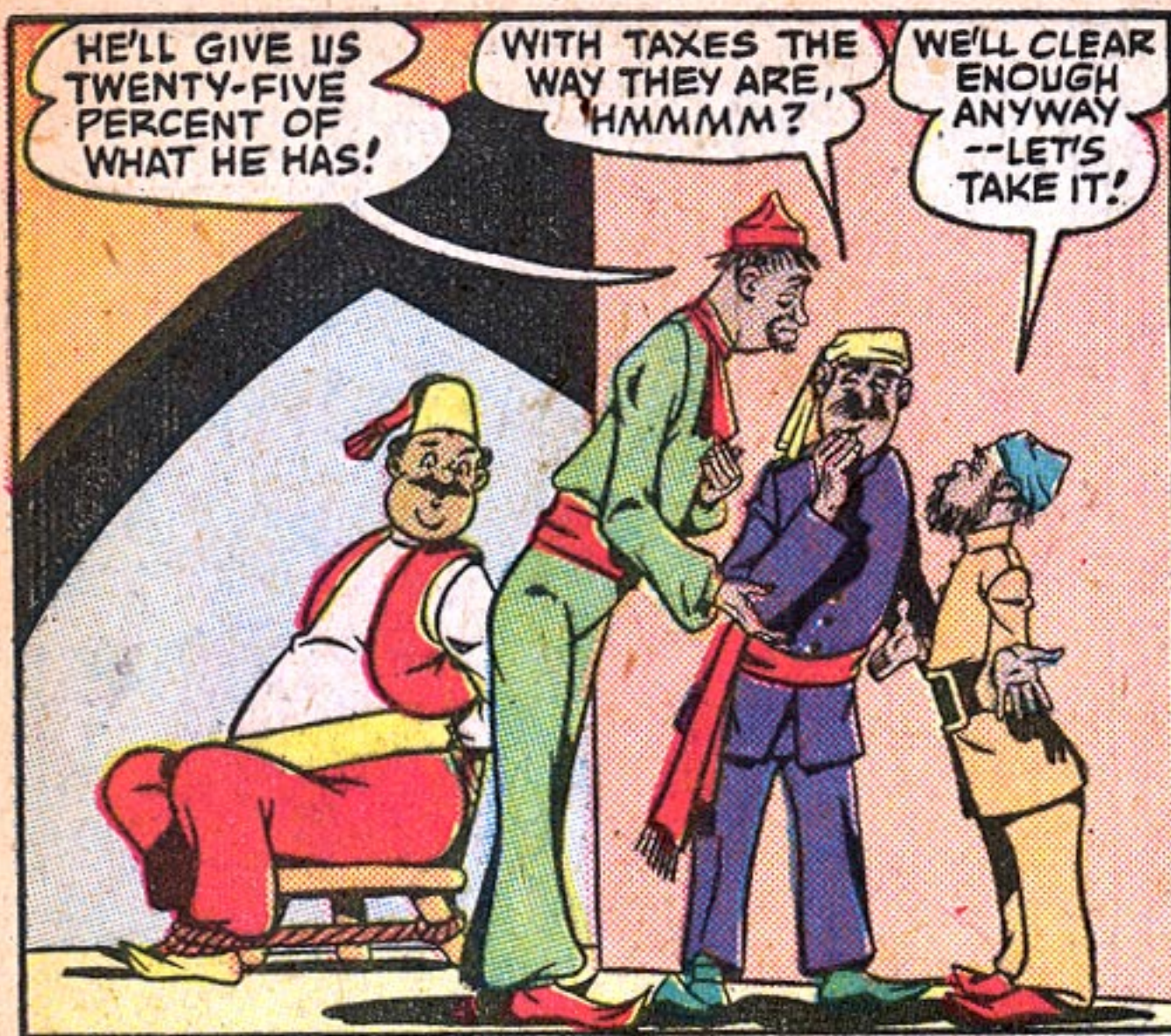
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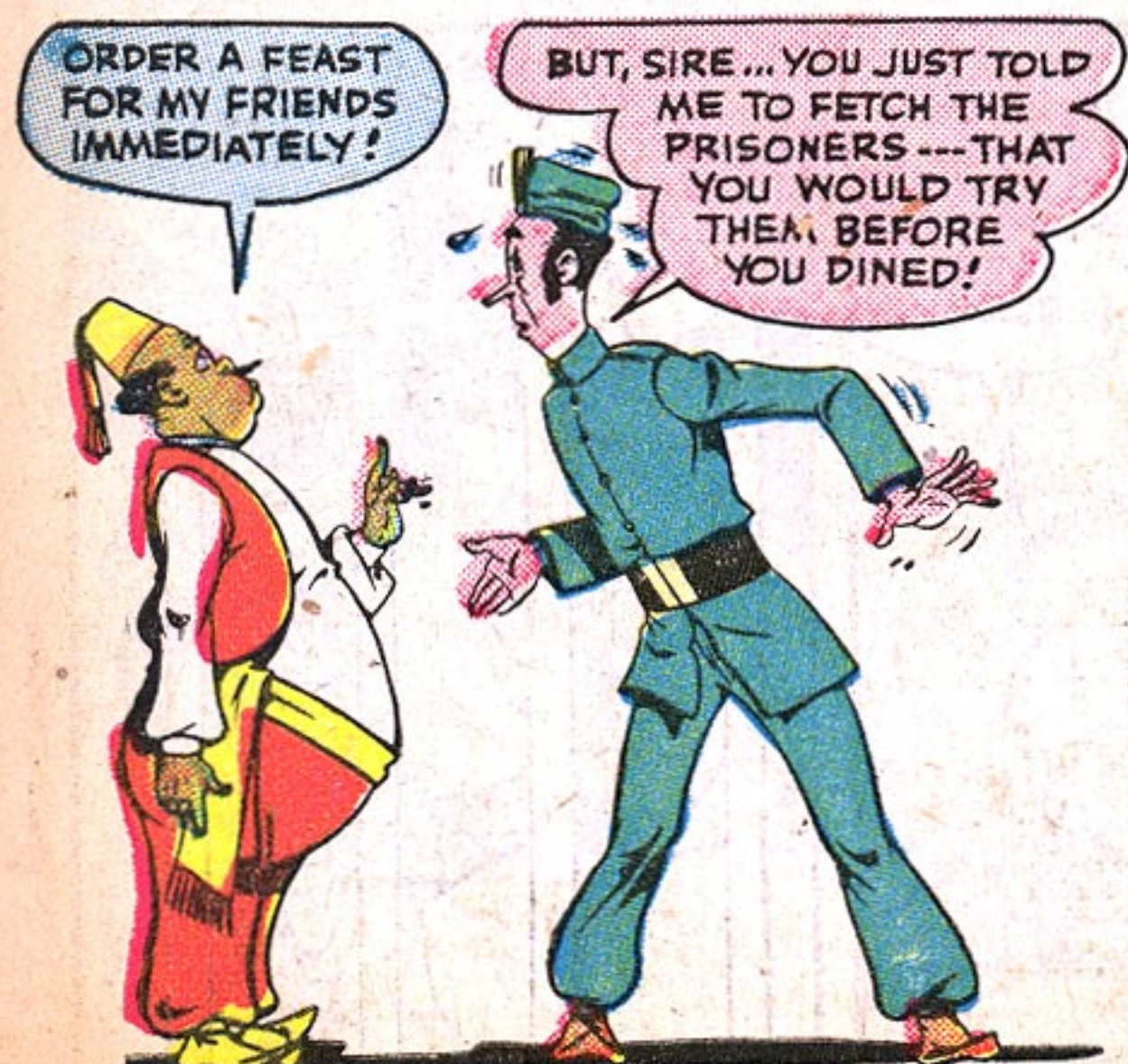
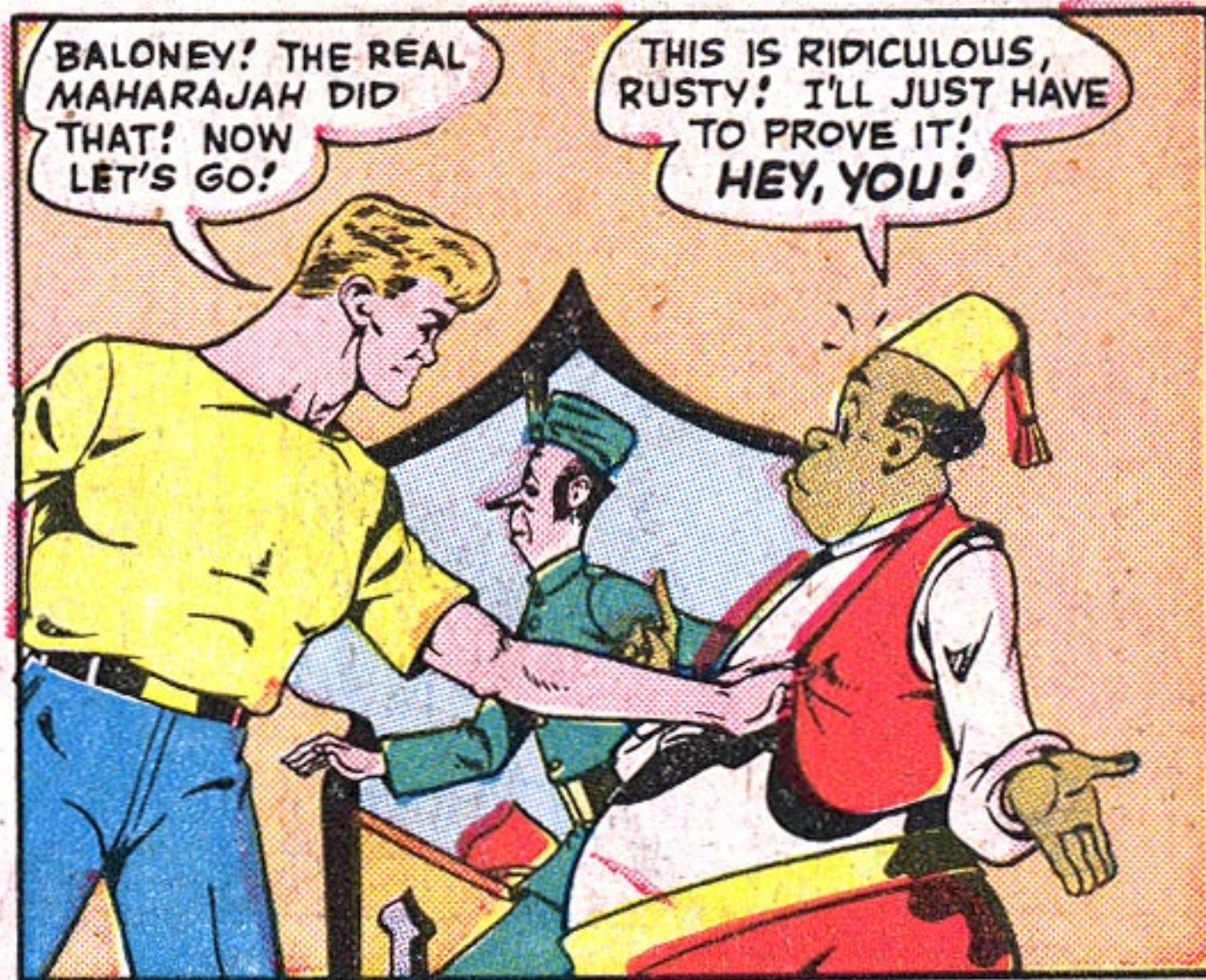
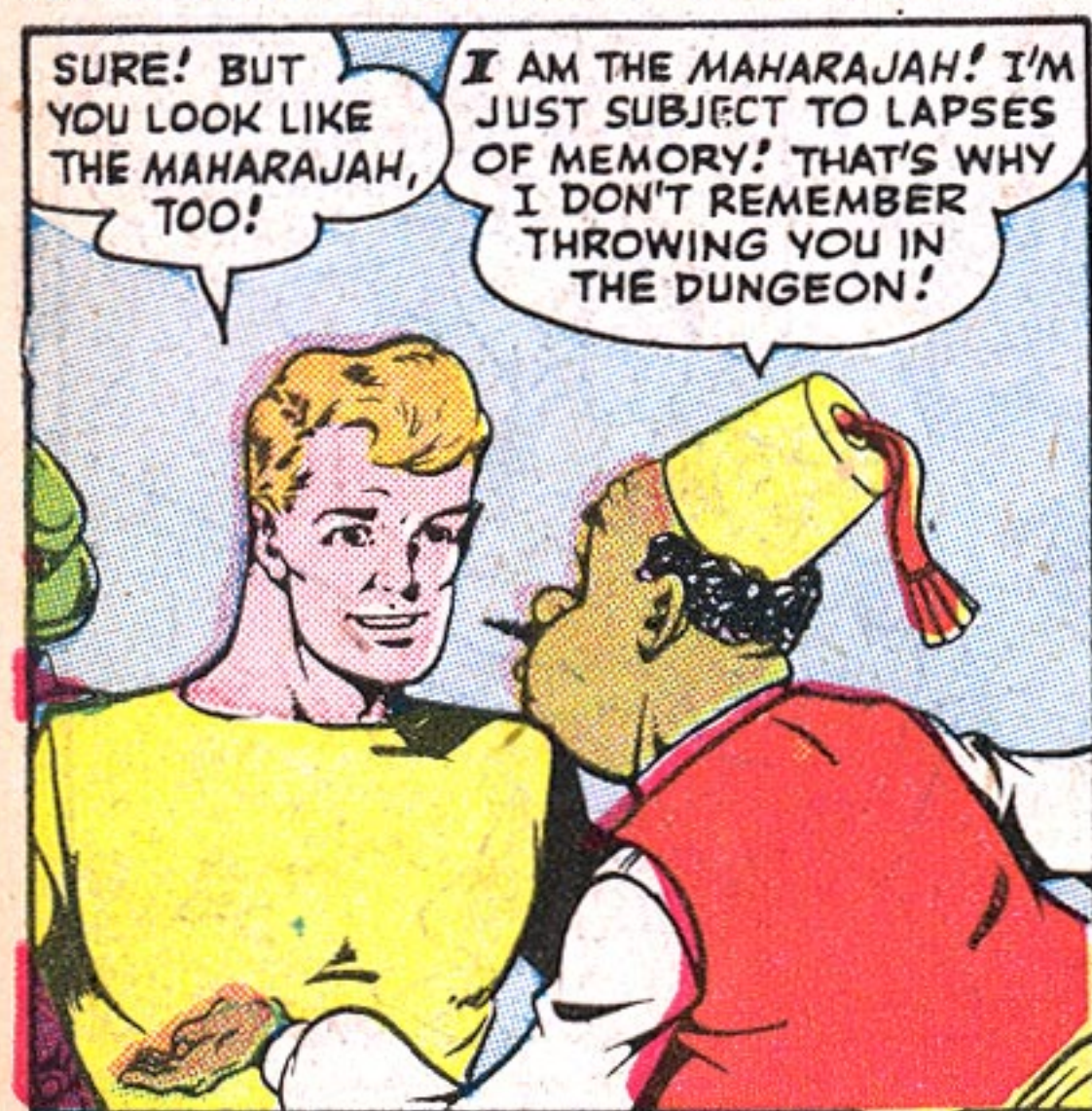
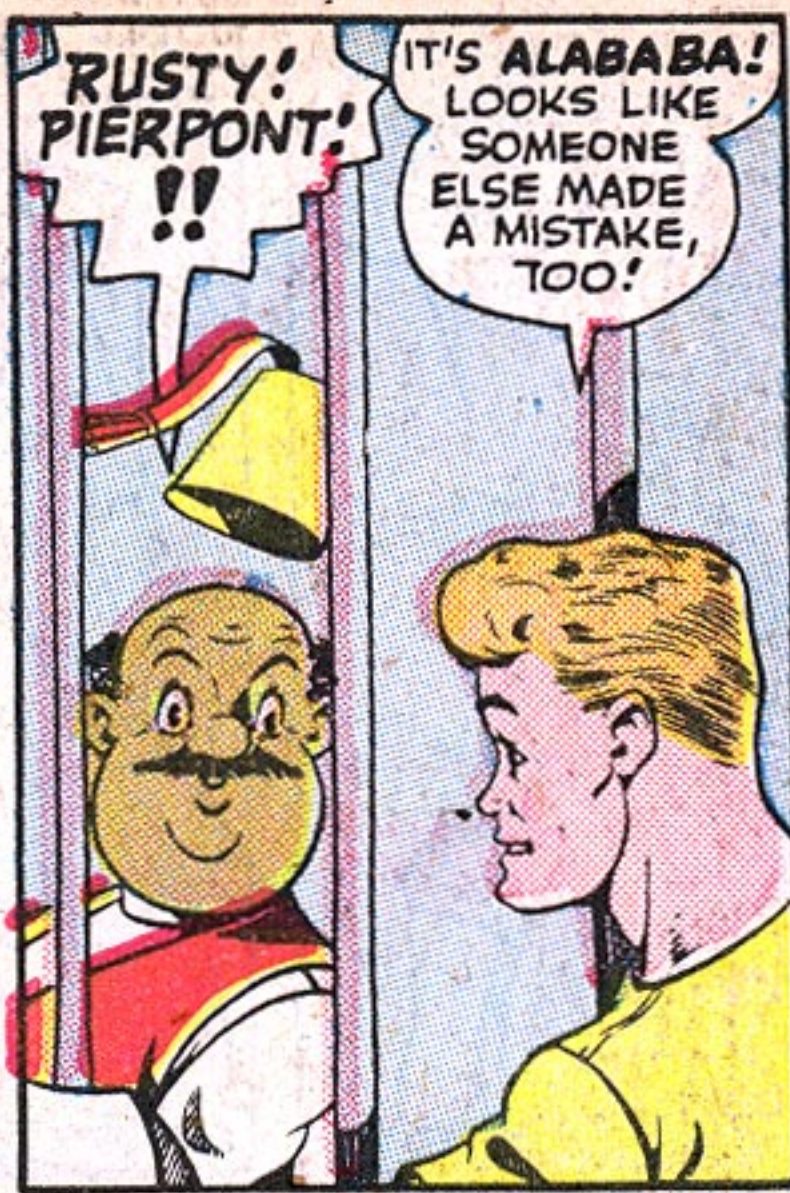


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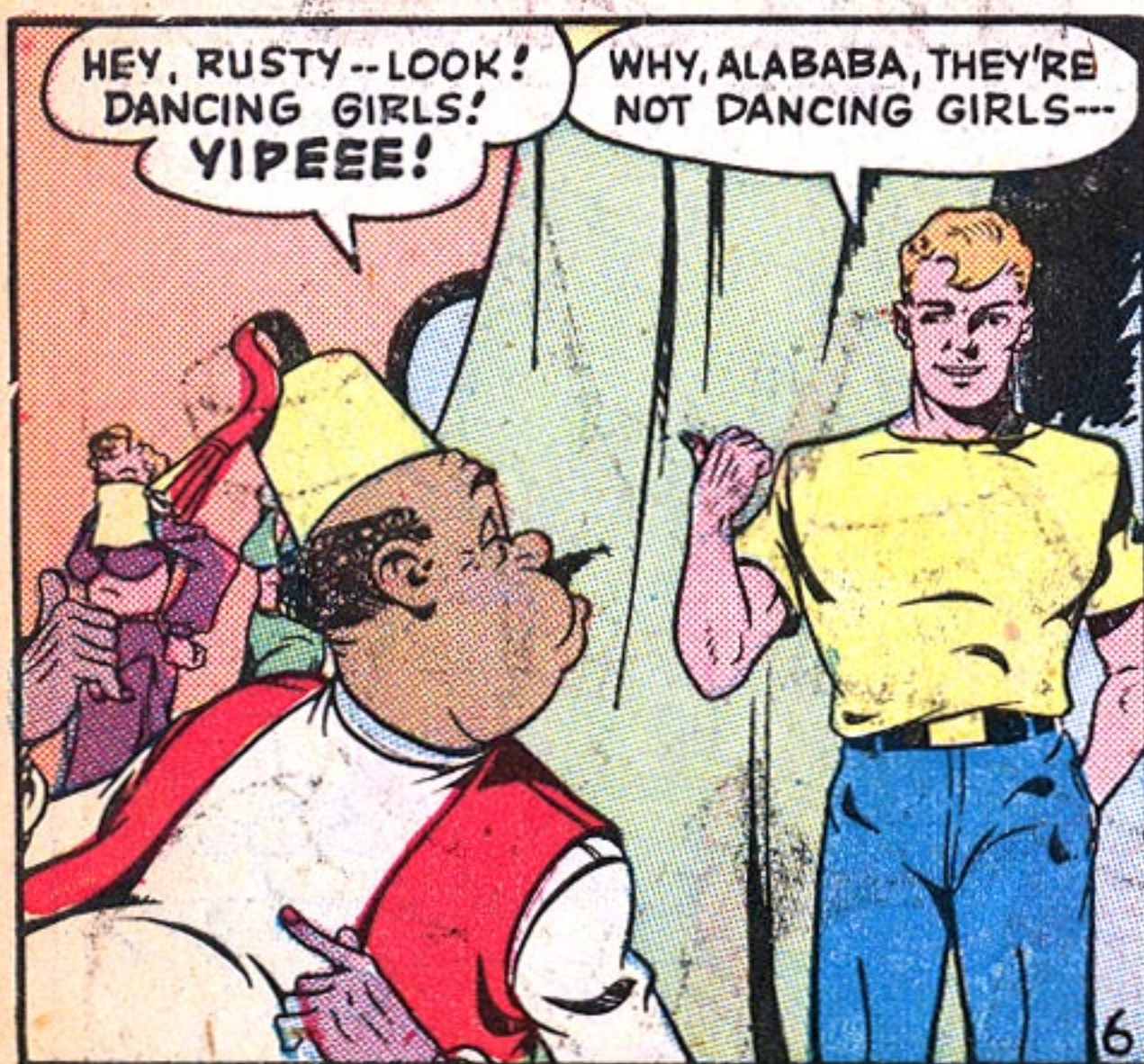
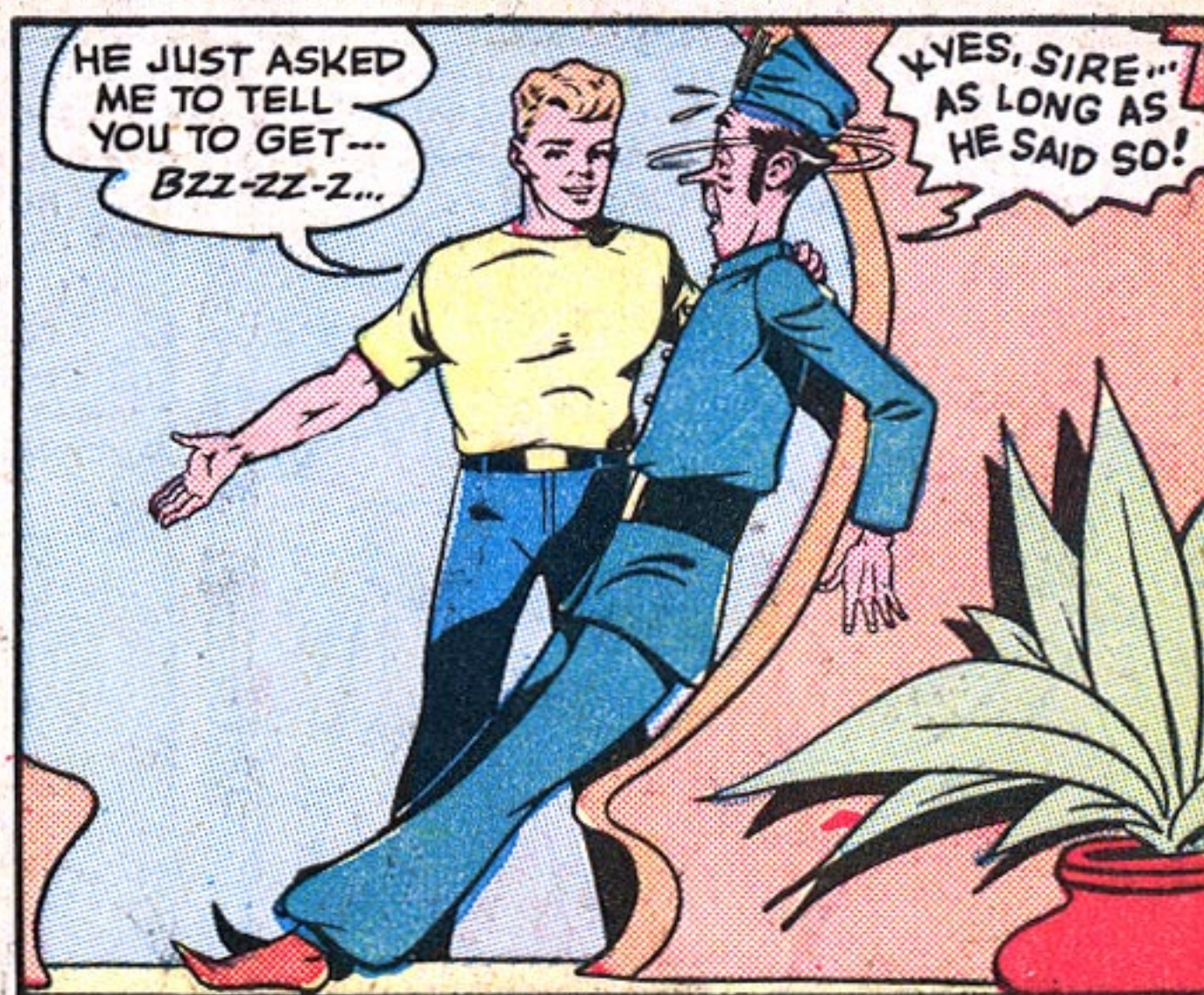
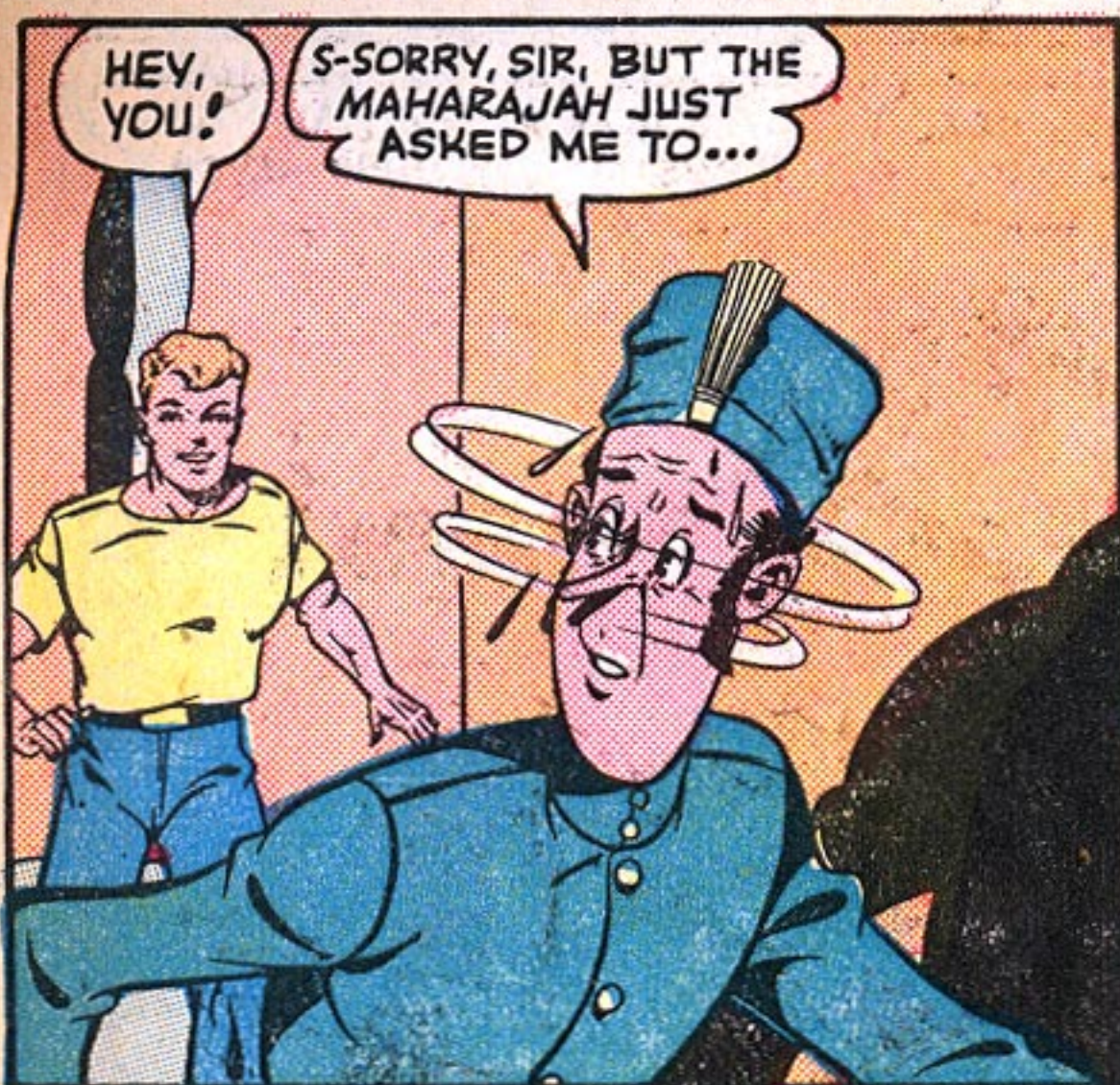
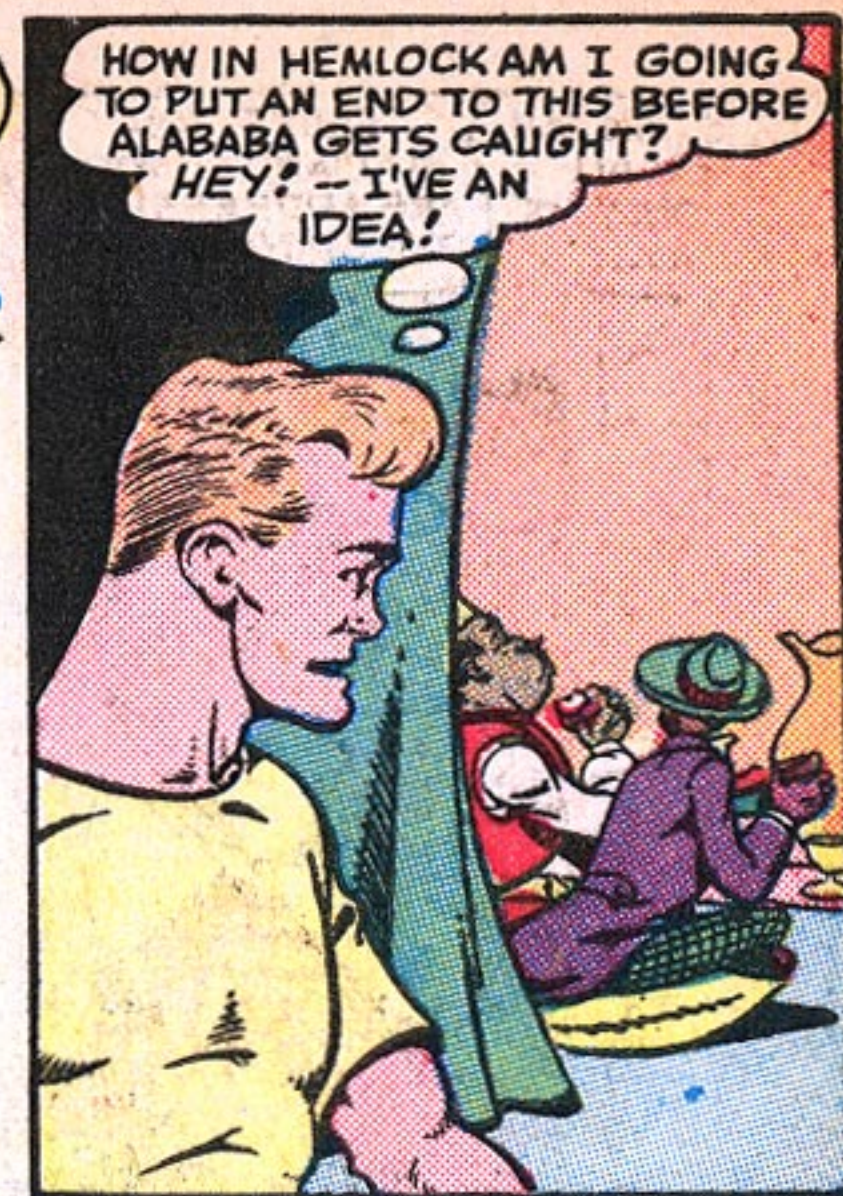


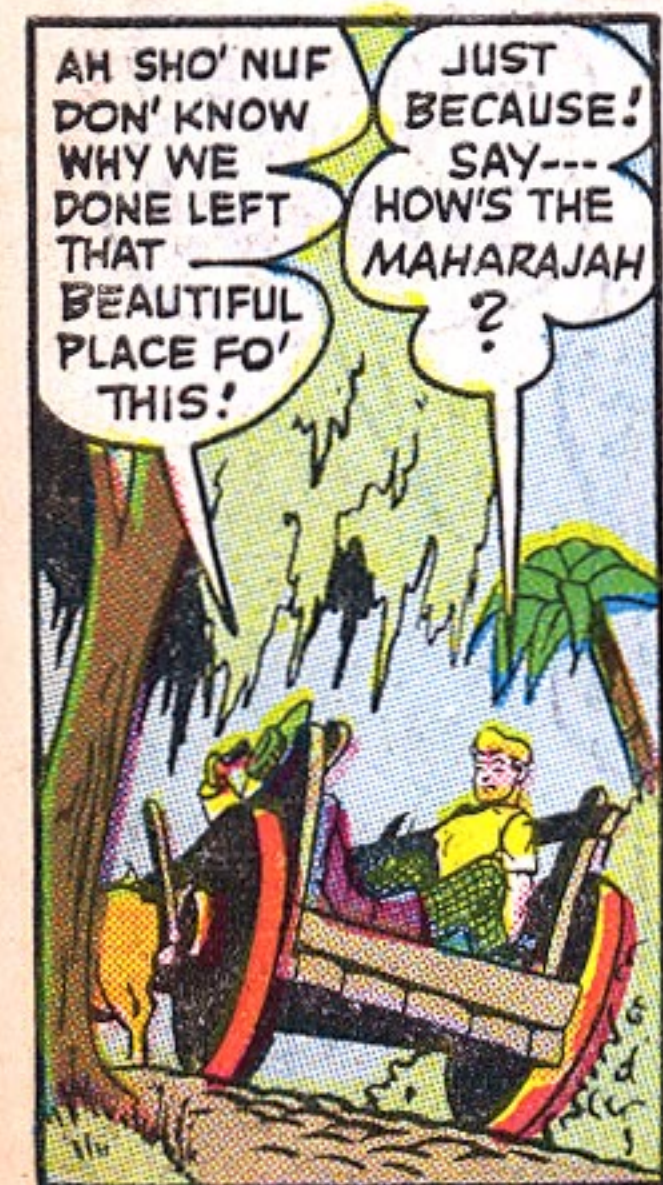
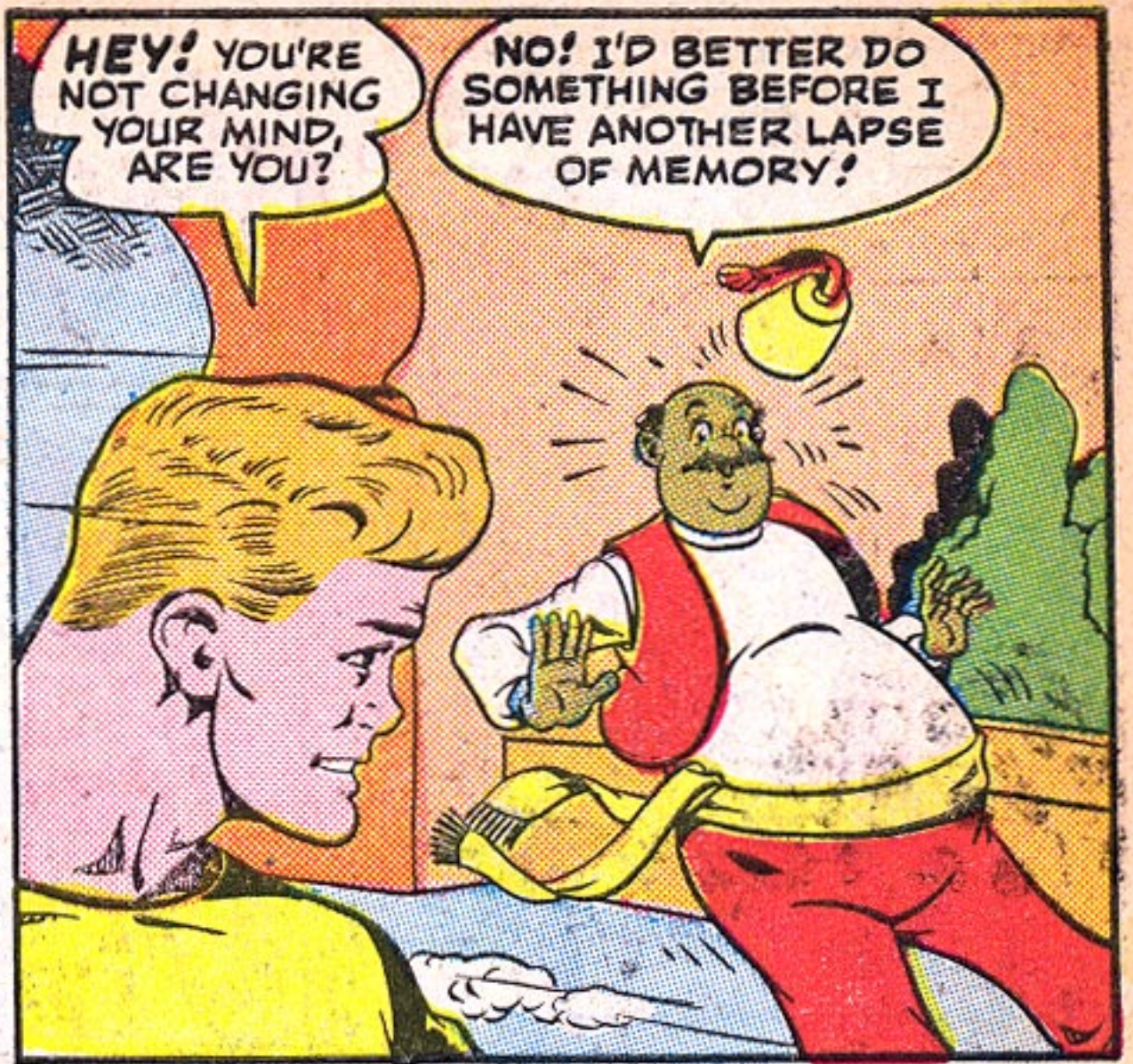
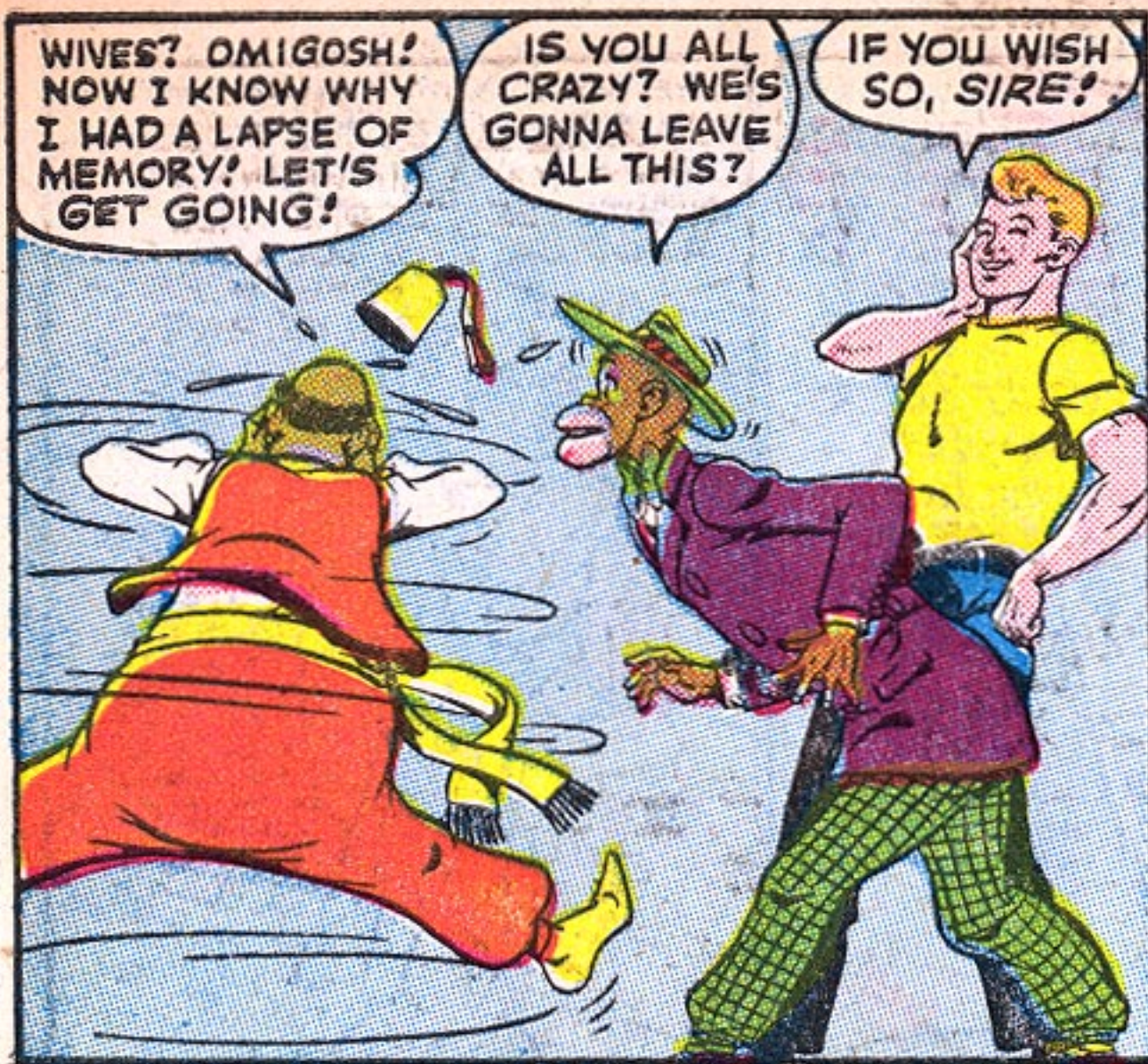


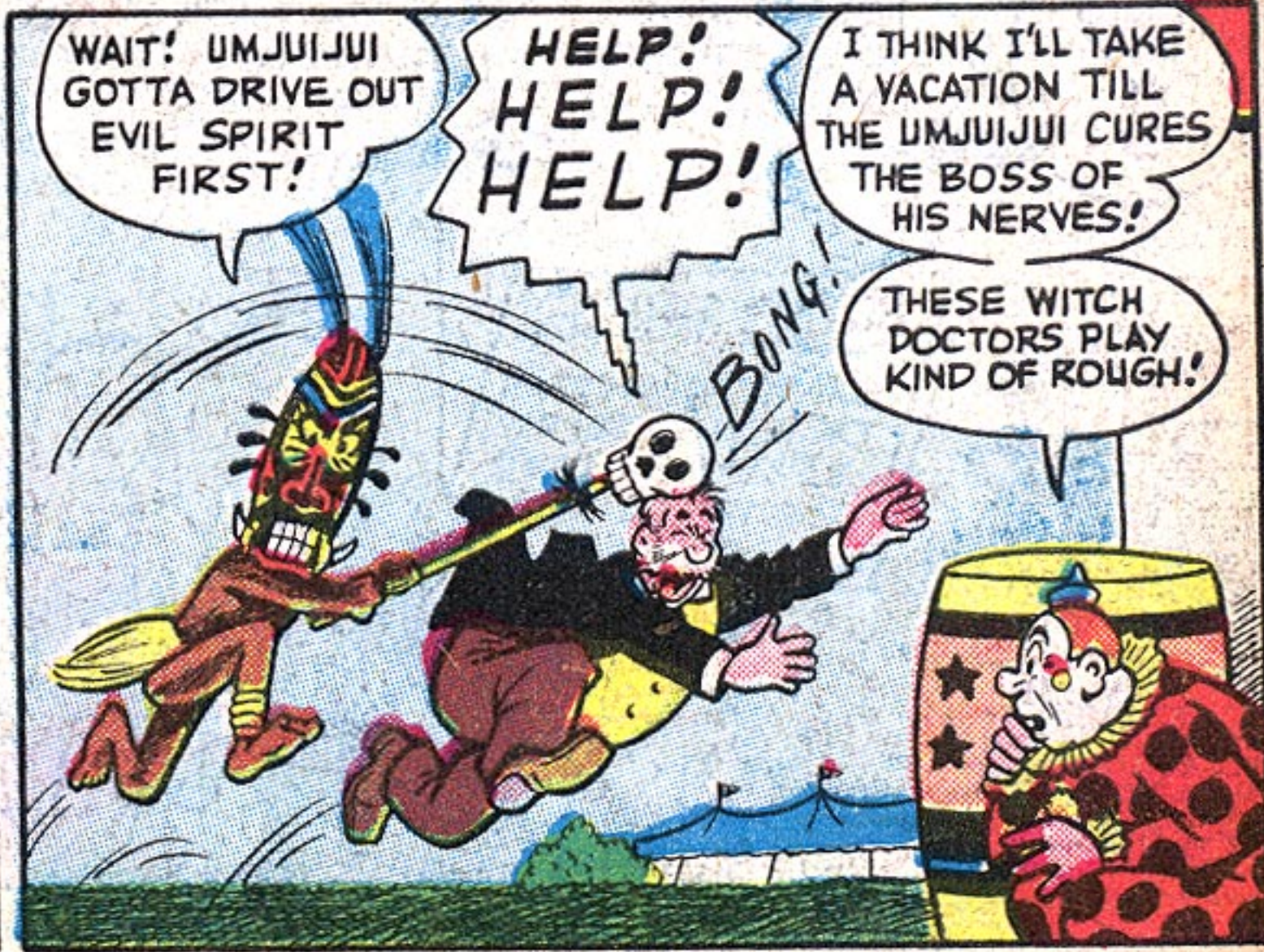
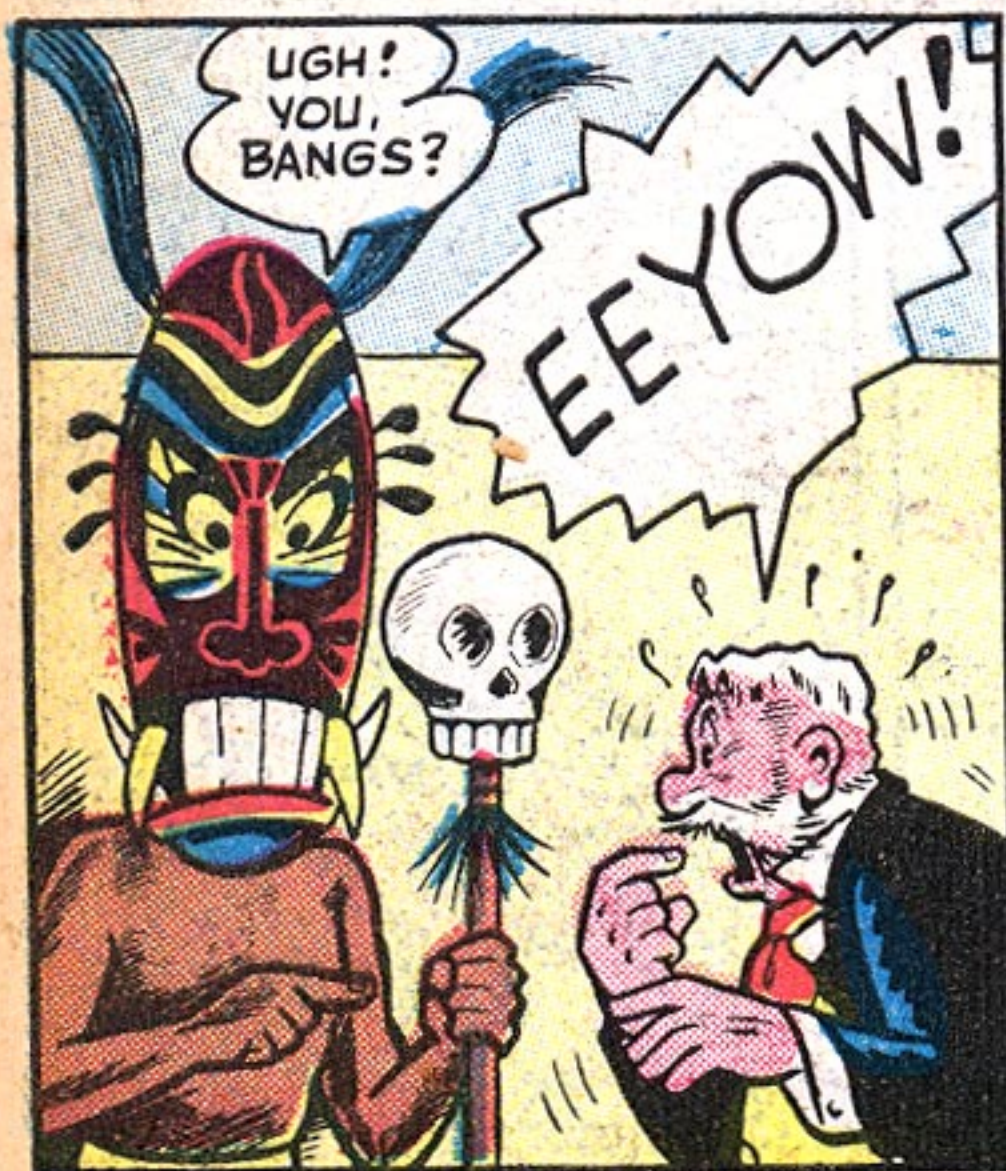
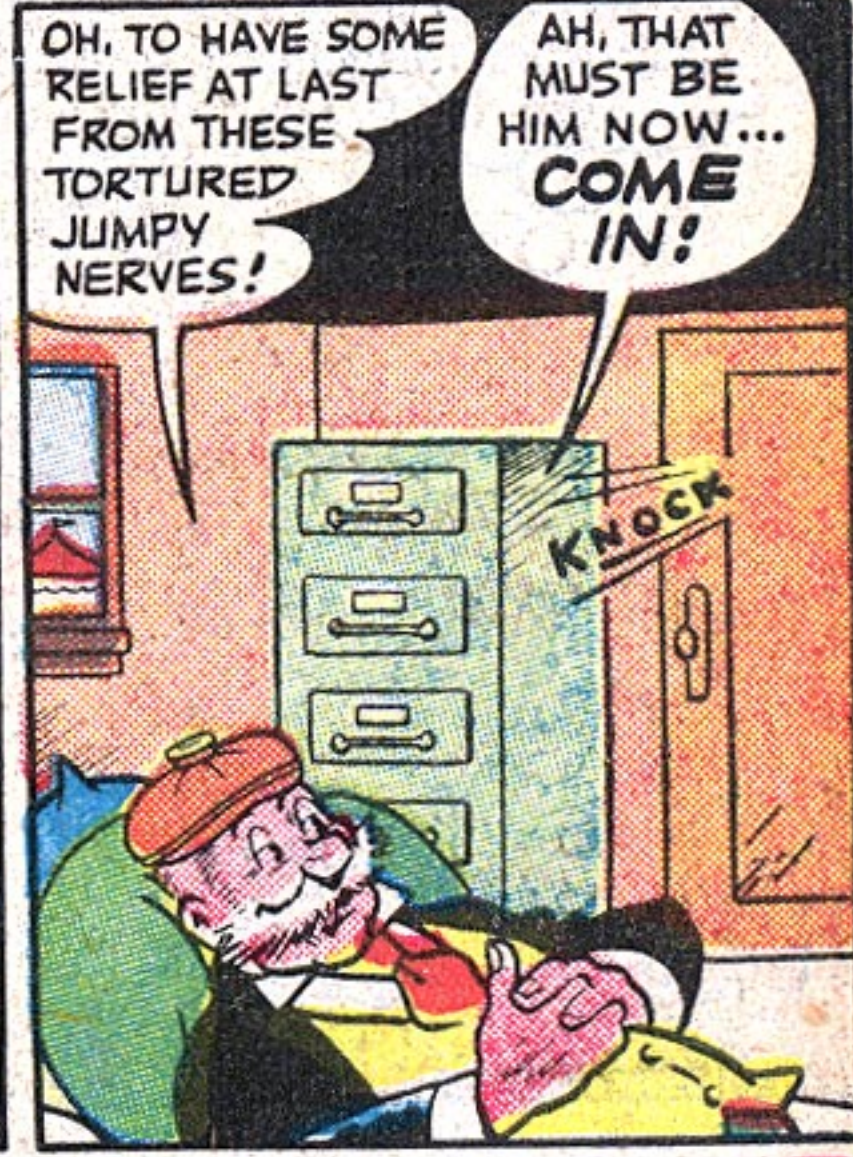
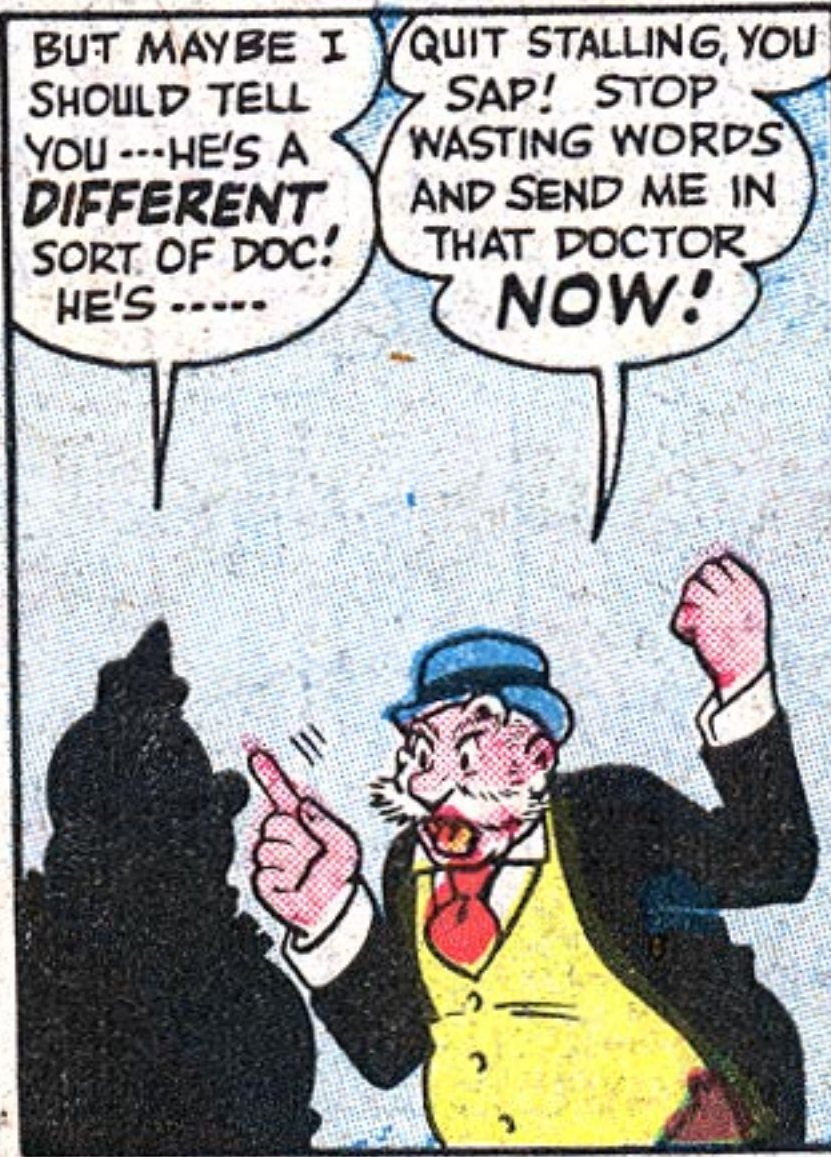
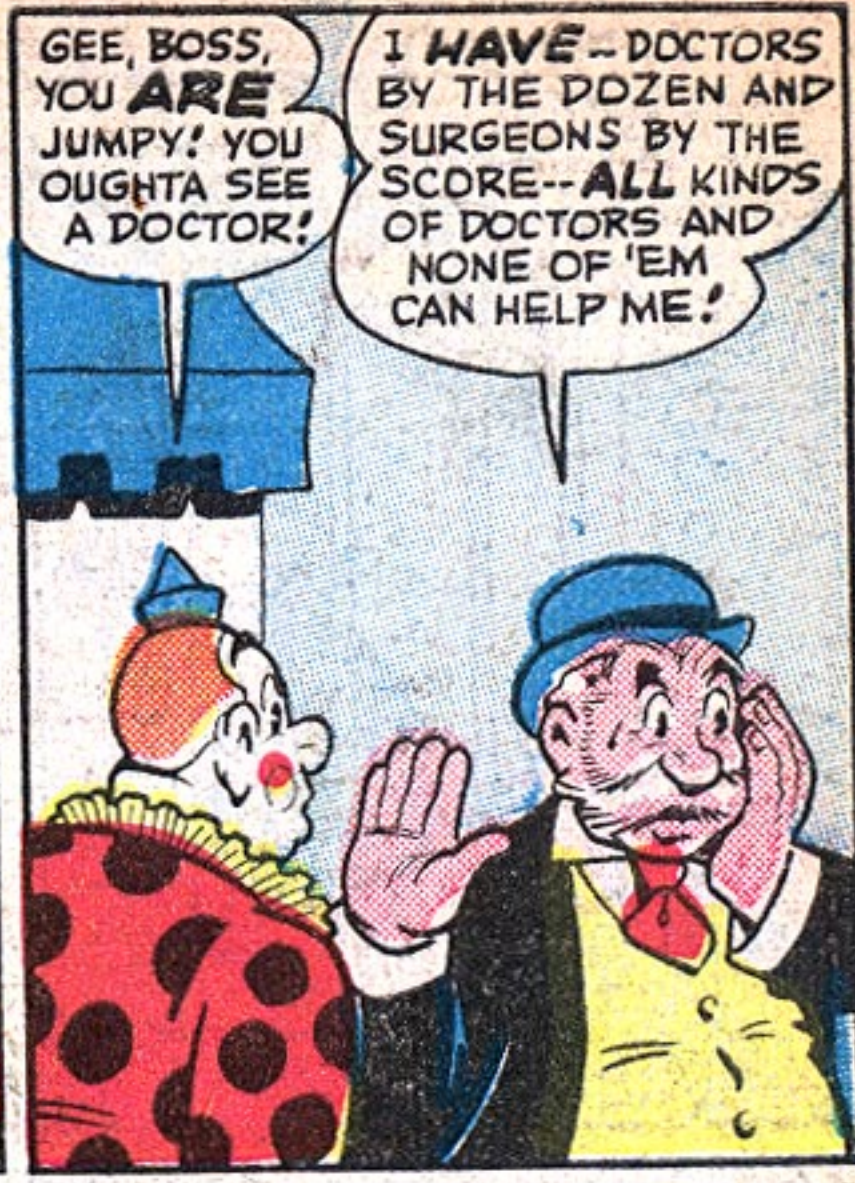
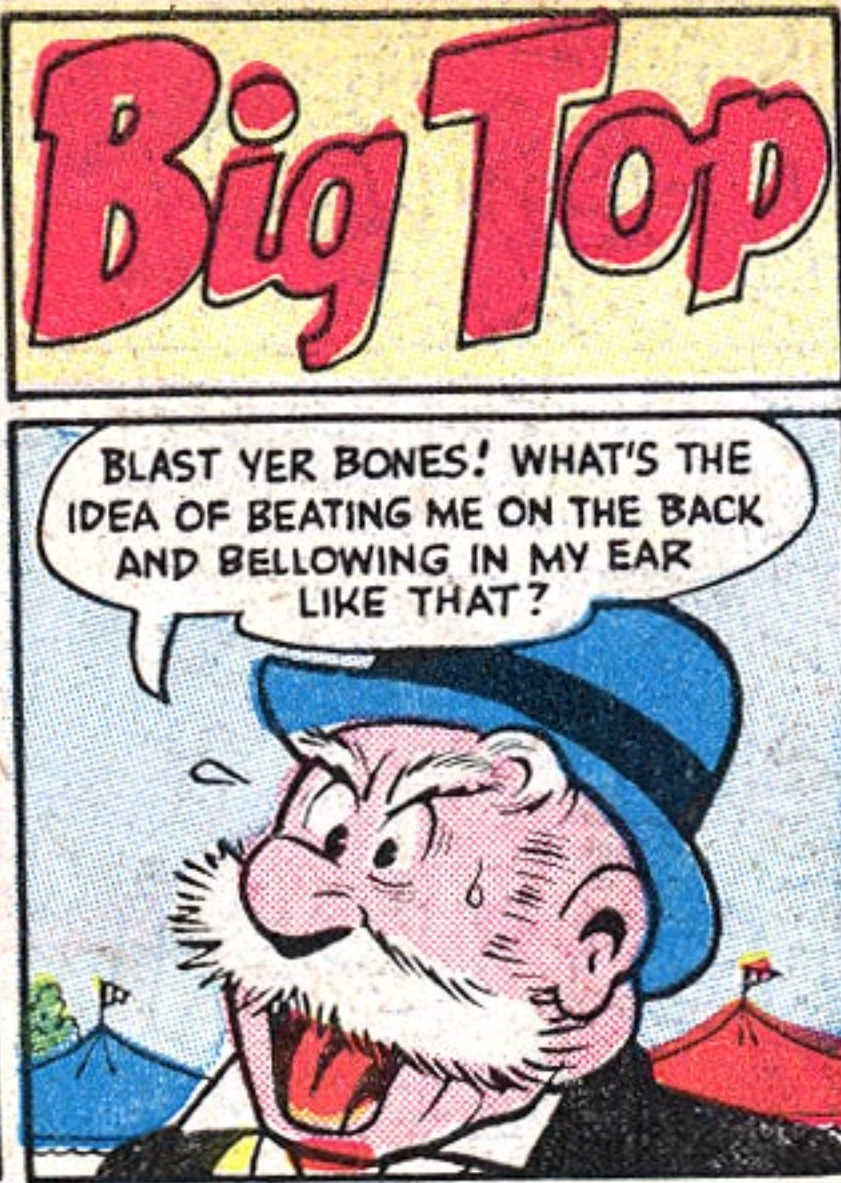




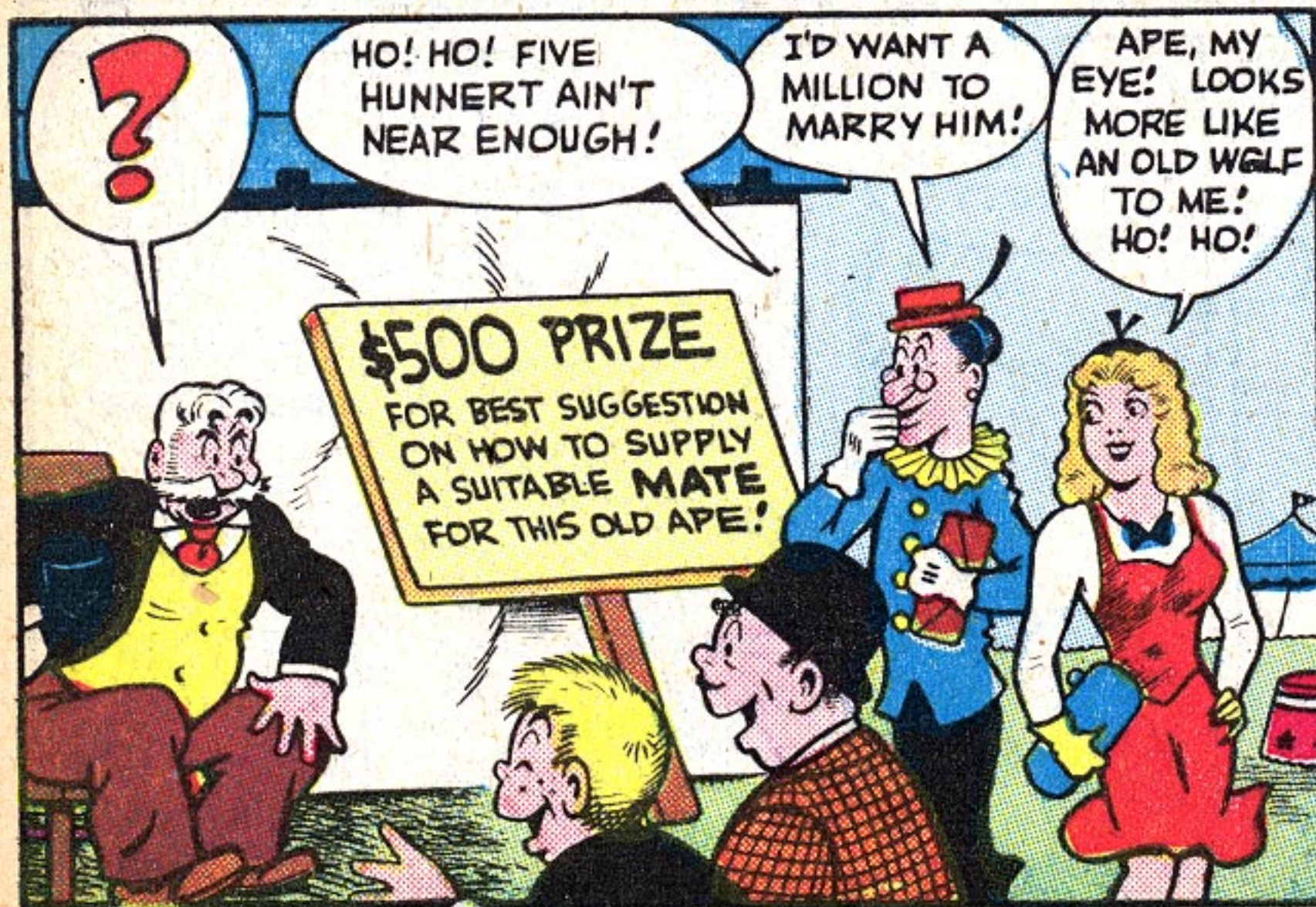
FEATURE COMICS



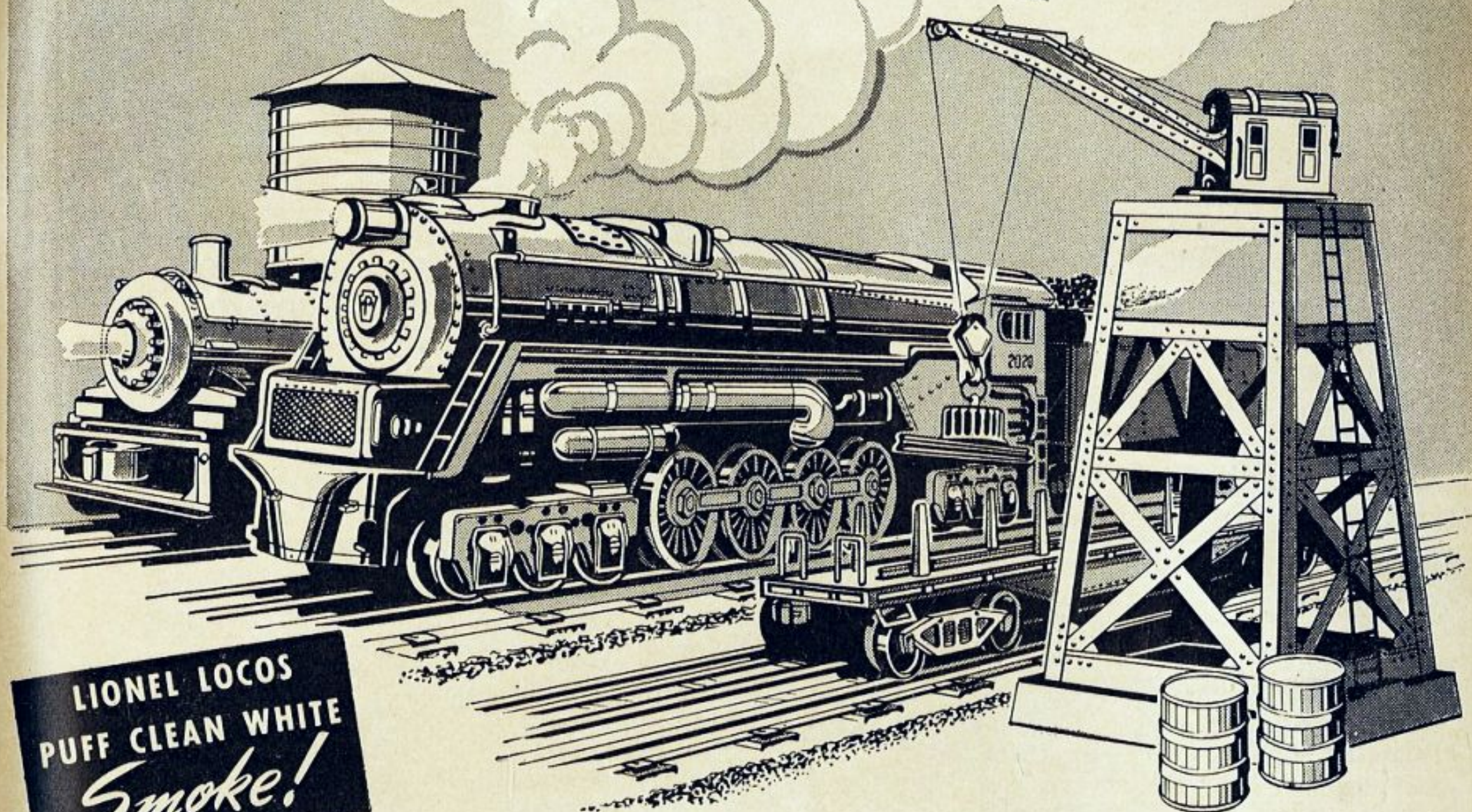




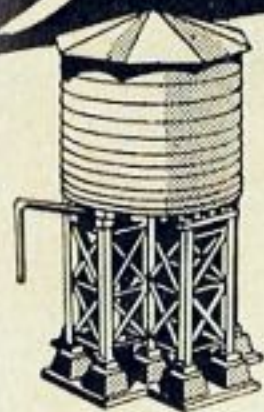
Big Top



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PUFF CLEAN WHITE
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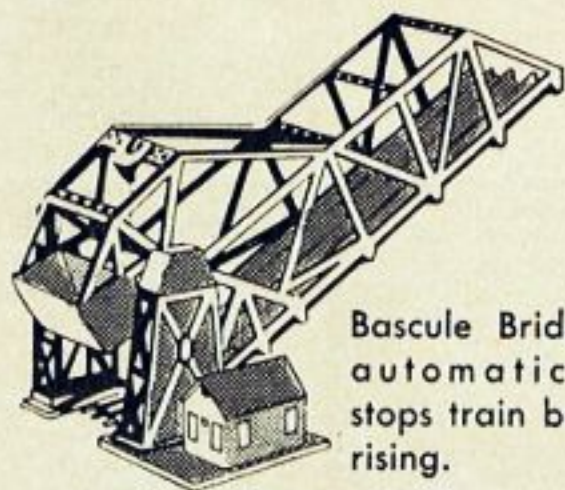
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Locos puff SMOKE and WHISTLE like real trains.

HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peepless, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

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Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will

make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

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